

NICHOLSON
BINDER,
PATTERSON BLOCK,
COR. 6TH ST. & PENN AVE.
PITTSBURGH, PA.







Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2014

<https://archive.org/details/holcad1884west>

THE HOLCAD.

VOL. I.

NEW WILMINGTON, PA., JUNE, 1884.

No. 1.

WHAT WILL IT BRING?

BY S. J. WHITE.

Only a grain, a single grain
Let fall by a childish hand;
Years pass, and we see a field of corn
Instead of a barren land.
A single grain is a little thing!
What did it bring?

And so, to-day, of the seed of truth
We may plant a single grain.
'Twill multiply through coming years
Of sun, and wind, and rain.
A single grain! 'Tis a little thing!
What will it bring?

Watch well thy sowing, for harvest-time
Will surely come at last;
And nought can change it for good or ill
When sowing-time is past!
Watch well the seed thou art dropping in!
What will it bring?

HEAVEN'S GATEWAY.

BY HARRIET STEVENS CRESSY.

Are the gates of the beautiful city
Ever left for a moment ajar?
Does not the angel that guards them,
"He of the key and the bar,"
Allow a gleam of the splendor
To be seen in the shape of a star?
Can it be that those disks are the portals
To that beautiful city afar?
Oh! oft at midnight I view them
And say to my soul that they are.
And that those who enter Heaven
Find it by means of a star,
Find the countless joys of Heaven
Through the gateway of a star.

Pittsfield, Mass.

THE FUTURE OF WESTMINSTER.

The heading suggests possibilities of success and of failure, and the purpose of this article is to examine the case with fairness, and to determine in the light of facts which set of possibilities is likely to predominate in the future history of Westminster. I shall mention briefly some of the elements that experience has shown to be worthy of consideration in determining such a question as this.

The financial condition of a college has much to

do with its future. Money is an essential factor in its work. There is little hope for the life, not to say the success, of a college in these days, unless it has a permanent endowment. In this respect Westminster is by no means as well off as she ought to be, yet she compares favorably with similar institutions around her. Making the largest possible allowance for the cost of new buildings and for other improvements, the endowment will still be worth \$156,939.13. This is increasing every year and at the present rate of increase will soon reach \$200,000. The financial condition of Westminster certainly gives assurance of stability in the future.

Merit is another element in this question; for it will bring results, not less in an institution than in an individual. What has Westminster done to merit success in the future? What is she now doing? The history of her Alumni gives a satisfactory answer to the first question. An examination of her course of study and of her every day work gives a like satisfactory reply to the second. The present course of study in Westminster is equal to that in any competing institution, and in most cases superior to it. The same is true of her instruction. Her undergraduates are admitted to the same standing in the College of New Jersey, at Princeton, that they held in Westminster; and the same privilege is offered by many other Eastern colleges. Westminster is doing something to merit success in the future.

The success of a college is dependent more or less upon the place it holds in the estimation of its alumni. At no other time in the history of this College have the Alumni shown so many marks of interest and of appreciation as they are now showing. At their last annual meeting they adopted a constitution for the more perfect organization of the association. A notable feature of that constitution is a provision by which an annual income of more than \$500 will accrue to the Library of the College. The graduates of Westminster find themselves not a whit behind the graduates of other institutions in the race of life. Which fact accounts for these later and more manifest evidences of interest in their Alma Mater.

Again, Westminster is a Christian institution. She was founded in faith and prayer. From the dawn of her existence to the present moment she has been carried upon the arms of faith. She has had her dark days, it is true, but out of them all the

Lord hath graciously led her, and he will bless her still.

She has better facilities for work to-day than ever before in all her history. Better libraries, better physical and chemical apparatus and appointments, better buildings, better means of pursuing advanced and special courses of study. Her students are more strongly attached to her now than any former class of students have ever been. And this is an element of no small importance in the life of an institution of learning.

I have not gone to my imagination for pictures with which to adorn the future of our beloved Alma Mater, nor have I enumerated all the things that might be mentioned as evidence of her future prosperity. Much more might be said in the same line. But as Tacitus says, "What being yet uncertain others have adorned with eloquence, is here stated with the fidelity of facts." For happily the time has come when facts are honorable to Westminster, and commend her to the Church and to the world, to the community and to the Nation. ALUMNUS.

COMMENCEMENT WEEK.

The successful college year of 1883-'84 was brought to a fitting close, by the excellent entertainment of commencement week. The number and well known abilities of the graduating class excited hopes which were more than realized. The interest felt by the community in the college and class was attested by the unusually large attendance at all the exercises. The final examinations of the term closed on Friday morning. On Friday evening took place the long looked for Remenyi concert. All had heard of the wonderful skill of the great violinist, and their expectations were fully realized. No one can listen to the magic music of his violin, and fail to recognize the hand of a master. Remenyi was ably supported by Miss Downing, soprano, Mr. Himmer, tenor, and Mr. Luckstone, pianist. The concert throughout was the richest musical treat New Wilmington has ever enjoyed. On Sabbath, June 15th, the customary services of the U. P. congregations were suspended, and all assembled in the 1st. U. P. church to hear the address of Rev. T. D. Logan, of Meadville, to the college Y. M. C. A., an account of which is given elsewhere. Sabbath evening at 7:30 a very large audience assembled in the first U. P. church to hear Prof. McClurkin's baccalaureate sermon. The text chosen was Ephesians 6; 10. The sermon was one of unusual interest, and was delivered with the Professor's characteristic vigor and energy. Toward the end of his discourse, he made touching allusion to the final separation of the class, and urged upon

them the necessity of relying upon divine strength in every undertaking. The lecture on Monday evening by Dr. B. F. Taylor, was among the best of the year. It contained nothing commonplace or old, but was filled throughout with spicy humor and grand thought. The Philomath reunion on Tuesday afternoon was a complete success. The exercises were held in the first U. P. church, which had been tastefully decorated for the occasion. A large arch bearing the inscription, "1854 Philomath 1884," hung over the rostrum. The salutatory was given by Mr. J. M. Sword, of the graduating class. Rev. W. S. Owens, a former member of the Philo society, then gave a "retrospect" abounding in interesting reminiscences of the early days of Westminster College, as well as of the Philo Society. The remaining performances were a declamation by Mr. T. W. Swan, entitled, "How he saved St. Michaels;" and the valedictory by the Rev. F. S. Crawford, of the class of '76. The performances showed that the Philos of the present, as well as of the past, are faithful workers. It has been the custom for a long time, for the classes to hold a reunion on the third year after graduating. In accordance with this custom, the class of '81 had made arrangements for holding their meeting on Tuesday afternoon. This time having been taken by the Philos, the class decided to have no reunion. From an announcement made by Mr. Wallace of this class, it was inferred that the class considered that they had been slighted. Tuesday evening the church was again filled by the alumni and their friends, who annually meet to renew past associations, and testify their regard for old Westminster. The performances consisted of an oration by Rev. D. W. Lusk, '77; an essay by Mrs. F. S. Crawford, '78; and a history of the class of '69, by J. W. Stewart, Esq., of Cleveland. Excellent instrumental music was furnished by Miss Spencer and Mrs. R. O. Graham, and vocal music by Misses Lewis and Poppino, and Messrs Swan and Stephens. Wednesday, New Wilmington's gala day, dawned clear and beautiful. At an early hour the people began to pour in from all directions, and by 9 o'clock, the hour appointed for the exercises to begin, several hundred persons were assembled in the campus. This crowd was largely increased, and it is estimated that more than three thousand persons were present. After the graduating class had taken its place on the stage, the exercises were opened with prayer by Rev. D. S. Little. The following are the names of the graduates:

CLASSICAL DEPARTMENT.

Huldah E. Campbell, D. K. Cooper, J. S. Crawford, T. F. Cummings, N. L. Heidger, W. G. Hope,

J. A. McLaughry, D. E. McGill, A. R. Miller, J. R. Millin, Wm. Sangree, Frank Scott, D. Alzina Snyder, M. B. Snyder, M. A. Sutton, T. W. Swan, Jas. Sword, S. N. Warden, and C. H. Wilson.

SCIENTIFIC DEPARTMENT.

Artalissa Bentley, Melissa McBride, Decima A. McKee, and W. B. Williamson.

The performances were of a high order, and a synopsis of some of them will be given in another column. Excellent music was furnished throughout the day by the New Wilmington cornet band. At the close of the exercises the degrees were conferred upon the graduates, and after a touching address by Prof. McClurkin, the retiring President of the college, the benediction was pronounced by Rev. R. G. Ferguson, the President elect. Thus closed one of the most pleasant and successful commencement days in the history of Westminster. At 7:30 p. m. the Junior oratorical contest took place. The contestants were J. L. Cotton, H. G. Golden, H. W. Moore, I. N. Moore, R. E. Stewart and J. A. Van Orsdel. Miss Jean Wallace, of Pittsburgh, furnished the music for the occasion. Comments on the evening's performances are given elsewhere in this issue.

Y. M. C. A.

The Y. M. C. A. of Westminster College was organized December 10th, 1882, by L. D. Wishart, College Secretary for the United States, and Rev. Sam'l Taggart, Secretary for Pennsylvania. Previous to that time an organization known as the "Students' Christian Union" was in existence, but it was weak and its meetings were attended by only a small number of the students. Prayer meetings were held on Sabbath afternoons, but these, too, were poorly attended. When the Y. M. C. A. began its work, those of the students who were Christian workers were stimulated to greater effort and increased zeal, as they began to feel the pulsation of religious thought and sentiment from a great fraternity of Christian young men, organized to work for the Master. Since that time the result of organized and systematic effort has been clearly seen in the increased interest in the prayer meetings and Bible readings. The membership has been increased from less than fifty to over eighty. The healthy, moral and religious sentiment prevailing among the students has been a prominent feature in our institution for years; this has been extended and strengthened by the efforts of the Association. Students who have no church connection are always made welcome at the meetings, and every new student receives a respectful but cordial invitation to

attend and take part in the meetings soon after entering college. The Association conducts two weekly meetings: a prayer meeting on Tuesday evenings and Bible readings on Sabbath afternoons. Three mission Sabbath schools are conducted in the neighborhood by members of the Association: one at Carbon, a small mining town on the Sharpsville R. R., one at Neshannock Falls, and one at Pleasant Valley school house. These have all been successful and have been, it is thought, the means of doing a great deal of good among people who have not the opportunity of attending religious services elsewhere. The prospects for the future usefulness of the organization, both in the College and neighborhood, are very flattering. If the students of the College will but give the Y. M. C. A. the recognition and support it most richly deserves, and we believe they will, they will strengthen the Christian influence of the institution, where young men and women are prepared to take their part in the great moral conflict not only as persons of education and refinement, but of Christian character and culture.

ANNUAL SERMON.

On Sabbath, June 15th, a sermon was preached before the Y. M. C. A. in the First U. P. Church, by Rev. T. D. Logan, pastor of the Second Presbyterian church, Meadville. He took his text in the 1st. chap. of John, 6th verse, "Will ye also go away?" and announced as his subject "The defection from Christian Duty; its Cause, and its Cure." After a comprehensive review of the circumstances which called forth this question from our Lord, he applied it to modern Christians, and observed that hostility to Christian belief was due in the first place to a misapprehension of it. This misapprehension is the result of ignorance of its principles. Men do not deal fairly with Christianity. They intend to decide impartially between it and infidelity, and for that purpose read the writings of skeptics; but they neglect to search the scriptures to see whether these arguments are well founded. Liberal minded men are not held down by the creeds of their fathers; and it is false for the young to imagine that they must desert the standards of Christianity in order to pursue their studies; if they will but examine them they will find that they are not in the least fettered by them.

A frequent cause of the falling away of Christians is the disappointment of their worldly anticipations. Those who join the church for worldly purposes will surely be disappointed. It is the spirit that profits. Ritual is attractive; it deceives many, but it avails nothing if it is not accompanied by the Spirit.

Again, many fall away because they fail to realize the requirements of Christianity; they imagine it to be something different from what it is, and when they realize its true nature they are disappointed, and desert the faith they have professed.

From the cause, the speaker then turned to the cure, and observed that faith is strengthened by resisting temptation. The disciples resisted the temptation to desert Jesus and thereby had their faith in him increased and strengthened. They could not withstand the irresistible appeal of love on his part; they could not desert him whom they had followed so long, and of whose goodness and compassion they were the witnesses. There is no stronger cord to bind us to Jesus, than love. Surely, then, those who have received the benefits of Christianity will not break that cord and fall away from Christ. Again, the absence of any alternative, is noted. "To whom shall we go?" asked the disciples; and this question still remains unanswered. There is none yet who can compare with Jesus. There may be many things about the Christian religion which cannot be understood, but we should not desert it on that account. For the same reason we might leave science or philosophy. The Bible has made the world what it is to-day; it has dragged it out of darkness and barbarism, to light and civilization. The body is not alone benefited by it, but it supplies all the needs and longings of the soul.

The sermon was listened to by a very large congregation and strict attention was given throughout. Mr. Logan is a very pleasant and impressive speaker and the Y. M. C. A. were fortunate in procuring him.

BACCALAUREATE SERMON.

On Sabbath evening the First church was again filled, to hear the Baccalaureate sermon of Prof. McClurkin. The audience was perhaps the largest that ever assembled in that building, and several hundreds were turned away, unable to gain admittance. The text was found in Eph., 6th chapter and 10th verse, and the sermon throughout was practical and impressive. Addressing it especially to the class of '84, he urged the necessity of their resisting the powers of evil now at work, and of arming themselves with Divine strength. The successful life is a continuous struggle, and he who strives successfully must not rely on his own strength, but must receive aid from some power without himself, a power derived from Christ. The age demands this strength. We live in a time in which the enemies of truth and religion are assuming new forms, and against these the Christian must take his stand. Our nation has claims upon us which demand Divine strength.

Already the elements of disintegration may be detected within us. Intemperance, like a dark, threatening cloud, overshadows us; while Sabbath desecration and a disregard of God in our fundamental law is sapping our national life. Although the success of the Church in the past has been marvellous, there is a tendency to depend too much on man, instead of relying on the spirit of God. Although much has been done to evangelize the world, yet Asia, Africa and Oceanica are still stretching out their hands to us. The great demand for this Divine power is that of the soul; it is satisfied with that only which tends towards its great Originator. Prayer is the key which unlocks the treasury of Heaven, and through it we may obtain this strength.

The sermon was delivered in that earnest, forcible style characteristic of the speaker, and was one which, of necessity, must leave a deep impress on the minds and hearts of its hearers.

AMERICA'S WESTMINSTER.

There comes in the life of each great man a time when he first feels his greatness. To Admiral Nelson, it was when England offered him a burial in Westminster.

In the suburbs of London stands that grand old monument—Westminster Abbey—secure from the city's confusion. It does not compare with structures of foreign lands, before which both popes and pagans kneel, for from each it differs in many respects. Why, then, is it held so sacred to English eyes? Is it not that beneath its pavement we find all that has adorned her name: monarchs, statesmen, poets and philosophers? Friends and foes to each other sleep peacefully within its walls. In short it is England's one great, common sepulchre—the silent meeting place of the great dead of a thousand years—the resting place for those of her "Knighthood Saints," whom she has been delighted to honor with burial in the great temple of silence and reconciliation, where the enmities of more than twenty generations lie buried.

No ordinary stone of commemoration composes its structure; but stone upon stone, till high above them stands Westminster, "The Niobe of Centuries."

"How reverend the face of this tall pile,
Whose ancient pillars rear their marble heads,
To bear aloft its arch'd and ponderous roof,
By its own weight made steadfast and immovable."

Across the turbid waters of the deep Atlantic we find another land endowed with nature's choicest blessings—our own America. Where now we enjoy the finest culture and richest prosperity of all lands, here was once the barbarous Indian's camp, and

every nation on the globe now reveres the name—Columbia.

And like the mother country does she seek to honor her great dead by rearing to their memories a structure whose shining domes may be seen over all the land? Not so; but in obscure country churchyards, in remote and secret burying-grounds, uncared for and perhaps unknown, lie many of our noblest heroes, some of whose names appear among the fairest on the pages of our history. From all parts of our beloved land we hear these voices of the dead calling for recognition.

Seek you her Westminster? "From Marshfield comes the voice, 'Pass me not.' The tolling bells along the Potomac repeat the 'Pass me not.' From Greenwood and from every hillside of the sunny South comes back the 'Pass me not.'"

While bending above the lowly graves of our sleeping martyrs for liberty, the throbbing pulse-beats of American humanity are felt, for within these graves are found the living hearts of the American people. Aha! within these graves is found America's Westminster, for that Westminster is the American heart. Unlike the Westminster of England, enclosed within the cloisters of a single abbey, with the radiant hues of the colored glass enhancing the depth of the shadows amid the time-stained arches, and flooding the roof and its beautiful tracery with light; but, "broad as the union of these Commonwealths, it spreads majestic," until the wilderness within the hallowed stillness of the forest, with its pillars and arches and aisles, becomes a sanctuary to the Jehovah; and "The Great Being to whom the temples of the world are reared cannot fail to find in ten thousand instances the purest offerings" in humble cottages and lowly cabins.

Though Napoleon's remains rest in the Invalides, France exults not because the emperor rests there, but in France. In Springfield and in Cleveland our great philanthropists are sleeping, and it is the just pride of the American that the martyred Presidents rest not in Springfield nor yet in Cleveland, but in the Nation.

No stately Parthenons need display their magnificent towers, no polished shafts need raise their symmetrical proportions, no Westminster Abbey is necessary to commemorate the deeds of our patriots and statesmen; but they rest secure, garlanded with lasting honor in the hearts of fifty millions.

—"This is of all the days of my life the saddest," exclaimed a Senior, referring of course to the separation from his classmates; but the laugh which followed showed that his hearers evidently attributed his sadness to quite a different thing. He had just bade an affectionate farewell at the depot to a certain young lady, and the by-standers probably improperly attributed his melancholy to this.

CLIPPINGS.

"The causes and circumstances which bring about the final issue in the lives of the young are often mysterious indeed, and yet, that any one should fail in life to realize at least a fair measure of his possibilities, is due not to an unalterable destiny, but to a sinful neglect of abundant opportunities.

"There is something majestic in the spectacle of a youth who, though not born under circumstances and with powers which plainly portend a life of great usefulness and fame, yet, rising up to the measure of his opportunities, achieves an honorable success and a fair renown.

"To obtain a good education should be the great aim of every young man and woman. (1) Because it is God's will and his glory, that every one should realize in himself the highest development and perfection of which his being is capable. (2) Because of the increased power it gives to minister to the well-being and well-doing of others. (3) Because of the joy and happiness the pursuit of truth brings to the soul. (4) Because of the utility of an education in its application to the business concerns of life.

"A good education can be obtained by every energetic and faithful young man and woman. (1) Because education is development. (2) Because education is not so much knowledge, as power to do. (3) Because the means of education are within and about every one. (4) Because the development of a mind, great or small, is an education."—*I. C. Ketter.*

SELECTED ESPECIALLY FOR BOOK AGENTS.

Stick to your aim; the mongrel's hold will slip,
But only crow-bars loose the bull-dog's lip;
Small as he looks, the jaw that never yields,
Drags down the bellowing monarch of the fields.

—*Holmes.*

Why should'st thou faint! Heaven smiles above,
Though storm and vapor intervenes.

—*Park Benjamin.*

Press on! if fortune play the false
To-day, to-morrow she'll be true.

—*Park Benjamin.*

He is not worthy of the honey-comb,
That fears the hive because the bees have stings.

—*Shakspeare.*

Then, since there is no other way but fight or die,
Be resolute, my boy, for victory.

—*Shakspeare.*

—The precocious boy had just been inducted into the mystery of *double a*, *double o*, etc., when he came upon the following sentence in his First Reader: "Up, up, John, and see the sun rise!" What was more natural than that he should proudly read it, "*Double up, John, and see the sun rise!*" Yet all the children laughed, and the teacher could hardly suppress a smile.

THE HOLCAD.

PUBLISHED SEMI-MONTHLY DURING THE COLLEGE YEAR BY THE STUDENTS OF WESTMINSTER COLLEGE.

NEW WILMINGTON, PA., JUNE, 1884.

TERMS: \$1.50 PER YEAR. SINGLE COPY, 10 CENTS.

Entered at the postoffice at New Wilmington, Pa., as second-class mail matter.

EDITORS.

W. HAYES MOORE,	- - -	EDITOR-IN-CHIEF.
I. N. MOORE,	- - -	ASSISTANT.
ROB. L. HAY,	} - -	LITERARY DEPARTMENT.
H. G. GOLDEN,		
SADIE M. McELREE,		
R. J. LOVE,	} - -	LOCAL AND COLLEGE DEPARTMENT.
J. P. VANCE,		
J. L. SNYDER,	- - -	EXCHANGES.
RALPH P. ALLEN,	- - -	BUSINESS MANAGER.

Information solicited respecting the Alumni and those who have been in any way connected with the College.

Address all communications to

THE HOLCAD, New Wilmington, Pa.

WE ARE pleased to present this number of the HOLCAD to the friends of Westminster College as a specimen of magazine just established by students. The object of this periodical is to supply a want which many have recognized. For a number of years those in attendance here as students, as well as those who have had charge of the institution, have felt that such a paper as it is proposed to make this one would not only be of great advantage to the College, as affording a medium of communication between the College and the Alumni, but also to the students themselves, inasmuch as its columns would be open to them, thus giving an incentive to improvement in writing and literary taste.

It is not characteristic of the present students of this institution to be behind the age in any good work; and when they consider that so many colleges around them, in fact almost all, support a college journal, their determination to place Westminster in line with these resulted in the establishment of the HOLCAD, or, rather, in this attempt to establish it. Those who have the enterprise in hand fully realize the responsibilities they assume in undertaking it, and therefore send forth this, their first number, with no little solicitude. We ask our friends to remember that all the work pertaining to this issue has been done in great haste. Not a step was taken, not even were the editors elected, before the tenth of June. We, therefore, trust to your good will to overlook whatever may catch a critic's eye, and bespeak your co-operation by your hearty approval of our effort, by your literary contributions

and last, but by no means least, by your willing subscription.

We feel that we can make this paper one of great interest, not only to those who are now directly connected with the College, but also to every alumnus. The interest which one feels in the place where he has received his education—where he has received so much that becomes unconsciously a part of his manhood—should not cease when he receives his diploma and says farewell for the last time as a student to the scenes that have become so familiar and which recall so many pleasant associations. No; it is just then he should begin to feel a greater interest and begin to work more earnestly for all that concerns his Alma Mater. And yet we cannot think it strange if many of those, who in years past have been students here, now find no peculiar pleasure in the work of the institution, when we consider that nothing has been resorted to to keep alive the feeling, and to make those graduates feel that they were still as much her children as when within her walls they scanned the Latin odes or differentiated the knots of Calculus. Now, this—to bring together the students, alumni and friends into one body of interested workers—is the primary object of the HOLCAD, and surely then it is deserving of support.

It is very gratifying to know that the Faculty and the Board of Trustees have given us so much encouragement in our work that we feel that nothing more is needed to make our undertaking a success than the united support of the Alumni and friends of the College. We begin with a list of nearly two hundred subscribers. This is, indeed, encouraging, but we trust to our list will be added many more names before the next issue appears.

It will be noticed that this is wholly a Commencement number, containing almost exclusively Commencement news. We expect subsequent numbers, however, to contain articles scientific, religious and of more general interest, and we feel assured that this paper will take no inferior place among the college journals of our land. We rely upon your candor and good disposition for the success of our enterprise. There is some inducement to work when the approbation of friends is given. In the hope, then, that every one directly or indirectly connected with the College will use his influence to make our undertaking a success, we send forth the HOLCAD on its first mission.

A RETROSPECT.

Another year has closed and we have reached another mile-stone on the way of knowledge. It is fitting that, as we pause here before resuming our

journey, we should glance back over the path we have trodden during the past year. It is proper also that the friends of Westminster should know that her influence for good has flowed out in as steady a stream as heretofore.

The attendance during the past year was much larger than that of the previous year, and the interest was unabating. Though without a permanent President, the affairs of the College were successfully conducted by Prof. McClurkin. Earnest and faithful in his efforts, kind, though firm in his administration, he won the respect of all, and we hope that, wherever in after life he may be led, he may still look back to this year with pleasure. For him we hope and confidently predict abundant success in his calling.

The Young Men's Christian Association has done excellent work. Though founded but a short time ago it now embraces in its membership a large majority of the students. Its prayermeetings and Bible-readings are largely attended, and mission work in the vicinity is actively carried on.

The Literary Societies deserve credit for their faithful work during the year. The appreciation of their efforts was signified by the visitors who thronged their halls at almost every meeting. The members of each Society seemed earnest and anxious to obtain all the benefit possible from such literary drill. As a result of this individual earnestness the Societies have prospered.

The Lecture Association has afforded us the opportunity of hearing some of the foremost lecturers of the day and deserves to be commended for its zeal and energy.

A bright prospect opens for Westminster if she is true to herself. Her children are rallying around her, interested in her welfare. Her friends, having seen the good of which she is capable, are willing to help her do yet grander work. One thing only we need—a man of sterling worth to take control of her affairs. Such a one we hope soon to have. A selection has been made which, we trust, will meet with general approbation and which, we hope, will end all uncertainty. The College was never in better condition than at present. Improvements are being made which will afford better accommodations and we feel safe in predicting for her even greater success and a wider influence than she has ever exerted.

THE NEW BOARDING HALL.

When we come back to college in September, we hope to find the new boarding hall almost completed. The contractor promises to have it done by September 15th. The brick work is finished to the third

story and already it presents a fine appearance. Being in such a commanding position, it forms a prominent feature in an extensive landscape, and affords from its windows a very fine view. The house will contain rooms for seventy-five ladies, also parlors, library and music rooms. We predict that before many years there will be a demand for a larger house, or for another one. Westminster has not had her fair share of young ladies heretofore, partly on account of not having a music department, partly for want of a boarding hall. Both these wants will now be supplied, and it is the intention of the Board of Trustees that they be well supplied. The Board expects to employ the best teacher of music that can be secured. They start with three pianos and several organs, and we already hear in imagination the angelic music that will be wafted down the hill and over the town, like the beautiful, wild chimes from the Belfry of Bruges. We hope to be invited up there to a musical soiree once in a while. At any rate we mean to be on our very best behavior with that reward in view.

We understand that the young ladies are to be under the care of a lady of culture and refinement, who will make the place a pleasant home for them. The visions of a Dotheboy's Hall that have scared a few of the timid ones, may be laid to rest. The bill of fare calls for three square meals a day and no brimstone. Altogether the prospect makes the boys feel as if they had been left out in the cold. Isn't there room enough on that hill for another boarding hall? *Verbuni sap.*

We expect to give a full description of the building when it is finished. We hope there will be a house warming when that time comes, to which the HOLCAD will be invited. Our reportorial (to use what Webster calls an ill-formed word) abilities shall then have full exercise.

PROF. J. B. CUMMINGS.

At the Commencement meeting of the Board of Trustees of the College, the Senior member of the Faculty, J. B. Cummings, Ph. D., was made Professor Emeritus and Local Agent. We are glad to see his good work and faithfulness to duty thus recognized. For a period of twenty-eight years, he has filled the Chair of Natural Sciences with great acceptance. During this time he has seen many students come and go, every one of whom can testify to his ability as a professor and his kindness and courtesy as a gentleman. In retiring from the more active duties of his position, commanding the esteem of old and young, we trust he may be spared to us yet many years and that he may find great satisfaction in the contemplation of the good which he has been instrumental in accomplishing, and in the consciousness of duty well-performed.

SENIOR PERFORMANCES.

The Greek Salutatory was delivered by T. F. Cummings. The following is a translation:

Ignorance is the chain that binds men to wickedness and crime. Education is the lever with which to lift mankind from folly and vice. And always while the world has stood, has there been a struggle between ignorance and wisdom. Firmly implanted in the soul of man is a desire for knowledge which has ever exerted a powerful influence in the world's history, and which long ages of sinfulness have never wholly obliterated.

In the most ancient times, Egypt was the seat of learning and science. Then Greece took the lamp of learning, and in her hands it became a beacon lighting up the whole world. Then Rome received it, but under her care its lustre, for a while gleaming brighter, was covered by a black pall, and the darkness of the Middle Ages settled down upon it, and, save here and there a feeble gleam from the window of some monastery, serving but to "make the darkness visible," Europe was enshrouded in the blackest gloom of ignorance. But from the smouldering ruins, burst forth a flame which became a conflagration extending over the world.

Education was seen to be a powerful charm in winning life's victories, and that this charm might be the more easily obtained, colleges were founded over the whole country; for such a purpose was this college founded, that we who must fight life's battles might go forth full-armed for the strife.

Class after class has gone forth from her walls, until the class of '84 has found its turn, and in its name we bid you welcome.

Then followed a few words to the Board and Professors, the class, and the audience respectively.

ASTRONOMICAL ESSAY.

The Astronomical Essay was read by Miss Zina Snyder. The subject was introduced by a sketch of the condition of the science in the ancient world. The superstitious fears of the ancients in regard to astronomical phenomena were gradually dispelled by the advance of the science, and Sun-worship, the outgrowth of natural religion, took their place. This Sun-worship, under the hand of the Greek, developed into a science of the universe.

This science was then traced through its various stages of development. In the 15th century, Copernicus, rejecting the former theories, restored the sun to its rightful position, and established the science on its true basis. Kepler and Galileo contributed to the new science, and Newton discovered the force which governed the system. The era of true physical astronomy had begun.

The advantages of the study of this science were then briefly sketched. On account of the grandeur and sublimity of the objects contemplated, this study is always accompanied by the greatest pleasure. Its connection with the terrestrial arts and sciences makes it a study of vast utility. Especially do navigation and chronology depend upon astronomy. The complexity of its laws and the vastness of its objects have a peculiar tendency to sharpen and invigorate the intellect.

But the science is yet in its infancy. From the attention which has lately been given to this subject and the energy with which it is now being prosecuted, we may predict grand results for the future.

VALEDICTORY.

Mr. J. S. Crawford, of Damascus, Syria, delivered the valedictory. The following is a synopsis:

On every line of activity is met some commanding character lending its impress to other lives. On the plane of physical courage stands the Patriot bandit, Giuseppe Garibaldi. All but single handed, he contended with the forces of two empires. As long as patriotism is honored the story of that contest will be told; for to the services of Giuseppe Garibaldi more than of any other Italy owes her freedom. In the higher province of intellectual statesmanship stands Alexander Gortchakoff. He stood among the diplomatic giants of the continent; the dictation of England, he repelled; baffled the greatest statesmen of the century, and well nigh visited the world's vengeance on the crescent of the Saracens. * * * But the intellectual athlete, the political chieftain, does not occupy the highest department of human effort. The moral hero alone can exemplify true symmetry of character. * * * We are amazed at the exploits of Garibaldi and the triumphs of Gortchakoff, but astonishment becomes admiration and respect reverence, as we view the life of the English evangelist, John Wesley. * * * Impressed by the simple piety of the Moravians, he became filled with an uncontrollable zeal to declare free salvation unto all men. He preached alike in chapel and in alms house, in pulpit and in prison. The itinerant preacher evangelized England, and since the days of the Apostles no one has done more to alleviate suffering and elevate humanity.

These three lives typify the possibilities before us all, and I take the opportunity of this farewell speech to emphasize the superiority of moral heroism.

To the citizens of New Wilmington the return of Commencement is as certain as the solstice. May your interest in these exercises be mingled with concern for the type of character we have developed among you. Your town has been the focus of 23

lives through a period of years, its memories will radiate over a hemisphere of influence.

Fellow students, the associations of College days unite in one long chain of linked memory the first alumnus and the last. We commend to you to perpetuate every bond that multiplies our interest. In our era a double tie has been added, both sacred and literary, the Y. M. C. A. and the "HOLCAD."

Members of the Board you have appeared on the horizon of our student life as the power behind the throne. Your administration, we cannot but sincerely appreciate.

With satisfaction for past years and regret for the present moment, we turn to the Faculty. The impress of your character has been stamped on more than a score of lives, the future alone will testify to the character of the process.

Classmates, perhaps for this last time do we unite in gazing on our Alma Mater. Within these walls we have enacted a panorama of shifting scenes, serious and merry. The play is ended, but no curtain falls; for the chords we touched but rendered the prelude to a grander part in which,

"Like noble music unto noble words,"

our action shall complement our character. Let us exult in our equipment and contribute our career to swell the choral hymn of progress, until we shall listen to the retreating echo of these strains in the light that is clearer than day.

We are sorry that we have not space for an account of the other orators. They were all of a high order.

THE JUNIOR CONTEST.

On Wednesday evening, June 18th, a large audience assembled in the First U. P. Church to hear the Junior contest in oratory. This was an occasion of special interest, there having been no Junior contest for two years, and no society contests for a still longer time. At eight o'clock the contestants, six in number, took their places upon the platform, tastefully decorated for the evening with vines and flowers. Rev. W. S. Owens, of Steubenville, Ohio, opened the exercises with an appropriate prayer.

The first orator, J. L. Cotton, chose as his subject, "No Bible, No Liberty." He began his discourse with the statement that the greatest conflicts recorded on the pages of history were those for home and freedom. But there have been greater conflicts than these,—those involving principles, both moral and spiritual. The scene of the first great conflict was the Garden of Eden. The issue of this gave rise to all the succeeding conflicts between good and evil. The fall of Rome was then spoken of, the coming of

Christ, and the conflict that inevitably followed between paganism and the Gospel of Christ. The speaker next referred to Mohammed as the leader of the great succeeding conflict. He raised the glory of his empire upon the ruins of Christianity and Rome. But his doom was sealed. Spain, aided by France, resisted the attack of the Saracens and saved Europe from their tyranny. The triumph brought about by Martin Luther preserved all Europe free. The establishment of freedom in America then followed, coincident in time with the Revolution in France. The Bible was thus shown to be the source of all civil and religious liberty; tyranny and oppression only brings it into prominence. This speaker treated his subject in a clear and methodical manner, there being no difficulty in perceiving the connection of his ideas throughout the whole.

"Advances in Society" was the subject of the oration given by H. G. Golden. After announcing that past conflicts are but incentives to future achievements, the speaker described the Feudal System and the spirit of irresistible resistance which it begat. Its downfall marks an era in man's advancement. It became an incentive to thought. An advancement in literature produced an advancement in moral culture. The superstitions of the age were obliterated by the Reformation. Newton, Bacon and Savonarola stand out as liberators from intellectual and moral bondage. Man came to be his own arbiter. An age of discovery and activity follow upon political, intellectual, and ecclesiastical freedom. The overthrow of slavery is a distinct mark of advancement. Its purpose was the most unselfish. Its achievers have won the brightest crowns—not Lexington and Saratoga, but Gettysburg and Harper's Ferry. The speaker closed with a brilliant prophecy for the future based upon the records of the past. This speaker has an earnestness in his delivery, an impressiveness in his style, that will always prove him attractive to his audience. Closest attention prevailed throughout this performance, followed by hearty applause.

The next performer, H. W. Moore, spoke on, "The Arbiter and His Mission." He first noted the value of history as an agent in all progress. Historians of yesterday could see in a battle field only carnage and slaughter; those of to-day, the preserving seeds of civilization. The speaker then showed the mighty issues of Marathon, of the conflict of the Saracens, followed by a decision of the greatest question of the world,—Heathenism or Christianity, Mohammed or Christ, the Koran or the Bible. He then called us to America and showed the results of Saratoga's victory and their mighty influence abroad. The is-

sues of Hastings and Waterloo were then set forth. The old Republics were the foundation of our civilization and America is the shaper of future actions. War and Battle the Arbiter! Study the principles established on the battle field, not its whitened bones. This orator marked his sentences with unusual eloquence, and his delivery with an earnestness and energy rarely seen, but ever fascinating to the listeners. This performance was received with marked enthusiasm, and its hearers predict a brilliant oratorical career for its deliverer.

I. N. Moore spoke next on the subject, "Science and Revelation, Separated, United." He said: Man naturally adores a deity which effects his character. Grecian philosophy was not sufficient to supply his want. The gods of Greece did not satisfy the human mind. They were subject to change. The God of revelation is unchangeable. Modern skepticism seeks to overthrow the God of revelation, but points only to darkness. Science is not skepticism; it harmonizes or should harmonize with revelation. God is the author of the Books of Nature and Revelation. This oration was marked by a distinctness of thought characteristic of the performer and by ease in the manner of its delivery.

R. E. Stewart who was awarded first medal, was the next orator. He spoke in a cool, impressive, earnest manner, free from any embarrassment. An abstract of his oration will be found elsewhere.

The last speaker, J. A. Van Orsdel, was awarded the second medal. His subject was, "The Problem and Its Results." He stated that the greatest problems are solved by forethought and study, not by war. The foundation of good law is moral principles. The responsibility of a citizen to the State is reckoned by the measure of the Nation's perfection. He asserted that superiority of American government, and that the idea of American institutions is taking possession of European nations and Asiatic provinces. The speaker closed by showing America's influence on the whole heathen world, and the duty of citizens to their government. This performer manifested keen political discernment, a complete mastery of his subject. His manner of speaking betrayed a confidence pleasing indeed to his listeners.

The judges of the contest were Dr. A. G. Wallace, Rev. J. L. Clark and Rev. Dr. Lee.

One of the most pleasing features of the evening was the vocal music, rendered by Miss Jean Wallace, of Pittsburgh. Her selections accorded with popular taste, and the frequent, hearty encores showed the appreciation of her efforts by the audience. "Kerry Dance" and "The Cows are in the Corn" were particularly pleasing. Miss Wallace is a favorite in New Wilmington, and an announcement of her coming is always hailed with delight.

LOCAL.

—The most affecting thing was heat; the most perceptible, dust.

—The question of the day: "Have you subscribed for the HOLCAD?"

—Prof. S. R. Thompson, '63, has accepted the Professorship of Physics.

—There will be no exodus of map and book agents to New York this summer.

—Prof. Will Woods' Indian show was the attraction on the upper diamond Commencement day.

—The campus was in a rather disorderly condition this Commencement, owing to the repairs and building in progress.

—The 5th disbursement of the Quarter Centennial Fund has been made by the Commission. Westminster has received of it \$3,600.

—The most refreshing place on the campus Commencement week was Prof. Cummings' room, beautifully decorated and converted into an ice cream parlor.

—The readers of the HOLCAD will be glad to know that word has been received in time for this issue of the acceptance of the Presidency by the Rev. R. G. Ferguson.

—The students are leaving, to engage in various occupations during the summer. Some will rest, many will work on farms, and a considerable number will engage in the canvassing business.

—The Board, at its Commencement session, made the following selections: President, Rev. R. G. Ferguson, Butler, Pa.; Professor of Greek, Prof. J. B. McClelland, Grove City Normal Academy.

—The ladies of the Second U. P. Church did good service by supplying the hungry and thirsty crowd with ice cream and other refreshments. Hot coffee was on the bill of fare, but was in poor demand.

—At a meeting of the Board of Trustees of Westminster held in New Castle, July 1st, the Rev. R. B. Taggart, '65, was elected Professor of Greek, Prof. McClelland, '78, having declined to accept the position.

—The receipts of the refreshment room, managed by the ladies of the Second Church, amounted to \$200, chiefly due to the attractiveness of the lady waiters. New Wilmington girls never fail to draw a crowd (?).

—After the close of the Commencement exercises the Faculty presented Prof. McClurkin with an elegant gold chain as a token of regard. The Professor will carry with him the best wishes of Faculty, students and citizens when he leaves Westminster.

—The Normal class began its session very successfully on the Monday after Commencement. It numbers fifty-two, the largest attendance there has ever been in the history of the College. The principals are Jas. A. Parker, A. B., of the class of '83, and W. H. Moore, of the Junior class.

—The class of '84 consisted of twenty-three members: five ladies and eighteen gentlemen. Of the gentlemen, eight will study theology; four, medicine; four, law; and

two are as yet undecided. Some of the ladies expect to teach for a time, and we presume that all will eventually follow the course of other lady graduates, and become ministers' wives.

—The Alumni Association at their business meeting elected the following officers: President, Prof. John Mitchell; Vice President, Rev. O. V. Stewart; Corresponding Secretary, Miss Emma Mehard; Treasurer, Dr. Alex. Allen; Executive Committee, Prof. Mitchell, Dr. Allen and Miss Mehard. The following programme was arranged for next year: Historian of class of '70, Rev. John Morrow, Taylorstown, Pa.; Orator, Rev. J. C. Taggart, East Liverpool, O.; Essayist, Mrs. J. S. McKee, Mercer, Pa.; Poet, the Rev. J. D. Little, Elgin, N. Y.

—The Junior Contest was doubtless the most exciting feature of Commencement week. The contestants were, every one, excellent speakers and they performed their parts like men. There has, however, probably never been a contest in the history of the College which has been more commented upon or given rise to greater feeling. The decision of the judges in respect to the merits of the performances differed widely from that of the audience. However sincere they may have been in their opinions, they did not make a popular decision. We regret that we are unable to publish all of the first prize oration, but we could secure only the abstract which is given elsewhere. The orations were all of so high an order that we hope in future editions of the *Holcad* to give the rest, or some of them, at least. We cannot but feel that there should have been six medals awarded instead of two, and this seems all the more reasonable when we consider that the average marks of the judges on the highest and lowest man differed six points. Surely this is encouraging to the Juniors and very creditable to Westminster.

—New Wilmington is, as a rule, a quiet town and it is not often that her citizens are aroused by anything like a sensation. It is not generally known that Mr. Will Shields was assaulted a short time ago, in the door of his home and that he made a narrow escape from the villain attacking him, but such is the case.

It appears that on the day of the encounter, he was sitting quietly on the porch, when a stranger entered at the front gate and approached him. He was well dressed and presented a very respectable appearance, but no sooner had he got within reach of him than he began a fierce assault upon him. Mr. Shields defended himself gallantly for some time, but finding that he must soon yield, he turned and fled up stairs, closely followed by the stranger. At the head of the stairs he was again caught, but after a short struggle escaped, and jumped through an open window upon the roof of the porch. It was all in vain, however; the villain was not to be cheated of his prey. He followed Shields out on the roof and again renewed the attack. Things now looked very dark for Will; with fifteen feet of a jump behind him, and a fierce book agent before him, his situation was perilous indeed, but roused to desperation he was at length enabled to drive him back through the window and down stairs, and with the utmost exertion compelled him to leave. He is yet at large, and

we warn all the citizens of this community to be on their guard and have their shotguns loaded, for he is the most persistent and desperate book-agent that has made his appearance here for many years.

PERSONAL.

—Miss Maggie F. Campbell, '86, will spend her vacation visiting friends in Ohio.

—W. G. Hope, '84, will study medicine with his brother, R. M. Hope, M. D., Mercer, Pa.

—Rev. J. M. Hervey, '75, of Turtle Creek, left a short time ago for Los Angeles, California.

—Rev. T. R. Lewis, '79, of Shelby, Iowa, is visiting his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Lewis, of this town.

—W. C. Lawther, '79, has accepted a call to the Northfield U. P. congregation, Presbytery of Cleveland.

—R. H. Hood, '81, has accepted a call to the U. P. congregation of Peter's Creek, Presbytery of Frankfort.

—Rev. A. S. Stewart, '73, has been called to the Congregation of Olivet, Conemaugh Presbytery, and has accepted the call.

—Prof. Wallace will visit Wooster, Ohio, for a few weeks, and then join a hunting and fishing party, bound for northern Michigan.

—Cornelius Shaw, '71, of the *Pittsburgh Dispatch*, has gone to Europe in the hope of regaining his health, which has been poor for some time.

—Rev. J. Mc. Farrar will remain in town for some time, visiting his parents; after which he will remove to Philadelphia, where he has accepted a call.

—J. Alex. Van Orsdel, '85, will spend the greater part of his vacation in seeing what kind of a country the West is. We wish him a pleasant time and a safe return.

—A. H. Carver, '81, who has recently graduated at Union Seminary, New York, has been visiting friends here for the past few weeks. He leaves soon for Minnesota.

—The committee of judges for the Junior contest consisted of Rev. J. L. Clark, Adamsville, Pa., Rev. Dr. Lee, Bovina, N. Y., and A. G. Wallace, D. D., of New Brighton, Pa.

—Miss Nettie Shafer, '78, has completed her first term in the Curry Institute, Pittsburgh, and has been re-elected to the same position for next year. She is spending her vacation at her home in this place.

—Miss Agnes Katz, of the class of '79, who has been engaged in teaching near Pittsburgh, has returned home for vacation. Miss K. has been very successful as a teacher, and has been re-elected to the position.

—Prof. Jno. Mitchell has been nominated for State Senator on the Prohibition ticket, and John H. Vance for auditor of Lawrence county. We congratulate both Westminster and the Prohibition party on the nominations.

—The following members of the Board of Trustees were present at their annual meeting, held on Monday and Tuesday of commencement week: From the first Synod of the West, Revs. H. H. Hervey, J. R. Brittain, J. W. Wither-

spoon, R. G. Ferguson, J. S. McKee and W. J. Snodgrass. Also Messrs. Jos. McNaugher, Vance Stewart and Thos. McCance. From the Synod of Pittsburgh, Revs. R. B. Ewing, D. S. Littell, J. C. Boyd, S. B. McBride and D. R. Kerr, D. D. Also Dr. J. G. Templeton and William Dickey, Esq.

—W. R. Harshaw, '82, is the author of an article on "The Fallen Women of New York," which has been published by request in the *United Presbyterian*. Mr. H. is, at present, chaplain of Magdalen Asylum, New York City.

—Rev. J. T. Cooper, D. D., of the U. P. Theological Seminary, Allegheny, was present at Commencement, looking after theological students. Rev. W. H. Jeffers, D. D., of the Western Theological Seminary, was here on the same errand.

—The degree of D. D. has been conferred upon Rev. John Crawford, of Damascus, Syria, by the Presbyterian College of Belfast, Ireland. This gentleman is the father of J. S. Crawford of the graduating class, and is well worthy the honor.

—The degree of A. M. was conferred by the Board at its yearly Commencement session on Miss Oella J. Patterson, Mrs. F. S. Crawford, '78, and Rev. John McNaugher, '80. The degree of D. D. on John Rippey, of Cuylerville, N. Y., President Roth of Thiel College, Greenville, Pa., and Rev. S. C. Swing, of the Egyptian mission.

—Rev. John K. McClurkin, who, during the year just closed, has filled so acceptably the position of President of Westminster, has accepted a call to the Second R. P. church of Philadelphia. It is with regret that his many friends see him go from their midst, but their best wishes follow him to his new field of labor.

—Mr. J. S. Crawford, of the graduating class, left Friday to spend a few weeks with friends in New York; after which he will go to his home at Damascus, Syria. Mr. Crawford has been absent from home for five years. After remaining a year with his parents, he will return to enter the Theological Seminary at Xenia, bringing with him his brother and sister, who will enter this college.

—The Junior class deserve to be complimented for their success in the somewhat onerous duty of stage building. The stage, covered with pine, and tastefully decorated with flowers, was one of the finest ever built on the campus. Their success was due mainly to the ladies of the class, who not only planned and directed the arrangements, but also did more than their share of the work.

—The Reading Room Association of the College, furnished the students and the people of the vicinity with an excellent course of entertainments this season, consisting of six lectures, one elocutionary entertainment and one concert. The lecturers of the course were Joseph Cook, Col. Russel H. Conwell, Judge Tourgee, Rev. T. T. Everett, D. D., Wallace Bruce and Rev. Dr. Henson. The elocutionist was Mr. A. P. Burbank. A musical entertainment was given by the Remenyi Concert Company. The entire course cost the Association nearly \$1000, and received the patronage it deserved.

—The following is a complete list of the Alumni present at Commencement: David S. Littell, Cynthia Houston, '57; Edward Newton McElree, '58; John A. Bailey, James

W. Witherspoon, '59; William Newell Aiken, George W. McCracken, Morrison S. Telford, Rachel C. Hayes, Mary Hezlep, '61; Jeremiah R. Brittain, Joseph McKelvey, Samuel R. Thompson, '63; Matthew M. Pollock, John L. Robertson, Margaret J. Buchanan, Vena McLaughry, '64; Alexander H. Calvert, John C. McElree, '65; William S. Owens, Mary J. Stevenson, Sarah E. McCrumb, '66; Grier M. Kerr, William J. Snodgrass, '67; Alexander Allen, '68; John S. Dick, John L. Grove, John D. Irons, Samuel S. Mehard, James W. Stewart, Elam Z. Thomas, Helen M. Moon, Flora B. Thompson, '69; Sophia M. Templeton, '70; Lucinda Hope, Anna M. Moore, '71; William L. Smith, '72; John Carlton Bachop, John K. McClurkin, Thomas D. Stewart, Mary E. Simison, '73; David F. Dickson, William F. Gibson, Margaret McLaughry, Orlando V. Stewart, Agnes Martin, '74; William B. Barr, Hugh S. Boyd, James M. Farrar, Samuel H. Moore, '75; Frederick S. Crawford, James C. Hunter, John B. Johnston, Andrew H. Mercer, Lydia M. Elliott, '76; Davis W. Lusk, Anthony A. Mealy, John A. Shannon, Francis M. Katz, Emma Mehard, Ella N. Reed, Ina Stewart, '77; John Mitchell, Mary E. Rippey, Emma E. Alexander, '78; Charles E. Cummings, James S. Garvin, Samuel L. Johnson, William C. Lawther, Leander M. Lewis, Thomas R. Lewis, Martha Ann Prather, '79; William T. Burns, Archibald J. Herries, John McNaugher, Robert M. Russell, Howard S. Wilson, Luella C. Donnan, '80; Augustus H. Carver, Samuel B. Donaldson, John A. Duff, John W. Elliott, Frank H. Laird, David R. McDonald, James N. Martin, Thomas J. Porter, William D. Wallace, Charles N. Winger, Eliza F. Russell, Mary E. White, '81; John A. Courtney, Edward P. Logan, Harry W. McKean, John McWilliams, Jesse D. Moore, George B. Smith, William P. Stephenson, Lillie S. Boyd, '82; Samuel A. Aiken, Nelson M. Crowe, John O. McConnell, John B. McIlvain, William H. McMurray, James Parker, John W. Price, Charles H. Robinson, James P. Whitla, Mary Taylor, '83.

BURNING OF CALCULUS.

Tuesday night was a time of deep grief to the Sophomore class, if weeping and lamentation were any indication. It had been announced some days previously that Mr. Mathematics had died at the house of A. T. Six, and would be cremated on the evening of June 17th. Accordingly, as the hour approached, a large crowd assembled on the streets, and about the time appointed the College bell began to toll, and the mourners marched from the front door of the College to the sad and solemn music of a bass drum. They were all masked, and wore long white garments of various descriptions. They walked slowly and solemnly to the lower diamond, when they laid down the bier and commenced services. First a hymn was read by the priest, while sighs and groans rent the air. It was sung to the tune, "I've Smoked My Last Cigar;" and when the last strain had died away, the priest delivered an oration which called forth fresh lamentation from the mourners. They at last, however, succeeded in controlling their feelings, and the closing hymn was lined out and chanted. A torch was then applied to the coffin, and the corpse was quickly consumed, while the grief stricken class marched away.

The cremation was a novel performance and seemed to be enjoyed by the many spectators.

THE HOLCAD.

VOL. I.

NEW WILMINGTON, PA., SEPTEMBER 15, 1884.

No. 2.

AUTUMN RAIN.

BY MAUDE MEREDITH.

There's something comes with autumn rain, a vague unrest and pain,

With the tap of ghostly finger-tips upon the window-pane;
With the dreary melancholy of the bitter sobbing rain.

The cold gray sky oppresses one, and turns one's thoughts within.

In ways that are not cheering, and never should have been:

So 'stead of finding light and joy, we see our own heart's sin.

At morning comes a weariness, a heartache, and a pain;

A sadness that of all we hoped so little we attain;

A striving wearily for more than we may ever gain.

'Tis looking out and longing for the life we'd like to lead;

A discontent that for us life brings not all we need;

That we find so little spirit, but oh, so much of creed.

Life's such a long, long reaching out, to a bright but distant goal;

I wonder if content is ever given to an earnest soul?

I wonder if we are to blame for what we can't control?

My life runs on, I fancy me, as other lives have done;

There's nothing new, the good Book says, nothing under the sun.

It matters little when life ends, or whither it was begun.

Perhaps it is the season's fault, I'm sure I do not know;

But life runs smoother, always, when the earth is white with snow;

And all things may look bright again when the anemones blow.

There's nothing one can do, 'tis true, but let the days go by;

What good can come of thinking, and asking reasons why?

There's more than ever dreamed we of, hidden in earth and sky.

There's that which cannot be defined, a lightness or a weight,

That clings to one like shadows, ever, early hours or late,
That clings and conquers always, and to me its name is fate.

THE PRESIDENT'S INAUGURATION.

A large audience was present in the First U. P. Church on Monday evening, Sept. 8, to witness the inauguration of the Rev. R. G. Ferguson as President of the College.

After a prayer had been offered by Rev. J. M. Mealy, D. R. Kerr, D. D., arose and, after stating that the exercises would be brief and simple by request of the President, delivered the following address:

MY BROTHER, It is no empty honor which we propose to confer upon you. You are placed in a position of honor, also of great responsibility. The object of the college is to train for usefulness in the higher walks of life. Its chief work is with the mind, educating and cultivating it; but that work is incomplete without the training of the moral powers. Trained *minds* may do more evil than good. Unless they exert a christian influence they are injurious to the welfare of man. The purpose of Westminster is to educate minds and hearts. It is not only a christian college, it is a church college, kept up by a church,—by its money and prayers. The ministers sent forth by this and similar colleges are working nearer the heart of the Church than any other agency. Why, then, do not such institutions have better support?

We hope that you will do your duty. Both you and those assisting you must work in the interests of general education. This is a time when the sphere for educated minds is greatly widened. When the college was established, the professions were comparatively few. Now civil engineering, railroading and journalism, all demand the best college training that can be given. The world is bounding on in its activity as it never did before. Continents are opened with railroads and telegraphs, oceans are covered with steamers and underlaid with cables, and all parts of the world are now knit together into a unity. It is at such a time of progress, my brother, that you are called to this position.

Trusting that you will give your greatest efforts and your best talents to the forwarding of the highest interests of the college and thus of education and the world at large, by authority of the Board of Trustees, I present you with the key of the College

"HAVE you weak eyes?" said a lady to an applicant for a kitchen position, who wore blue spectacles. "No, ma'am," said the applicant; "but I scour the pots and things so thoroughly that the glitter of them hurts my sight."

as a symbol of the authority with which you are now interested.

Receiving the key the President spoke as follows:

Mr. President and members of the Board of Directors: I gratefully accept these keys as a symbol of the trust you now repose in me. As you well know, it was with considerable hesitancy that I consented to assume it. Only the conviction that Providence was behind your strange choice could have induced me to take hold of the important and difficult work here to be done. Nor do the difficulties appear less as the hour is at hand when they must be met. The position in which you place me is one of great responsibility, but if we have correctly interpreted God's will in this matter, we may invoke His aid as confidently as we expect yours. Besides we cannot escape responsibility by flight as Jonah found out to his sorrow. Nor can we lessen it by brooding over it and courting despair beforehand. Let us rather look at in the light of opportunity, which is the other and brighter side of responsibility and stand in our lot and do our work the best we may.

Instead of attempting a labored discourse on a purely educational type, I prefer one more in keeping with my previous training in a life in the ministry and will say something concerning the College as a factor in the formation of character.

The college stands between the school or academy and university. The school is preparatory to the college, and the university crowns the education it gives with professional training. School-days are ordinarily spent where and while the home influences are strongest. But when a young man or woman leaves home for college, a severance takes place, not of affection, but of interests of life. A decisive step is taken; a consciousness of his individuality dawns upon him. He makes a new start in life and is open to all winds that may blow upon him. We sometimes hear persons say: "It is a great risk for a young person to go through college." They are almost afraid to send their sons to meet the dangers supposed to dwell in classic halls. It would be folly to shut our eyes and say, "These dangers are purely imaginary." But are they not substantially the same must be met when any new departure is made? Let a young man go from the quiet of a country home to engage in business in a large city and he will encounter temptations there. Let him go from the city to a country town and he will often find equally severe tests of moral character. Push any young and tender life out from the shore along which it has been wont to range, and in that unaccustomed wider sea and amid the stronger, buffeting waves, it will be tried as never before per-

haps, but tried as all must be when they go beyond the circumscribed life of youth. The dangers in a well-conducted Christian college are not greater we believe than those which meet young persons everywhere, as soon as they are compelled to cut loose from the conservative associations in which they were born and so far reared. Yet after all this is said, we do not forget or ignore, much less deny the fact, that the college is an important factor in forming the characters of those who attend it. It is not too much to say that the graduates of any institution, which has had young persons, say from 16 to 20 years of age, on an average, under its influence for four years, have received impressions from it that can never be effaced. In many instances, their characters are fixed, not of course unchangeably, but beyond the likelihood of change through ordinary influences. One who idled his time away during all the four years, and was lightly regarded by professors and classmates, may afterward conclude to try some other way of gaining knowledge than by absorption, and become a man of mark, but the eases are rare. One who besides sins of omission did many things he ought not to have done, may be reclaimed by grace and do works meet for repentance, but alas not always. Ordinarily what a man becomes in college, he continues largely to be in after life. The lounging collegiate lounges through life; the political trickster in this narrow circle only finds a wider field in the great world; the noble fellow who is the pride of the institution, when he goes out reflects honor on it ever afterward. How solemn therefore is the duty resting on all who contribute to the some of college influences, who help to make a college in its operations and environment what it is.

1. Who make the atmosphere of a college? On whom rests chiefly this immense responsibility? Of course the college is only a little section of the great world, and the same essential elements that enter into the atmosphere that envelops all humanity, also enters into that which encircles it. We breathe everywhere the spirit of the age in which we live. We receive impressions and impulses from the history, the thoughts, the prevailing tendencies of the times. But though no essential element of the atmosphere be wanting, in different localities and at different times there are wide differences in its character. It may be bracing or depressing, miasmatic or prophylactic, an elixir or a poison. So in this little section of the great world in which for a given time we live, the atmosphere of the soul may be healthful or injurious, helpful or hindering, awakening or benumbing, moral or immoral, Christian,

or un-Christian, according to the ingredients that are purposely or carelessly put into it. Let us briefly refer in detail to some of the sources of influence that determine the character of an institution.

The men who founded it and made its past history. In the year 1852, as the charter runs, "Westminster Collegiate Institute" was "erected into an institution of learning in the arts and sciences." In 1859, soon after the union, it was taken under the care of the First Synod of the West, and in 1872 by a second supplement to the charter, was placed under the joint-supervision of the First Synod of the West and the Synod of Pittsburgh. And though its design is not further defined in the instrument, the names inserted in it, of the men who were its first Directors are sufficient evidence of the Christian purpose of its projectors. Not to mention the living, we find among them these fragrant names of the dead: Pressly and French; Breaden and Rodgers, Eason and Scroggs—men of foresight and energy, of wisdom and godliness, whose hearts were set on the welfare of Zion, and who saw the need of an intelligent ministry and membership, reared under the influence of the church they loved. These men were of the same mind and mould as their associates and successors, and therefore they chose to preside over the institution, Patterson and Brown and Jeffers, men in the ministry of recognized ability and Christian character and men and women of like gifts and graces to labor with them in the work of teaching. We cannot recall the struggles of the past the good work done under difficulties, the patient waiting for better days, yet we are none the less the heirs of all the good that they accomplished. We are breathing to-day something of the spirit of piety, of thoroughness, of robust Christian manhood they left behind them. One familiar with the workings of the institution could easily point us to traces of their work in the building, the apparatus, the libraries, the curriculum, the method of work, that are contemplated with pleasure. These are valuable traditions that come down to us from the years that are gone. They are venerable and command respect; they are excellent and deserve it. We could not rid ourselves of the past if we would and we would not if we could. If there be any unsavory memories let them be in the grave. But let us gratefully call to our recollection all that we might cherish to sweeten and sanctify the air about us to-day.

2. The *community* in which an institution is placed has much to do with making it what it is; it may help or hinder the educating and refining effect of the college proper. Let the leading families of a

place be devoted to circuses and races, masquerades and dances, and let these be the staple of conversation and thought, and what right impetus will a student get in social life? On the other hand, let a taste for rational enjoyment prevail, lectures, music, intellectual entertainment of any sort, and social life will constantly stimulate to effort in perfect congruity with the purpose of the students' life. Let the business men of a place be sordid, grasping, niggardly, and mingling with them will make others like them or else cause a recoil from them that bears with almost equal strength against every good thing with which they are associated. But if they are courteous, enterprising, public-spirited, ready for every good work, their spirits will enter into those whose lives they daily touch. Above all, the religious life of the place is important. If piety is at a low ebb in the churches no powerful influence will flow out from them upon those who gather in from other communities. But if the spirit of devotion characterizes the services of the sanctuary, if downright earnestness marks the efforts of the congregations, if the spirit of Christ is manifest in the lives of Christians the Holy Spirit will be among them and will go forth from them to correct, sanctify and save. The leaven of spiritual life that permeates the congregations will leaven all who become part of the social lump, the community in general.

3. The *Teaching force* is the great moulding force in framing the students' character. It is direct, constant, continuing for years together, arising out of the closest intercourse and whether it is good or ill there is no escaping it. Aside from all training by the exercise of government, aside from the requirement of thorough, honest work in preparation for the class-room, aside from the direct inculcation of moral and religious truth, there is a silent influence of the teacher's character on those in close association with him that is immeasurable. It is an acquisition worth considering to have met with a great and good man or woman on a single occasion. How much more valuable the privilege of dwelling in his or her presence for years together. Yet such is the privilege of every student in a college whose chairs are filled with competent, godly men and women. I can speak thus free and strongly of this, because it is a well-known fact that characters are largely formed ere they are entrusted to the president's tuition. To the professors belong the honor of laying the foundations well and putting up the main structure, while to the president belongs the humbler honor of adding a little to that which already approaches completion.

What a motive does this thought furnish to the

faculty to cultivate an earnest, manly, patient, spiritual, Christian character. It is trite to speak of the power of example. But let the exemplary conduct be the natural outgoing of the inner life. If we aim at right-being we will best succeed in right-doing. We cannot by any devices hide ourselves from the keen scrutiny of the students. They search us quite as thoroughly as we search them, and for this reason what we are is the first thing, and what we seem is of secondary importance.

4. The students themselves contribute largely to the college influences. Each student not only gets but gives. His individual character acts on those into whose company he is cast, and their several characters in turn act on him. By their constant intermingling in class-rooms, campus, society halls, and other places, each sounds and develops the other. Very often a college sentiment is created that carries everything before it. It is a fact patent to all who are cognizant of the situation that the pupils of any institution are apt to be gregarious, to go in one direction or another with all the momentum of a crowd, of an indistinguishable mass. Individuality does not assert itself, at least when high excitement is produced. If this great force could only be touched in the right direction, nothing could be more desirable. Let it, for example be turned in favor of good order and the good name of the institution, and all connected with it. Let all try to feel the responsibility of making the atmosphere of the college favorable to whatsoever things are true, honorable, just, pure, lovely and of good report. Let the immortal Shakspeare suggest a motto for the the guidance of individual conduct or united action:

"I dare do all that may become a man
Who dares do more is none."

A single person may effect the condition of things very largely. It is written by an old Hindu poet: "If there be one dry tree in a forest it may produce flame by friction and sweep away all the rest. If there be in a tribe one of excellence the tribe becomes illustrious by reason of his virtues as a grove is distinguished for the sandal-tree therein." Who would not aspire to be the sandal-tree to sweeten the air by his presence, rather than a dead useless trunk that may be the occasion of igniting the whole forest.

5. We ought not to omit from our list of these who who determine what a college shall be, the Alumni and the Board of Directors. Westminster has nearly 600 men and women who look to her with affectionate interest as their *Alma Mater*. From these we expect sympathy, encouragement, support and friendly criticism. To the Board of Directors we

look up with profound respect, we wait upon their commands, we expect from them also sympathy and support as well as authoritative direction. From the meetings of the former we may look for some kindling of enthusiasm in behalf of all that is excellent in the work of the college. From the timely visit of the latter we may look for a fatherly benediction on all that deserves their approval.

If all these forces in and about this Institution would make for righteousness, if from all these quarters wholesome breezes would blow in so that no foul breath could permanently taint the air, how delightful would be the condition of things in Westminster College and how beneficent her influence on all within her portals!

II. *What kind of an atmosphere should we most desire?* We can give only a very brief answer.

1. Let us have one of thorough, honest work. Primarily, this is designed to be a school of "learning in the arts and sciences." This prime design must be kept constantly in view. To impart instruction, to elicit diligent study, to awaken a love of knowledge, to educate is the purpose for which teachers are employed. To learn, to acquire knowledge, to have their mental powers developed and disciplined is the purpose for which young men and women attend their classes. Failure here is failure in that which is essential. A religious atmosphere, however desirable, cannot atone for the demoralization of slopshod endeavor. Nothing is so decidedly Christian as honest, thorough performance of the chief work we assume to do. Earnest advocacy of sound views on moral questions will not lessen the guilt of indolence in the class-room. Attending prayer-meetings is no sufficient excuse for neglected studies. Prof. Goldwin Smith says truly—"Morally as well as intellectually the most industrious college is the best."

2. Let the atmosphere of this college be clearly and intensely Christian. The curriculum should provide for the study of the doctrine and history of the Christian religion. Religious exercises should hallow each day's work and be the main business of each day of holy rest. The Christian spirit should inform and pervade our whole work. Let it be written, not on our foreheads nor phylacteries, but on our characters which without one wish reveal themselves to others. "We are the servants of Christ." Scepticism is so apt to arrogate to itself the title of "advanced thought" let us not be ashamed to own our Lord. Let Christ be kept in our forefront, not as superseding but as prompting and permeating the best intellectual work. Mr. Beecher in 1871, before he had fallen from so much that is distinctive of the

Christian faith, had this to say: "Colleges that are stridulously sectarian were a less evil than colleges without piety and without God." And he further says, and whether we like the source of the advice or not, we do well to give thoughtful heed to it: "Every professor and every student comes short of his possibility in just what ratio he rejects and thwarts his spiritual nature." It drops a hint that our first duty is to take heed to ourselves before we become the censors of others, that our own spiritual culture should accompany our efforts for the spiritual good of others.

The lamented Dr. Pressly often said: "This college is a child of prayer and must succeed." May the same prayerful spirit in which it had its birth abide within its walls and characterize all the efforts of the United Presbyterian church, cherishing mother in its behalf. Then success in the best sense will surely come because the blessing of God which brings it will be gained. It will grow in power to build up noble character, to develop symmetrically the powers of the human soul to make men—men with intelligence to guide and courage to act and patience to wait—men with knowledge of themselves and faith in God. It will like its Master grow in favor with God and man, its influence for good widening and deepening in the denomination which controls it and in the section of the country in which it is located. May the Lord, whose we are and whom we serve enable us to fulfill his will and to realize in some good measure the ideal of a Christian college. In whatever sphere we serve, whether our term of service be long or short, may we have grace to be faithful and diligent while it lasts. "Whatsoever we do, let us do it heartily as to the Lord and not unto men."

KNOWLEDGE begins with perception by the senses; and this is, by the power of conception, impressed upon the memory. Then the understanding, by an induction from these single conceptions, forms general truths, or ideas; and lastly, certain knowledge arises from the result of indigments upon what is thoroughly understood.—*Comenius*.

If all the means of education which are scattered over the world, and if the philosophers and teachers of ancient and modern times were to be called together, and made to bring their combined efforts to bear upon an individual, all they could do would be to afford the opportunity of improvement.—*Degerando*.

Why was Noah the broker of ancient times? He could float more stock than any other man.—*Puck*.

JEWELS.

If we had but more faith, we should have less care.—*Rev. M. Henry*.

If you are moving onward, some things must be left behind. What are the things which are left behind in your life?

Poetry is the sister of sorrow. Every man that suffers and weeps is a poet; every tear is a verse, and every heart a poem.—*Marc Andre*.

The life of a professing Christian, filled with pride, with selfishness, and void of all love for his neighbor, is the barren tree whereon no good fruit hangs to ripen in the glory of the sunshine.

HUMOROUS.

THE original Boone companion was Daniel's trusty rifle.

SIZE ain't everything. A watch ticking can be heard further than a bed ticking.

"You are not fond of money for itself?" Oh, no; I am fond of it for myself."

FRESHIE: "What is the derivation of the word ovation?" Senior: "Ovation, my little fellow, comes from the latin word *ovum*, an egg. It arose from the custom of applying rotten eggs to distinguished political speakers, which was called giving them an ovation."—*Er*.

A SPANKING TEAM.—Johnny and Tommy were playing out in a street where there was much fast driving, and where they had been forbidden to go.

"Hello," said Johnny, "there comes a spanking team."

"Where?" replied Tommy.

"Right across the street there; its your mother and mine, and we'd better cut sticks and get out of this," which they did, with their mothers after them.

MIDSUMMER.

A power is on the earth and in the air

From which the vital spirit shrinks afraid,

And shelters him in nooks of deepest shade.

From the hot steam and from the fiery glare.

Look forth upon the earth—her thousand plants

Are smitten; even the dark sun-loving maize

Faints in the field beneath the torrid blaze;

The herd beside the shaded fountain pants;

For life is driven from all the landscape brown;

The bird has sought his tree, the snake his den,

The trout floats dead in the hot stream, and men

Drop by the sur-stroke in the populous town;

As if the Day of Fire had dawned, and sent

Its deadly breath into the firmament.

—*William Cullen Bryant*.

THE HOLCAD.

PUBLISHED SEMI-MONTHLY DURING THE COLLEGE YEAR BY THE STUDENTS OF WESTMINSTER COLLEGE.

NEW WILMINGTON, PA., SEPT., 15, 1884.

TERMS: \$1.50 PER YEAR. SINGLE COPY, 10 CENTS.

Entered at the postoffice at New Wilmington, Pa., as second-class mail matter.

EDITORS.

W. HAYES MOORE,	- - - -	EDITOR IN-CHIEF.
I. N. MOORE,	- - - -	ASSISTANT.
ROB. L. HAY,	} - - -	LITERARY DEPARTMENT.
H. G. GOLDEN,		
SADIE M. McELREE,		
R. J. LOVE,	} - - -	LOCAL AND COLLEGE DEPARTMENT.
J. P. VANCE,		
J. L. SNYDER,		
RALPH P. ALLEN,	- - - -	BUSINESS MANAGER.

Information solicited respecting the Alumni and those who have been in any way connected with the College.

Address all communications to

THE HOLCAD, New Wilmington, Pa.

We owe an apology to the subscribers of the HOLCAD for the delay in the publication of this issue; but, in making our arrangements for printing and in attending to other matters of importance, we were prevented from sending as early as we desired. We have now, however, completed all arrangements for this year's work, and subscribers may expect their papers regularly, hereafter—on, or about the first and fifteenth of each month. We are glad to say that the students, friends and alumni of the College, all, seem to be interested in our enterprise and that we now look forward with much confidence and a good show of success. This copy will reach a number who have not yet subscribed but who, we trust, have such an interest in Westminster and her work as to immediately do so. We feel safe in promising to all a very readable magazine.

★ THE College Base-ball Association has met and organized, by the election of officers and the appointment of committees, for the work of the coming year. We feel that this organization is a positive benefit to its members and, thus, indirectly to the College, by giving to every one who engages in it that exercise and physical training which is surely as necessary to the development of the perfect man as is the mental discipline given within the College walls. We cannot but look upon that sport as proper and as deserving encouragement which makes better students by making healthier men. It is a matter of regret that the College authorities have thus far failed to provide

a field, but it is hoped that they will soon favorably consider the matter and, in the meantime, that some good citizen will rent a lot for a small fee, and in this way encourage the club to make another record as good as that of last year.

THE many friends of Prof. W. T. Milroy sincerely regret his leaving New Wilmington. His stay with us was short but in that time he became the friend of all. During the past year he occupied most acceptably the chair of Greek, doing his work quietly and well. As a gentleman and as a teacher, his actions were always straightforward and courteous. In the class-room he was attentive and earnest and always impressed his students as one whose great desire was to make every recitation profitable in the highest degree. Of his work here no one can speak but in terms of commendation. The best wishes of the students, Faculty and citizens go with him to whatever field of labor he may enter, while all feel assured that his, will be that success which always attends the faithful, conscientious worker.

It must be a pleasant recollection to any person that on the eve of his departure from a neighborhood the whole community assembles to bid him farewell. Such an occasion was last Tuesday evening. To that date can Prof. McClurkin and his esteemed sister look back with feelings of satisfaction. The very assembling of so many at that time and for that purpose might have sufficiently attested the place he held in the hearts of the good people of New Wilmington and vicinity; but, lest that might not be enough, he was publicly assured of their respect and good will. It was plainly evident, too, that the words of commendation from the speakers met with a hearty response in the minds of all present.

Though he has gone, he has left us the priceless treasure of his memory. Who can think of the earnestness of his endeavors, of the purity of his life, of the firmness of his character and not realize, more than ever before, the sublimity of living?

THE INAUGURATION.

The inauguration services of last Monday evening, though simple, were well conducted and impressive. The Board of Trustees deserve credit for their selection and for the manner in which the inauguration was conducted.

Dr. Kerr said many things in his address which showed that he thoroughly understood the nature of a true education, and the conditions requisite to the obtaining of it. Reference to the inaugural address of the President will show him a man fully im-

pressed with the responsibility of his position and earnest in his purpose to discharge his duty aright. We recommend to our readers the careful perusal of this address, feeling sure that it will amply repay the time thus spent.

Though not all present, the members of the Board who were here showed an active interest in the affairs of the College. Indeed, a substantial proof of their interest is to be seen in the improvements which have been made in and around the College during the present summer. Could they know the encouragement it has given, not only the teachers, but the students as well, to see these added comforts and conveniences, they would not consider the time and money expended altogether in vain. We hope, however, that this is only a beginning and that the friends of Westminster will rally to her support and take pleasure still more in her adornment.

THE SINKING "CONTINENT."

The rumored suspension of the *Continent* through the failure of Judge Tourgee is not void of interest. By his many friends as a novelist, his misfortune will be heard with regret. During his brief career his novels have gained a national reputation. As an editor, too, he gained many friends by his fearlessness in upholding the right and opposing the wrong, by his unswerving adherence to principle and his unbiased expression of opinion.

Yet it may not be altogether a misfortune. To himself and to the literary world it may be fortunate. By the failure of this venture he may be compelled to take up again the pen of the novelist, and in this, his strongest forte, he may use all his abilities. Some of our finest works of literature have been the product of pecuniary embarrassment.

The journalistic world will perhaps be the chief loser. His magazine was hailed with pleasure in every sanctum on account of its terseness and originality, but perhaps the greatest effect here will be felt from the fact that in this as in every other line of business, the failure of one produces distrust in respect to others.

THE OUTLOOK.

THE work of the College has now fairly begun and students are beginning to forget the diversions of vacation in the interest which they find in their intellectual pursuits. It is, of course, with some reluctance that studies are resumed after a period of such pleasant recreations as the past two months bring to every college boy and girl; and yet the feeling, that the performance of duty is of the first importance makes the beginning of another year's work not

wholly unwelcome. All know well that life is a stern reality, and that there is no time so opportune as the time spent in College to prepare for what it has in store. There are few students in our colleges to-day who do not realize that life is worth the living, and that it should be their great object to expend their best efforts for the acquirement of that knowledge and experience which prepares them for the various walks of life and makes of them worthy men and honorable citizens. That such a spirit prevails at Westminster must be evident to every one who pays any attention to the daily work of the College.

Seldom, if ever, has a year's work been begun with more earnestness on part of both students and Faculty, or with better prospects. The attendance is larger than for some years' past and it begins to look as though Westminster would soon, in numbers as well as in her course of instruction, rank with the best of American colleges. Surely, President Ferguson has entered upon his duties under pleasant and favorable circumstances. He has already won the esteem and confidence of every student, and if every succeeding class is as enthusiastic in his praise as are the present Seniors, with whom he is now more directly associated, his career here will only be a continuation of that earnestness and sincerity in the cause of right which has hitherto marked his life. It is with no unpleasant anticipations that the Juniors, Sophomores, and the other classes look forward to their future course. Professors Thompson and Taggart, who have begun their work this year have already made a very favorable impression. They are men of ability and men whose whole soul seems to be in their work. Every student joins in bidding them a hearty welcome and in promising them a pleasant and profitable stay among us. With such men as now compose the Faculty, and with such advantages as are now offered our College is attractive to all whose object is to acquire a good, substantial training for a business or professional life.

The aim of every Professor is to make Westminster what it should be—an institution of thorough, practical work, where it will be the fault of the student and not of the College if he fails to obtain that for which he came.

With such prospects and aims, and with such exhibitions of its work as it has given in the past, who can doubt its good influence in the great cause for which it expends its efforts. Such an institution is a power in any community. Its continued work for intellectual advancement has already and will still receive lasting blessings. Its graduates have filled

and do now fill positions of honor, profit and trust and they can date the beginning of their prosperous careers back to the days when they were students of Westminster where the seeds of usefulness were carefully implanted and the germs of success began their growth. Amid the fortunes and misfortunes of more than thirty years, this college has maintained a high standard for thorough training in every department of study and this has all along been a powerful incentive to earnest endeavor on part of those who have entered her ranks, either as students or as teachers. Their confidence that success was sure has stimulated their efforts and their perseverance and untiring energy has brought the wished for realization of their hopes and made Westminster what it is. Its record as a college of worthy working and its annual indications of superior qualifications are sufficient recommendations. We can only trust the course it has pursued, it will still pursue and the good it has done, it will still do, until Time shall cause it no longer to exist or education become no longer a popular necessity.

An old man would not believe he could hear his wife talk five miles by telephone. His better half was in a country store several miles away, where there was a telephone, and the skeptic was also in a place where there was a similar instrument, and on being told how to operate it, he walked boldly up and shouted: "Hello, Sarah!" At that instant lightning struck the telephone wire, and knocked the old man down, and as he scrambled to his feet he excitedly cried, "That's Sarah every time!"

JOSEPH SMITH fell down the cellar stairs the other day and broke his left leg, his right arm, two ribs, his nose, one finger and cut his scalp, sprained his ankle and put his shoulder out of joint. He was picked up insensible, and on recovering, evidently was a little bewildered as to what had occurred, for his first question was, "Who did they nominate?"

MANY business men now use type-writers, and not long ago a wholesale house sent a letter of this kind to a small dealer in the far West. The Western man returned it with the indignant comment, "I want you to understand that I ain't no school-boy; I can read writin' as good as any one."

IF a woman loses her voice driving out chickens, could she be called a blacksmith? She certainly would be a hoarse-shoe.

WHATEVER hath been written shall remain,
Nor be erased nor written o'er again;
The unwritten only still belongs to thee;
Take heed, and ponder well what that shall be.

A FAREWELL TO PROF. MCCLURKIN.

On Tuesday evening, Sept. 9th a large audience assembled in the First U. P. Church to give some expression of their regard for Professor McClurkin and his sister, Miss Stevenson, and to manifest their regret at their departure. Through the efforts of a number of ladies and gentlemen the pulpit had been tastefully decorated with flowers, which added much to its appearance.

The New Wilmington Cornet Band furnished excellent music for the occasion.

Rev. W. A. Campbell opened the meeting with prayer.

Prof. J. B. Cummings, the chairman of the meeting, in a few well chosen remarks stated the object of the gathering, and called upon Rev. J. M. Mealy, who spoke in behalf of the citizens.

He said:—Seventeen years ago this summer, a white haired, bright-eyed, active youth began to walk up and down in our midst. Since then he has passed through varied experiences as student, professor and president; ever fulfilling our highest expectations.

Citizens always take a pride in anything that helps the community; consequently the interest they feel in the professor; for during all our intercourse with him, we have never known him to commit an act which would not bear the closest scrutiny.

In looking at his character, three important elements are apparent. First, he was a man of faith; second, a man of activity; third, a man of courage. In him were combined these essential elements of Christianity, faith in God with a faithful performance of duty. Now, as he goes forth to a wider field of usefulness, for which he has been prepared by his labors and experiences here, we give him our best wishes for the future and are sad to say, Good-bye.

Mr. C. H. Wilson was then called upon to speak in behalf of the students. He asked that in his case brevity might be considered as an evidence of sincerity. He would only assure the professor that the esteem and respect of which he had had ample assurance, would not cease when he left college, but that the students would still take a deep interest in his welfare.

Mr. Ferguson being next called upon as a representative of the Board of Trustees, responded in a short speech. He said that he felt too much a stranger to take part in these farewell exercises, yet he had been here before as a member of the Board, and had been a guest of the professor's. He was acquainted with the action of the Board in regard to

him—that they had elected him unanimously and were sorry he did not accept.

He then read the following resolutions :

Whereas, Prof. John McClurkin who has for ten years been Professor of Greek in this institution, and during the past year its acting President, has determined to sever his connection with the college and go to another field of labor, it is fitting that we make some record of our appreciation by his service and worth, therefore

RESOLVED, 1st, That we recognize in Professor McClurkin a ripe scholar, a successful educator, a faithful workman, a true gentleman and a sincere christian.

2d, That we recall with especial pleasure his work in the classroom, elating the best efforts of the students and at the same time securing their good will, maintaining good order without any apparent anxiety concerning it, commanding the confidence and retaining the affection of the students so that every student going out from these walls during ten years past has been accustomed to speak with enthusiasm of the young Professor of Greek as one of the chief attractions of the place.

3d, That to us as guardians of the welfare of this college it is a cause of deep and sincere regret that we are about to be deprived of the services of one so well fitted by gifts and acquirements for the work of education.

4th, That we reciprocate most heartily the kindly feelings he expresses in parting toward the members of the Board and that our good wishes will follow him to his new field, anticipating for him a pastorate as successful as his career has been among us, and praying that through his future labors many souls may be won to Christ and a crown of glory lit by many stars may be his in the end.

R. G. FERGUSON, }
J. S. MCKEE, } Com.
H. H. HERVEY, }

Mr. McVey the next speaker said: It is fitting to have a reception for one coming among us but it is more fitting to meet to say farewell to our departing friends, for we have tried them and proved their worth.

We are glad to be able to send out from New Wilmington one for whom we have so great promise of future usefulness.

A christian has the same object wherever he may labor, and hence the source of our sadness to-night is that the bond of friendship will be for a time broken. We say good-bye feeling that a happier meeting awaits us.

May this meeting be to us all a memorial of precious memory.

Dr. Mehard on behalf of the faculty, began by giving a short account of Prof. McClurkin's life as he had known him during the past seventeen years both as a student and as a Professor. Entering the class of 1867 as a freshman, he graduated in four years, the highest in the class. I can testify, said the Doctor, to his respect to teachers, to his morality his diligence and proficiency in class.

He then assured the Professor that he had friends in this community and as the Hawkeye man says of drummer, "He is numerous." He then expressed his regret at his departure and in appropriate words

presented him a silver water-pitcher as a testimonial of his friend's regard. He then presented to Miss Stephenson on behalf of her friends a silver card case. He said that she also had associated in college as a teacher, and that the work which she had done and the good influence she had exerted would not be forgotten. Wishing for their best success and hoping that their separation from us would not be permanent, he bade them not good-bye but good-night.

Prof. John Mitchell read the following resolutions as an expression of the feelings of the Faculty :

WHEREAS, We are called upon to-night to say farewell to two of our most esteemed citizens and to witness the termination of social relations that have lasted so happily for more than seventeen years, therefore,

RESOLVED, First, That we express our sincere regret at the removal from our midst of Prof. J. K. McClurkin and his sister Miss Mary J. Stevenson, and that we yield with great reluctance to the severance of the relations which have bound these friends so closely to us.

Second, That we testify with great pleasure to the high rank in which they have ever stood as earnest Christian workers and to their cordial support and earnest encouragement of every object that has tended to promote the highest good of the community.

Third, That we express our earnest appreciation of the manly Christian life of Prof. McClurkin while a student in the College, of his zeal and ability as a Professor, and as President of the institution, of his faithfulness and efficiency as a minister of the Gospel, and of the fact that during so many years and in all these relations he has stood the tests, applied by men to their fellow men, and has won the confidence and esteem of all with whom he has been associated.

Fourth, That we declare our continued interest in their welfare and tender them our best wishes for their prolonged happiness in their new home and for the abundant success in that work to which they have consecrated themselves.

In Prof. McClurkin's reply, he said, among other things that if the citizens of Wilmington were censuring him, instead of extending to him so much friendship he would not, for the time at least, experience the feelings of sadness that he did.

Wilmington still seemed to him to be his home and after leaving, he expected to experience something of the feelings of a traveler away from his home.

It was not easy for him to leave the community, for he knew the citizens perhaps better than he would ever know the citizens of any other place. He had known them in the hours of his joy and they had rejoiced with him. But especially he had known them in the hours of his sorrow and they had sorrowed with him.

He spoke of the many changes that had taken place during the seventeen years that he had spent in their midst. He referred especially to the fact that there were very few homes that had not been

broken by death, and into some of them the angel of Death had entered two even three times.

But there was also a bright side to the changes in New Wilmington. Year by year familiar faces were leaving us, but with them a power for good was going out into the broad world, a power which to-day actually reaches around the world.

He paid a high compliment to the new members of the Faculty, especially to the President, Mr. Ferguson, saying that he brought with him, to his new field of labor, the highest testimonial which any man could have, namely, those who know him best love him most. Of the older members of the Faculty he spoke in terms of the warmest appreciation, and said he took pleasure in giving public testimony that his years of intercourse and work with them had been to him of the pleasantest character. With the two oldest members of the Faculty he had had almost daily intercourse during these seventeen years and he wished to say that this intercourse had been to him not only pleasant but exceedingly profitable.

He assured the students that he would remember them longer and more vividly than they would him, for while other instructors would take his place, yet no other students would ever hold the same place in his affections.

While he returned to the citizens his heartfelt thanks for the handsome gifts which they had presented to his sister and himself, yet he assured them that these tokens of good will were not necessary to help either of them keep in remembrance their friends in Wilmington. He could not forget them if he were to try, because the years of his life spent in their midst had been the years of his training. They had laid the foundation for his life work and would, under God, determine what his life would be, more than any other years of his existence. Therefore, Wilmington would live with him while he lived. It could not be otherwise.

In closing, he said that the memory of that night, of the expressions of kindness which had been so unsparingly given; the picture of so many familiar friends around him would be to them both, for many a day, a strength in the time of weakness, a comfort in the hour of sorrow, and one of the bright spots in their lives.

After the Professor's address, some time was spent in a social way. Many, indeed, almost all present, came forward to shake hands and bid farewell. Thus closed a pleasant evening though one of regret, but all can truly say what is our loss is other's gain.

—Every alumnus of the College should subscribe for the HOLCAD.

COLLEGE AND LOCAL.

—The Senior class has decided that the campus is a fossil, because it has been dug up.

—Subscribers will please remember that the HOLCAD, like other papers, needs money.

—Prof. Taggart told the boys that he would pay them in Greek for helping him move his piano.

—The Swan Brothers have been succeeded in the janitorship of the College by Mr. Perry Coon.

—The timid Junior shaketh about the knees when he thinketh that soon he must give an oration.

—The Seniors boast of five full-grown mustaches, two half-grown, three which have just sprouted, and four in embryo.

—Misses Lena Shields, Agnes Irons and — Mooré resumed their duties as teachers in New Castle public schools Sept. 1st.

—Those persons who receive a complimentary copy of this issue of the HOLCAD will please consider themselves invited to subscribe.

—If the students who are studying Political Economy this year vote the Democratic ticket it will be Perry's fault and not Dr. Mehard's.

—The Junior who is struggling desperately with Ephesians in the original, consoles himself with the thought that this is his last term in Greek.

—The number of applicants for admission to the College this year was unusually large, there being about sixty. Westminster's prospects for the future are brighter than ever.

—S. R. Pettit, who for several years has been a resident of this place, has purchased the undertaking business of Mr. H. C. Randall, West Middlesex, Pa., and will remove to that place soon.

—An effort is being made by the citizens of this place to procure better facilities for receiving express goods. By the present arrangement it takes an express package two days to come from Pittsburgh.

Second Prep.: "What is the use of a girls' studying her 'plagued' head off taking the classical course? Junior: "Better take a comb." Senior: "That would be the better way to get rid of the little plagues."

—Miss Viola Roseboro, of New York, will give an elocutionary entertainment in the College chapel, Tuesday evening, Sept. 23. Miss Roseboro is said by some who have heard both, to be the superior of A. P. Barbank.

—The pulpit decorations on the evening of the Farewell of Prof. McClurkin, which were so much admired by all present were arranged by Misses Stella McMillen, Sadie Poppino, Fannie Lewis, assisted by Mr. Eb. Thompson.

—The Board was fortunate in securing the services of Mr. Coon as janitor. He is showing his industry by his work in the campus, and we predict that under his care the College and its surroundings will always present a creditable appearance.

—The old gymnasium has been greatly enlarged and improved in appearance. The southern side has been divided into three parts: a recitation room, a students' chemical laboratory and a private laboratory for the Professor. These rooms are being fitted up in the latest

proved style, and when completed will be among the finest in the western part of the State. The gymnasium occupies the central part of the building, while the northern side has been fitted up as a dwelling house for the janitor.

—The following members of the Board of Trustees were present at the inauguration: Rev. H. H. Hervey, John McMichael, Esq., Rev. R. G. Ferguson, Jos. McNaugher, Esq., Rev. J. W. Witherspoon, Rev. John S. McKee, Rev. W. J. Snodgrass, Rev. D. S. Littell, J. G. Templeton, D. D. S., and D. R. Kerr, D. D., L.L.D.

—The following dialogue took place in a class lately: Student: "Professor, is it wrong to say Holy Smoke?" Prof: "Why do you ask such a question as that? It is certainly not very appropriate language for a Senior." Student: "Well, I just thought that the phrase would very accurately describe those vapors which were supposed to be the medium of Delphic inspiration."

—The inauguration of the new President of the College, Rev. R. G. Ferguson, took place in the First U. P. Church, Monday evening, the 8th inst. A large number of persons were present, among whom were many alumni. The services were brief and impressive. Dr. Kerr, President of the Board of Trustees, presided. The inaugural address was clear and practical, and was altogether a fine production.

—The Shields Fort, consisting of Messrs Aiken, O. A. Byers, A. Byers, Dunn, McKinney and Shaw were very agreeably surprised a short time ago a large cake—the gift of Mrs. R. O. Graham—being the cause of the surprise. The boys say that the cake was elegant, and it will not be difficult to imagine how this property was discovered by them. It is safe to say that cakes do not tarry long at this Fort.

—A regular meeting of the College Base Ball Association was held in the Chapel, Monday, for the purpose of electing officers. The following were elected: Pres., S. McNaugher; Vice Pres., J. P. Warden; Sec., J. R. Vance; Treas. J. Alex. VanOrsdel; Ex. Com., J. M. Hutchison, R. C. Pollock, A. L. Davidson; Field Com., J. P. Warden, W. R. Irons, J. L. Snyder, O. A. Byers, J. R. Vance; Capt., S. McNaugher. The boys mean business and have rented a field from Joseph Lininger, which they expect to fit up for ball purposes.

PERSONALS.

—Jas. Sword, '84, was in town Saturday visiting friends.
—Rev. T. D. Stewart, '73, of Worth, attended the inauguration.

—J. A. Alexander, of the Senior class, is teaching at Clinton, Allegheny county.

—A long letter from John S. Allen, '82, is published in this week's *Mercer Republican*.

—Miss Nettie Shaffer, '78, has resumed her duties as teacher in the Curry Institute, Pittsburgh.

—Messrs. McClymonds and Douthett, from Pine Grove Academy, have entered the Freshman class.

—Dr. Joe A. Anderson, of Wexford, Pa., an old student, has been in town this week visiting friends.

—President Ferguson occupies the Prather house on the

upper diamond, Rev. E. N. McElree having purchased and removed to Prof. McClurkin's property.

—The Rev. N. E. Wade and wife, of Bakerstown, were the guests of Prof. and Mrs. Mitchell last week.

—Rev. S. H. Moore and family, of Imperial, visited last week with his father-in-law, D. F. McCready, Esq.

—Prof. Taggart, who was absent from his class two days, returned last Tuesday, his wife accompanying him.

—Prof. J. B. McClelland, '78, and J. A. Courtney, '82, of Grove City, Pa., were present at the inauguration.

—H. D. Gordon, '87, expects to return to his home about October 4th, and engage in teaching for several months.

—Jesse Moore, '82, left New Castle, Pa., this week for New York, where he will complete his medical course at the University.

—Miss Jeanette McKee, of Pittsburgh, is the guest of Miss Jennie Duffield and will sing at the entertainment next Tuesday eve.

—Ed. Logan, '82, and Sam Aiken, '83, left home Monday of last week for New York, where they will enter Bellevue Medical College.

—John Shaw, formerly a member of the class of '81, who has been missionating in the West, has returned to College and will graduate with '85.

—E. O. McFarland, '82, has been in town several days visiting his mother. He expects to attend Princeton Theological Seminary this year.

—The Rev. S. M. Hood and wife, both of '66, Bakers-town, were among the alumni who attended the inauguration of President Ferguson.

—Rev. T. J. Porter, '81, and wife, who is a sister of D. R. McDonald, '81, have sailed for Teheran, Persia, where they will engage in missionary work.

—Snyder Bros., who spent the summer in the map business in Wisconsin, express themselves as well pleased with their success and with the country.

—Mrs. Mary S. Fulton, '73, who has been with her husband, Rev. J. M. Fulton, '72, in the West for several months, is visiting her mother, Mrs. M. D. Shaffer.

—The many friends of Rev. J. M. Fulton, '72, will be glad to learn that his health has greatly improved. He expects to remain in the West for several months yet.

—The following eighteen students who were in College last term have not returned: Jas. A. Alexander, J. C. Stephens, T. P. Golden, D. P. Smith, Miss Rhodes, J. D. Marshall, Miss Barnes, P. M. Speer, T. W. Stewart, D. T. McCalmont, Miss Blair, S. S. Beggs, Miss Hover, Miss Minich, J. B. Work, J. C. Work, Frank McClung, J. M. Ward.

'84 ITEMS.

—Sutton will teach at Evans City.

—Williamson clerks in a drug store in Kenton, O.

—Miss Snyder will teach near Harrisville this winter.

—Cooper is Principal of the Sharpsburg public schools.

—Miss McKee and Miss Campbell are remaining at their homes.

—Miss Bentley is teaching in Shenango township, Mercer county.

—Heidger tarried in town a few days the first of the

month on his way from Washington county to Xenia, O., where he and Magill will engage in the study of Theology.
—Millin teaches in an academy at Connoquenessing, Butler county.

—Sangree is a student at the Western Theological Seminary, Allegheny.

—McLaughry and Whitla, '83, are conducting an academy at Emlenton.

—Jas. Sword is studying law in the office of Dana & Long, New Castle, Pa.

—Walt. Hope is studying medicine with his brother, Dr. R. M. Hope, of Mercer.

—Miss McBride is Professor of English Literature in Knoxville College, Tenn.

—C. H. Wilson and T. W. Swan left for Union Theological Seminary Monday of this week.

—Snyder will teach during the winter, amusing himself on Saturdays with the study of the human frame.

—T. F. Cummings is Professor of Physics and Vice President of the Polytechnic Institute, Allegheny.

—Messrs. Miller and Warden are still at their homes and are undecided in regard to their future course.

—Crawford has arrived safely at his home in Damascus, Syria. We expect to publish a letter from him in our next issue.

—Frank Scott will teach the coming winter in Trumbull county, O., spending his spare moments in the pursuit of Blackstone.

TOWN NOTES.

—There was a Prohibition meeting in Endora Hall last Saturday evening. The preliminary arrangements were made for organizing for effective work in this community. The Prohibitionists intend that St. John and Daniel shall have a large number of votes in the village and township.

—A meeting in the interest of the Republican party was held in Lininger Hall, Sept. 13. Addresses were made by Dr. Mehard, J. Alex. VanOrsdol, R. E. Stewart and C. H. Wilson. Much enthusiasm was manifested, and measures were taken to organize a marching club. The following officers were elected: Captain, Alex. Phillips; First Lieut., R. E. Stewart; Second Lieut., S. Tomer.

—We were pleased to see on our return to College that the enterprising people of New Wilmington had not been idle during the summer. Several new dwelling houses have been erected and several others are in the course of erection. New fences have been built, old houses have been repainted, and the streets and sidewalks, especially of the south side, have been greatly improved. Surely the people of our town believe in village improvement.

—The changes which have been made in the college building add greatly to its appearance and convenience. A new hall has been cut through the building from east to west, and the old hall has been extended through to the north side. By this arrangement every room in the old building can be reached without going outside. New stairs have been built and enclosed by a handsome and substantial walnut balustrade. The walls and ceilings have been ka'somined afresh and the woodwork repainted. In fact, the entire inside of the building has been thoroughly reno-

vated. The building now fronts north instead of south, as before. A new belfry, which is a model for neatness, has been placed on top of the building. No painting has been done on the outside, except that of the doors and window frames. We would suggest to the proper authorities that painting would very much improve the outside appearance of the building.

—The following officers were elected at the meeting of the Reading Room Association September 6th: President, Golden; V. P., Ricketts; Secretary, Purvis; Treasurer, Dunn; Corresponding Secretary, McLaughry; Lecture Committee, 1st member, Allen, 2nd, Golden, 3d, Swan; Librarian, J. R. Vance. The Association proposes to conduct a course of lectures this season as usual. The committee chosen, with Allen of last year's committee as chairman, is a sufficient guarantee of success.

—Some of the professors have left their old recitation rooms for new ones. The President hears his classes in the room occupied last year by Prof. Wallace, and Prof. Wallace occupies the old reception room. Prof. Thompson will be located on the third floor in Prof. Graham's old room. He is now using the book room. Prof. Graham will soon be in his new apartments in the gymnasium building. The room formerly occupied by Prof. Cummings has been taken for the library, and we are happy to state that the Board, at its last meeting, decided to fit up the old library for the HOLCAD.

—For many years two Swans made their home in the college campus. They became very much attached to the college and its surroundings, and seemed perfectly contented and happy there. As is natural, they had a stronger liking for some of the students than for others, and would often accompany their special favorites to their homes and remain there for some time. For some reason the ladies attracted them more than the gentlemen. These Swans were of a peculiar kind. They differed from most other swans in that they could sing quite well. The students were often entertained by their melodious strains. They had some features in common with other swans. They were long necked and graceful. When we left college last year the Swans held the campus in peaceful possession, and we were not a little surprised in going back this year to find the Swans gone and their old habitation destroyed. We began to look round for the cause of the departure of our old friends. We had not gone far before we found a family of Coons safely quartered in one corner of the campus. By this discovery we were able to solve the mystery. Evidently the Swans and Coons could not all live in harmony within such small bounds as the campus, and the Swans being the weaker party were compelled to vacate the premises. We are sorry to part with the Swans, but we hope to win the friendship of the Coons. We can reasonably expect this, for there are several young Coons in the family, and we believe they can easily be tamed. Our best wishes go with the Swans, and we trust that they have found comfortable quarters elsewhere. At the same time, we say to the Coons, welcome.

Frankel & Wright,
—:‡: MERCHANT-TAILORS :‡:—
 MERCER, PA.

THE HOLCAD.

VOL. I.

NEW WILMINGTON, PA., OCTOBER 1, 1884.

No. 3.

IO VICTIS.

I sing the Hymn of the Conquered, who fell in the battle
of life—
The hymn of the wounded, the beaten, who died over-
whelmed in the strife;
Not the jubilant song of the victors, for whom the resound-
ing acclaim,
Of nations was lifted in chorus, whose brows wore the
chaplet of fame—
But the hymn of the low and the humble, the weary, the
broken in heart,
Who strove and who failed, acting bravely a silent and
desperate part;
Whose youth bore no flower on its branches, whose hopes
burned in ashes away.
From whose hand slipped the prize they had grasped at,
who stood at the dying of day
With the work of their life all around them, unpitied, un-
heeded, alone,
With death sweeping down e'er their failure, and all but
their faith overthrown.

While the voice of the world shouts its chorus, its pean for
those who have won—
While the trumpet is sounding triumphant, and high to
the breeze and the sun
Gay banners are waving, hands clapping, and hurrying
feet
Thronging after the laurel-crowned victors—I stand on the
field of defeat
In the shadow 'mongst those who have fallen, and wound-
ed and dying—and there
Chant a requiem low, place my hand on their pain knotted
brows, breathe a prayer.
Hold the hand that is helpless, and whispers "They only
the victory win
Who have fought the good fight and have vanquished the
demon that tempts us within;
Who have held to their faith unseduced by the prize that
the world holds on high;
Who have dared for a high cause to suffer, resist, fight—if
need be, to die."

Speak, History! who are life's victors? Unroll thy long
annals and say—
Are they those whom the world called the victors, who
won the success of a day?
The martyrs, or Nero? The Spartans who fell at Ther-
mopylæ's tryst,
Or the Persians and Xerxes? His judges, or Socrates?
Pilate, or Christ?

—*Blackwood's Magazine.*

OBSERVATIONS ABROAD.

PROF. R. B. TAGGART.

Laying no claim to the power ascribed to Samuel
Johnson by his admiring biographer, of being able
at a single sitting to throw off from my pen a well
written and instructive article, I feel some misgiv-
ings in thus committing to the pages of the youthful
and promising HOLCAD the hastily gleaned recol-
lections of a recent trip to Europe. My chief dif-
ficulty lies in the perplexing variety of things
amongst which I am compelled to make selection.

After quitting our native shores my first field of
observation as well as my last on our return home-
ward, was the vast expanse of

OCEAN.

The impressions one has in passing out of harbor
and seeing human habitations, the harbor and land
itself recede from view, can more easily be imagined
than described. When our voyage began there was
something uncertain in the wind, the clouds and the
sea itself; but as the City of Rome with its capacious
decks and three powerful engines carried us out into
the deep, the sky brightened and we had three
thousand miles of as "clear sailing" as was ever the
happiness of mariners ancient or modern. On our
way out we took the southern route, avoiding the
"Banks," skirting the south coast of Ireland and
landing at Liverpool after an eight days run from
New York. We landed on the Sabbath. The bustle
and hurry consequent upon disembarking and pass-
ing through the custom house as also reaching our
hotel, seemed to divest the day almost entirely of its
sanctity. On our way out few, if any, suffered from
sea-sickness; but on our return voyage there were
but very few besides myself and wife who did not sub-
mit to the inexorable demands of Neptune. The
Furnessia being a smaller vessel and an uncertain sea
will account for this diversity of experience. For
two or three days after leaving Glasgow we had what
sailors term a "breeze." And as we came by the
northern route, on nearing Newfoundland, over
whose banks we passed, we encountered dense fog
for two days, which the captain and sailors regarded
with more concern than a violent storm. Signal
lights however intense availed nothing, and the fog
horn blew its alarm during night and day at monot-

onous intervals. Two mornings we were waked by a sudden stopping of the vessel. Many rushed from their berths to see what the cause might be. As for great whales and icebergs and waves, mountains high, we saw but few of them. Yet the sea in countless forms and lights, ever shifting and never recurring the same, appeared to us and left its image of watery magnificence upon our memory never to be effaced. One day as we sat at the stern, we sighted not far from us and in the track of our vessel, a number of porpoises leaping out of the waves after us as if determined to overtake us. From the same point of view, but at night, we witnessed the splendid phosphorescence, excited by the rapid revolutions of the propeller. Here and there in the briny foam appeared glittering stars, and elsewhere large patches of less brilliancy. We had on board a number of British scientists who were coming over to attend the meeting of their association at Montreal; but none of them was heard to throw any light upon this singular phenomenon. One of them told me that in the revolution of the screw, which was 26½ feet in diameter, and drove our great ship at the rate of 16 miles per hour, only a fraction of its natural force was lost. This was owing to the great depth at which it was placed and the great specific density of the ocean water. We must not omit to record an object of rare interest to all on board, and the captain was willing to own he had never seen its like:—we mean a striking sunset. Amid dissolving clouds the sun's descending disk assumed the form of an inverted vase of intense redness, and sat upon the sea for some time. We delighted to watch the sea gulls follow our vessel for hundreds of miles. I often wondered how they could keep upon wing night and day for such long distances without alighting to rest. But the query resolved itself when I saw them at times drop upon the water and there suffer themselves to be tossed about like the spray. Their quick eyes soon detected any food that chanced to be thrown from the vessel. Thus the hand of man is made to accomplish the gracious provision, that not a sparrow falls to the ground without the care of our heavenly Father. The sea itself is an object of untiring interest to every devout student of things natural. At one time it assumed indescribable forms, now broken into leaping, foaming waves, and again, whilst ever restless, settling down to an almost unbroken level. When the eye could detect no unusual disturbance of the watery element, some vast swell, as if an undercurrent, would toss our monster steamship as if it were a toy. In such cases the words of Byron would often recur to memory: "Roll on thou deep and dark blue ocean, etc.," or still

more impressive the inspired portraiture in Ps. 107: 23-31.

Passing by the fruits of much sight seeing in the heart of many towns and cities, among the ruins of old castles and places of natural and historic interest, in Britain and on the Continent, let us glance a little at the Arcadia of Central Europe, mountainous, liberty-loving

SWITZERLAND.

We visited all its lakes except that of Constance, namely, Bienné, Neuchâtel, Geneva (known among the Swiss as Leman), Thun, Brienz, Sarnen, Lucerne (or Lake of the Four Cantons), Zug and Zurich. Our boat riding upon four of these, Geneva, Thun, Brienz and Lucerne, was an enjoyment truly delightful. The water of these lakes, especially of Leman, is so clear that, when still, you can see pebbles and other small objects distinctly at great depths. When very deep, it wears an imitatively beautiful hue of blue and green, which, combined with Alpine mountain scenery skirting its edges, the fine mansions which break upon one's view at this and that turn, the Swiss cottages which are seen almost to hang suspended on the steep mountain side, and the gentle motion of the vessel which fans one with refreshing zephyrs and sends off ever-widening wavelets on the surface of the water, forms a picture which has never yet been caught up and thrown upon canvas by any of our renowned landscape painters. Lakes Lomond and Katrine in Scotland, so much praised by many writers from Sir Walter Scott downward, may, as they were seen by us under favorable circumstances, excel the lakes of Switzerland in the many dark-wooded islets which stud their bosom, but their dark brown waters, stained by the moss upon their braes, will not compare with the cerulean tints of the latter as they blush and sparkle under the glow of Alpine skies. In the romantic town of Interlaken, between Lakes Brienz and Thun, we spent about a week feasting our eyes on the wild scenery which shot up to dizzy heights all around us. This is the halting place of the many tourists from all parts of the world who make this most beautiful part of Switzerland the field of their rambles. All the time when we were here the cholera in the south of France drove many through this route, either on their way to Germany or with the hope that by the way of St. Gothard they could enter Italy without the quarantine and the consequent fumigation. Here we were in full view of the lofty Yungfrau and other peaks whose summits were clothed in perennial snows. Two striking contrasts met us here, one natural, the other social. The former was experienced in the intense heat which filled

the closely pent up valley where our *pension* was located in full view of the frigid cold of the glacier fields. The flies and the heat detracted somewhat from the enjoyableness of the grandeur which surrounded us. But a more intolerable contrast was witnessed in the chasm which separates the wealthy from the poor. The world's wealth and glitter flow through here and rest in enjoyable unconcern about the necessities of the future; while in the streets of Unterseen, hard by, wretched peasants may be seen doing the drudgery of beasts. Here you might almost any hour of the day see women harnessed to carts drawing liquid manure out to the fields in the country. I once wondered why the republic of Switzerland was the seat of that radical nihilism which agitated Russia and other parts of Europe. Here we were brought face to face with facts which furnished the solution. Where labor is reduced to the level of beggary, with no possible hope of amelioration, and where Christianity exists but in outward ceremonial among the rich, what else can result than the complete wreck of all the sanctities which form the basis of human societies. We saw here a race of dwarfs, called Cretins, idiotic, and every way pitiable to behold. A benevolent man of wealth had once maintained them in a hospital at his own expense, but at his death they were poured out upon the community more helpless than mendicants. When looking into the faces of some of them we could not tell whether they were old or young, so completely has a high born humanity been rooted out of them. Here might be seen the utter defacement of human nature in the presence of a combination of natural scenery unsurpassed.

From the top of the Righi near Lucerne and at an almost perpendicular height of 4,400 feet above lakes Zug and Lucerne, we not only gained a very wide prospect of towns and country and of the Bernese Alps, but an enchanting view of the lakes far beneath us. There they lay in their native blue, so deeply colored and in such sharp contrast with their surroundings, that if we had seen them photographed with all their coloring we could scarcely have credited the representation.

And what shall I say of the Swiss mountains, for we saw them in sunlight and storm? Whilst we did not, as some venturesome spirits whom we met, with Alpine stick in hand, scale the dizzy rocks and cross ragged glaciers, we undertook what was more enjoyable to us. In company with a young couple from Glasgow, by a well built road which wound its tortuous way up the mountain sides, and in a conveyance which carried four with the driver, we ascended to the elevation of 8,000 feet above the sea,

1,000 feet above the summer snow-line, where at the same time we could look above us and see the lofty peaks Finsteraarhorn and Schreckhorn rise 8,000 feet still above us. By means of a good field glass, and without the perils of climbing we could look into the homes of the chamois and steinbock. To reach this point we left the train at Goeschenen, at the mouth of the St. Gothard tunnel, and by *diligence* came to Andermatt, right over the tunnel in the St. Gothard pass, once a great highway between Switzerland and Italy, through which Russian and other armies had passed. Before we reached the great tunnel we passed through many smaller tunnels. At one point we made one complete circle under the mountain and two loops, so that we saw the same little church four times, now above us, now below us; now in front of us, and now behind us; and this was done that we might gain a greater elevation before entering the great tunnel which is nine miles long. Similar engineering may be seen on the line of the Black Forrest railway, between Schaffhausen and Heidelberg. Wilder scenery can nowhere be seen than along the line of this St. Gothard railroad. The angry little river Reuss, which can be seen, now on this side and now on that, foams and hisses through and over the rocks which have dropped out from the almost perpendicular mountains above. The object, however, which we wished to see was the Rhone glacier, which we reached through the Furka Pass leading on as far as the mouth of the Grimsel Pass, and this again to the great Simplon Pass. Baedekker, the editor of the standard guide books, describes this as one of the representative glaciers of Europe. Here in a valley into which the sun shot his dazzling, melting rays, we stood at the foot of this vast glacier, 14 miles in length, out from beneath which rushes the first waters of the Rhone. In the lower edge of the glacier, an artificial grotto has been excavated to the distance of 125 feet, into which (paying our fee, of course) we enter and are surprised to find it, not dark, but made light by the transparent walls which surrounds us. Here we were in the birth-place of rivers. These glaciers give rise to many streams which find their way into the Mediterranean and Atlantic.

Did space and time allow I should like to write something of what I learned respecting the

SCHOOL SYSTEM

in Europe. Stopping a little in Heidelberg, Germany, and Oxford, England, I endeavored to discover their methods of work and the peculiar attractions which they were able to offer to so many of our American students who frequent them. Their buildings are ancient and to an American no way

impressive. The comfort of the student seems never to have been taken into view. Hard benches, it may have been thought, conduce to hard study. At some future time I may find space and leisure to discourse to the readers of the HOLCAD touching this subject of education. To append it here might make it seem incongruous as related to the former part of this hastily penned article.

LOS ANGELES.

ITS SOCIETY, ITS NATURAL ADVANTAGES, ITS EDUCATION
AND RELIGION.

BY REV. W. J. GOLDEN.

Los Angeles is not so angelic in its population as its name might seem to imply. The Mexicans, distinguished for a disposition to stab each other, characterized by thriftlessness, living in adobe houses rather than homes, are gathered together into one section of the city known as Senoratown. The Chinese, harmless, industrious, objectionable on account of their filth, live in another section of the city. It is a city of strangers. "From what point did you come?" "how long have you been here?" "how do you like California?" are questions almost invariably heard when two meet for the first time. There is there a characteristic freedom and sociability, perhaps arising from their shifting condition, which might well be imitated by our more formal, colder Eastern people. Californians are very hospitable. If a stranger appears they take him in; i. e., real estate agents, hack drivers, and salesmen of all sorts. As one walks the streets of Los Angeles and hears the jabber of Chinamen, Mexicans and Germans, he is reminded of that verse in Lucile by Owen Meredith:

"In many strange lands spoke many strange tongues,
Strained, with many strange idioms, my lips and my
lungs.

* * * * *

And have often had reason to curse those wild fellows,
Who built that high house at which Heaven turned
jealous."

While one meets in Los Angeles people as pleasant, kind and genial as in the East, he misses fixed society. The old honor system, which now holds in Texas, once existed in southern California, and its effects are still visible. By this system more men were lynched for theft than for murder, and a consequent confidence in humanity was produced, which arose more from fear of punishment than from integrity.

Nature has done more for California than for most of the western States. For weak lungs, throat

trouble or asthma the climate is regarded by physicians as unexcelled by any, the south of France not excepted. Southern California is a world's hospital. The houses, street cars and streets are flooded with consumptives, the deaf, dumb, blind, and infirm of every kind. Different kinds of climate may be found at points ten miles distant. When the thermometer stands at 100° in Los Angeles, snow may be seen on the Sierra Madre mountains plainly in view. Winter is the rainy season. Inclemencies of weather in other parts of the year and other unpleasant things are explained away as very unusual, so we came to the conclusion that it was unusual to have anything usual there.

Southern California is distinguished for the variety and extent of its products. In the yards of Los Angeles residences grow oranges, lemons, limes, apricots, nectarines, figs, loquats, pomellos, pomegranates, bananas, grapes, etc. In Los Angeles county in 1883, one million gallons of wine, two million bushels of barley, and four million bushels of wheat were produced. Irrigation is practiced largely. Water changes desert places into gardens. In the wonderful variety of its fruit, its climate, its vegetation and animals, it is another Palestine, a miniature world.

The educational advantages of California are good. In San Jose, Oakland and San Francisco, schools, private and public, abound. At Berkely, to which street cars run from Oakland, is the State University. In Los Angeles are excellent public schools, a State Normal, a Methodist University and a Female Seminary. Teachers in public schools receive from sixty-five to one hundred and twenty-five dollars per month; but the standard is higher than that of almost any of the Eastern States.

California is not distinguished for its religion. Skepticism is widespread. It has no Sabbath law. While one-fifth of the population of the United States are church members, they constitute but one-twentieth of the population of California. Every kind of religious life is there and every form of wickedness. It is said that the climate of Southern California tends to make one stupid; so the spiritual atmosphere seems to paralyze their moral energies. Many, checked in the East by social Christian restraint, try to hide themselves amidst the shifting population of that State. Church members from the East may often be found there with their certificates in their trunks. But a religious element is rapidly pouring into Los Angeles. Twenty churches have been erected there within the past two or three years. In the same time property has more than doubled itself in value. In view of this increase in the value of property—to my mind per-

ment,—of this rapid increase in churches, of its varied and extensive products, of its excellent climate, in short, of the great future that undoubtedly awaits the city of Los Angeles, I take pleasure in recommending it to the United Presbyterians of the East. In order that the character of that city and the surrounding country, and that the existence of a United Presbyterian congregation there, might be more widely known, was a special object in writing this piece.

CORFU.

The only place we touched at between Trieste and Alexandria was that of Corfu. We sailed into the channel between that island and the mainland of Greece. The port of Corfu lies about the center of the eastern side of the island of that name. As we rounded the head of this island we saw olive groves fringing the coast, and vultures, so very common in the Orient, soaring over the hills.

In the harbor a busy scene lay before us. Half-a-dozen steamers and a number of sailing vessels were receiving or discharging their cargoes, and before we were fairly anchored at least a dozen boats were by the side of our steamer, the "Mars." As the vessel was to lie there two hours most of the passengers decided to go on shore to escape the annoyance of hoisting the cargo on board. My cabin mate and myself, with a certain Count Zoheb, a Greek, with purchased title and contemptible pride, were the first to go ashore. We captured a guide, or rather surrendered ourselves to one, who had been an attendant of the English officers during their occupation of Corfu, some years ago, and who knew just enough English to make some amusing blunders. None quite so ridiculous, however, as the one Justin McCarthy records of his, who at Tirus in Greece gravely informed the party that was the place where *Hereules used to be born*. A member of the party confused him by asking him what place the hero had been in the habit of dying. An Oriental never sees the point of an English joke, and our guide was, no exception to the rule, for he replied to the really good jokes of my companions by a puzzled silence.

Corfu is a wretched place, many six-story houses, streets like alleys, and as Punch says an "offal" nuisance. There are few points of interest. The old fort, built by Venetians, still containing some of their old mortars, ruined by the Turks and rebuilt by the English, is the only point of interest. From the top of it I had a fine view of the island. The Opera House built by the Venetians is still standing, with the lions of St. Mark over the door.

One of the attractions is St. Spiridian, who though

dead for centuries, is in wonderful state of preservation. Indeed for three francs you are allowed to feel his pulse beat, and the blood coursing through his veins. We kept our frames.

Whenever we were aware of the aforesaid "offal" nuisance, my companion insisted that Sans Spiridian was infecting the town, to the great horror of our devout guide, who said it was named after him. Here for the first time in my life did I see those classic Greek letters used on every shop-sign and guide-board. They seemed out of place. I could reconcile myself to them over a wine shop. There was a classic air about that, however low the saloon—it was dedicated to Bacchus; but over a little corner-grocery, innocent of guile—that was profanation. Such is the force of association.

Corfu I was told imported a great deal of barbed wire from the United States. What for? "To feed the goats—they thrive on it." I subsided.

We were glad to retreat from the shabby Hellenes.

We saw the last of Corfu as we were dining on deck that evening walled in by Greece and her islands—a glorious panorama for a dining hall.

J. S. CRAWFORD.

A LIBERAL EDUCATION.—The main object of a liberal education should not be minuteness of knowledge, but a thorough understanding and mastery of those elementary ideas which form the foundation of all knowledge. If any system of training can be discovered which will enable the student to see the economical fallacies to which all men seem to be liable, on the subjects of the currency, the employment of labor, on the protection of home industry, as plainly as he sees the same fallacies when applied to his own every-day work, then that system would have the highest claims upon us, as supplying what was wanted to form a liberal education.—*S. Newcomb*.

THE longest bridge in the world is in China. It is at Lagang, over an arm of the China Sea. It is built entirely of stone, is five miles long, seventy feet high has a roadway seventy feet wide, and has three hundred arches. The parapet is a balustrade; each of the pillars, which are seventy-five feet apart, supports a pedestal on which is a lion twenty-one feet long, made of one block of marble.

THESE are the days when the young man, for the sake of a political party, will shoulder a torch and march a dozen miles or more without feeling tired, and yet he'd growl for an entire hour if asked to ascend the cellar stairs with a scuttle of coal.—*Phila. Kronicle-Herald*.

THE HOLCAD.

PUBLISHED SEMI-MONTHLY DURING THE COLLEGE YEAR BY THE
STUDENTS OF WESTMINSTER COLLEGE.

NEW WILMINGTON, PA., OCT. 1, 1884.

TERMS: \$1.50 PER YEAR. SINGLE COPY, 10 CENTS.

Entered at the postoffice at New Wilmington, Pa., as second-class
mail matter.

EDITORS.

W. HAYES MOORE,	- - -	EDITOR-IN-CHIEF.
I. N. MOORE,	- - -	ASSISTANT.
ROB. L. HAY,	} - -	LITERARY DEPARTMENT.
H. G. GOLDEN,		
SADIE M. McELREE,		
R. J. LOVE,	} - -	LOCAL AND COLLEGE DEPARTMENT.
J. P. VANCE,		
J. L. SNYDER,	- - -	EXCHANGES.
RALPH P. ALLEN,	- - -	BUSINESS MANAGER.

Information solicited respecting the Alumni and those
who have been in any way connected with the College.

Address all communications to
THE HOLCAD, New Wilmington, Pa.

WE are glad to say to our friends that we are now very neatly fitted up in our new apartments and are ready to give them a hearty greeting at any time. We would welcome also most cordially the fruits of their lands, or the delicacies of their tables, for which things some of the members of the staff have a noticeable failing. We will always be glad to exhibit in our office specimens of the largest fruit, or the finest vegetables, or the ripest melons, which our neighbors' fruitful acres produce and trust that this inducement will bring our friends to see us often. There is no reason to doubt that the above articles will be secure.

Now that the HOLCAD is known as the organ of Westminster, it is desired to make it, in every sense, what a college paper should be. The motive which led to its establishment was the advancement of all that pertains to the welfare of the College; and, as this can best be done by a reference to and an interest in all that concerns the students the, HOLCAD is particularly their organ, and as such desires their support and co-operation. Those who have been selected to conduct it do not wish to feel that they are its exclusive editors. Every student should consider himself or herself so far a promoter of its interests as to furnish voluntarily original articles for publication, or items of news which they may chance to know. It is this hearty good feeling and happy working together of all in the college, which will make it impossible for our enterprise to fail. It

is hoped, then, that everyone will join us in this work and do whatever they can to add to the interest of every issue.

WE call attention to our European letter in this issue by Mr. Crawford. On his return to his home in Syria, he visited some of the places of interest and kindly consented to give the results of his observations to our readers. Those who know the gentleman will need no incentive to read his letter and to those not personally acquainted with him, we would say that his letter will repay your careful perusal. Prof. Taggart has also consented to give us the benefit of his travels in Europe during the past summer. We hope to publish frequent articles during the year descriptive of the most noted places visited by him.

AT the recent meeting of the Synod of New York, held in Philadelphia, the following Alumni of Westminster were present and took part in its deliberations: James Crowe, '69; J. G. D. Findlay, '61; Andrew Henry, '67; I. T. Wright, '69; S. G. Fitzgerald, '70; D. G. McKay, '72; R. W. Kidd, '73; J. M. Farrar, '73; D. W. Lusk and L. E. Hawk, '77; J. Q. A. McDowell, '79, and R. M. Russell and H. H. Wallace, '80. The best address of the meeting was made by Mr. McDowell on the question of the education of the ministry. Some brother had spoken at length on the subject and in his remarks had implied that a fine college education was dangerous to orthodoxy and to spirituality. Mr. McDowell's reply was very able and convincing. He demonstrated clearly by argument and example that the brother was wrong, and that education furnished to almost every man the strongest proofs of the great truths of Christianity.

It seems, indeed, as though there should not be a reasonable doubt in the mind of any man upon this question, and the history of the church, in general, shows that whatever misgivings there have been hitherto on this subject, they are now fast disappearing. It is a significant fact that those churches which a few years ago had within their organization comparatively few ministers of more than ordinary education, now show a goodly number of polished, scholarly men. In these times of study and criticism when the Bible and the most sacred doctrines of the Christian faith have for their foes the most brilliant intellects of the age, it becomes necessary that the church have a ministry whose thorough study and investigation in preparation for their work and whose experience and constant labor shall enable them to meet fearlessly and successfully the attacks of the unbeliever, and to set the Gospel which

they profess and preach in a true light before the inquiring multitudes. By this means, it would seem, that true spirituality would most widely prevail and the evangelization of the whole world soonest come to pass.

THERE is, perhaps, nothing that strikes persons visiting New Wilmington more favorably than the changes made, within the last few months, in the college buildings and surroundings. Such improvements are always indicative of advancement in the right direction. A college can be attractive to those seeking an education only when both within and without everything indicates prosperity. To this spirit of enterprise and interest in the welfare of Westminister, on the part of the Board of Trustees, must be attributed much of the earnestness and activity which has so far characterized this year's work. That the money thus expended has been well expended, at least, that much which has made the college building proper and the Gymnasium look so much more like what they should be, has already been proven. There is, however, one place still where a little money can be used to a good advantage, which place we fear, the Board in their desire to improve the outside, have entirely overlooked and that is Prof. Thompson's laboratory. There is here a very noticeable lack of apparatus which none feel so sensibly as do the present Juniors. The most useful and interesting part of the study of Physics is that taught by experiment and often, indeed, to many students this branch which should be one of the most attractive becomes almost a bore for want of the proper means of making it interesting and of showing its practical applications. Theory, alone, is pleasant and inspiring only to those of a moody, meditative turn and as the greater number of the Juniors lack this disposition, they desire all the more to see the experimental part of the subject. Few recitations pass which do not show very clearly to the class how much is lost by the lack of apparatus. Prof. Thompson has shown himself to be the right man in the right place, and he resorts, with a true interest in his department, to every means in his power, to present the subject as it should be presented; but the most skillful workmen fail to do their best work when the proper implements are not at hand. This is a matter which deserves careful consideration, which consideration, it is hoped, it will soon receive. To the student, it is not alone the outward appearance of the buildings that makes the college attractive; but far more the advantages which are offered within its walls. It is not alone those things which make his surroundings pleasant to day;

but that instruction which links in his memory the principles he studies and prepares him all the more thoroughly for the various vocations of life.

BIBLE LESSONS.

The recent action of the Faculty annulling the rule which required the students to be examined on the current Bible Lessons meets with universal favor. Among those who had no interest in the matter except to pass on examination it is held as a release from this duty. Among those who felt a real interest in the study of the Bible the idea has long prevailed that, by this rule, it was degraded to the level of mathematics or any other secular study of the college curriculum. Among these, then, the recent action meets with approval. The remarks made by the President on announcing the action were pertinent to the occasion. The tenor of his remarks was that it was passed by a unanimous vote of the Faculty, who, after careful consideration, thought the system of examination in Bible Lessons tended to lessen reverence for the Sacred Word. He said further that he hoped their expectations might be realized by an increased spirituality among the students, and that the Scriptures might now be studied, not for the purpose of passing an examination and taking a high grade, but with a view to discovering the hidden gems of truth contained therein.

We think that the change is a good one. The fear entertained by some that it would diminish the interest in the Sabbath school work, has been proven without foundation. The attendance at Sabbath school has not decreased nor the interest abated. There is, if any difference, an increase of interest. The study of the lessons is no longer made subservient to examinations, but is entered upon with a view to gaining some permanent good. The question no longer is, while studying the lessons, what points will perhaps be brought out in examination, but, what truths are contained in this lesson worthy of my attention. We hope that, as time moves on, the wisdom of this action may be more clearly demonstrated by an increasing interest in the study of the Bible and by a growth of spirituality among the students.

At Dartmouth it is a regular practice for members of the faculty to subscribe to the college nine, but it has refused to grant permission to the students, to black up for minstrel performances during the term. The faculty evidently do not see why the average student has such an insane desire to make a fool of himself.—*Er.*

A LITERARY CURIOSITY.

A REMARKABLE POEM TO WHICH THIRTY-EIGHT POETS
CONTRIBUTE A LINE EACH.

The reader will see that each line is a quotation from some one of the standard authors of England and America. This is the result of years of laborious search among the voluminous writings of thirty-eight leading poets of the past and present. The number of each line refers to its author below:

1. Why all this toil for triumphs of an hour?
2. Life's a short summer, man's a flower.
3. By turns we catch the vital breath and die.
4. The cradle and the tomb, alas! so nigh.
5. To be is better far than not to be.
6. Though all men's lives may seem a tragedy.
7. But light cares speak when mighty griefs are dumb.
8. The bottom is but shallow whence they come.
9. Your fate is but the common fate of all.
10. Unmingled joys here no man can befall.
11. Nature to each allots its proper sphere.
12. Fortune makes folly her peculiar care.
13. Custom does often reason overrule,
14. And throws a cruel sunshine on a fool.
15. Live well; how long or short permit to heaven;
16. They who forgive most shall be most forgiven.
17. Sin may be clasped so close we cannot see its face—
18. Vile intercourse where virtue has no place.
19. Then keep each passion down, however dear,
20. Thou pendulum betwixt a smile and tear.
21. Her sensual snares let faithless pleasure lay,
22. With craft and skill to ruin and betray.
23. Soar not too high to fall, but stoop to rise.
24. We masters grow of all that we despise.
25. Oh, then renounce that impious self esteem!
26. Riches have wings and grandeur is a dream.
27. Think not ambition wise because 'tis brave;
28. The paths of glory lead but to the grave.
29. What is ambition? 'Tis a glorious cheat—
30. Only destructive to the brave and great.
31. What's all the gaudy glitter of a crown?
32. The way of bliss lies not on beds of down.
33. How long we live not years but actions tell,
34. That man lives twice who lives the first life well.
35. Make then, while yet you may, your God your friend,
36. Whom Christians worship, yet not comprehend.
37. The trust that's given guard, and to yourself be just,
38. For live we how we can, yet die we must.

1, Young; 2, Dr. Johnson; 3, Pope; 4, Prior; 5, Sewell; 6, Spencer; 7, Daniel; 8, Sir Walter Scott; 9, Longfellow; 10, Southwell; 11, Congreve; 12, Churchill; 13, Rochester; 14, Armstrong; 15, Milton; 16, Bailey; 17, Trench; 18, Somerville; 19, Thompson; 20, Byron; 21, Smollett; 22, Crabbe; 23, Massinger; 24, Cowley; 25, Beattie; 26, Cowper; 27, Sir Walter Davenant; 28, Gray; 29, Willis; 30, Addison; 31, Dryden; 32, Francis Charles; 33, Watkins; 34, Herrick; 35, William Mason; 36, Pill; 37, Dana; 38, Shakspeare.—*San Francisco, (Cal.) Times.*

HUMOROUS.

IT WAS ONCE NEW.—It must be true that Boston is slow, for the following joke, which the *Giobe*, of that city, publishes for new and original, was one of the first to greet Columbus in the New World:

"Do you see that old man near the frog pond on the Common? Well," continued he, "thirty-two years ago he came to Boston with one suspender and a sore toe. He had also a basket of apples which a farmer in Lexington had given to him. He peddled the apples on Washington street and netted eighteen cents the first day. How much do you suppose he's worth now?"

"Oh, a million and a half," said one.

"Two million," cried another.

"Six million three hundred thousand," was the estimate of a third.

"I give it up," remarked No. 4; "how much is he worth?"

"Not an infernal cent, and he still owes for the basket," was the reply.

A MAN who lisped, having bought some pigs, asked a neighbor for the use of a pen for a few days. Said he, "I have juth been purchathing thom thwine, two twowth and pigth. I want to put them in your pen till I can fix a plaith for them." "Two thousand pigs!" exclaimed the astonished neighbor; why, my pen will hardly hold a dozen?" "You don't udder-thand me, Mr. Bent. I don't thay two thowthand pigth, but two thowth and pigth." "I hear you," said Mr. Bent, "two thousand pigs." Why, you must be crazy!" "I tell you again," exclaimed the man angrily, "I mean not two thowthand pigth, but two thowth and their pigth." "Oh, that's what you mean, eh! Well, the pen is at your service."

MRS. P. SAYS: "Are you the judge of reprobates?" said Mrs. Partington, as she walked into the judge's office.

"I am a judge of probate," was the reply.

"Well, that's it, I expect," quoth the old lady. "You see, my father died detested, and he left me several little infidels, and I want to be their executioner."

A CHINAMAN has written a poem on a grain of rice which cannot be read by the naked eye. What a world of sublime happiness this would be if about two thirds of the poetry were to be written in the same manner!

THE every-day cares and duties, which men call drudgery, are the weights and counter-poise of the clock of time, giving its pendulum a true vibration, and its hands a regular motion.

ADVENTURES OF A JAR OF BUTTER.

In the last HOLCAD mention was made of the unsatisfactory condition of our express service. An illustration may serve to show to what extent the "how not to do it" policy prevails in the express business of this region. During the late butter famine one of our citizens ordered a jar from Jamestown, Pa., a station on the E. & P. R. R., about twelve or fifteen miles above Sharpsville. The jar was shipped on Monday and reached Wilmington on Wednesday evening. Now, a passenger can leave Jamestown in the morning, after breakfast, and be at our place by ten o'clock the same forenoon. Enquiry being made to see why it took an express package fifteen times as long to come as a passenger, it was found that express sent from points north of Sharpsville, on the E. & P. R. R., goes right through Sharpsville to New Castle, thence to Youngstown, from that place back to Sharpsville, and thence to Wilmington. This is the same as if express goods sent from Chicago to Washington City, via Baltimore, should be sent on to New York, thence to Pittsburgh, from that point to Baltimore again and then to Washington.

Why goods sent from Jamestown to Wilmington are not shipped at once at Sharpsville, instead of being sent round by New Castle and Youngstown back to Sharpsville, and then here, is what some people here would like to know. In the case of the jar of butter mentioned, two days of transportation during the hot weather of September very nearly made oil of it. To be sure, the butter was stronger, and better able to stand traveling, and will last longer; but these things can hardly be considered adequate compensation for the delay.

A DREAM OF THE FUTURE.—When asked how much book-learning they still allow the common people to have, (A. D. 1900) he said that, owing to the insufficient supply of teachers, it was still found necessary to teach a sufficient amount of reading to enable the children to use the printed rules for plain and ornamental dish-washing, free-hand scrubbing, elementary sewing, plane and spherical hoeing, theory and practice of milking, ancient and modern plowing, differential wood-chopping, and other practical branches of study which had supplanted the old-fashioned barbarous curriculum of the common schools.—*From El. Visions, Iowa Normal Monthly.*

The fault of the age is a mad endeavor

To leap to heights that were made to climb

By a burst of strength or a thought that is clever

We plan to outwit and forestall Time.

COLLEGE AND LOCAL.

—Contest candidates are coming to the front.

—The new dark green trimmings add greatly to the outside appearance of the college.

—Workmen are busy putting in the apparatus for heating the ladies' boarding hall. McGinnis & Smith, of Pittsburgh, have the contract,

—This is the season when the students love to spend their Sabbath afternoons meditating under the spreading boughs of the chestnut tree.

—The Blaine and Logan marching club made its first appearance Tuesday evening. There were sixty nicely uniformed men bearing torches in line.

—Dr. Mehard's congregation at Eastbrook, Pa., is erecting a new house of worship. It will have a S.S. room in the basement, and the auditorium above.

—Lininger's ball has been converted into a skating rink, and many of the lads and lasses have found an opportunity for spreading themselves over the floor.

—It is worthy of mention that none of the students were witnesses in the Moore liquor case which has been before the court this week at New Castle.

—Owing to the unusually large size of the Junior class, the orations will begin on Monday evening, October 27, in order that they may be over by the end of the term.

—The Prohibition meeting in Eudora Hall, on Thursday evening, was addressed by John A. Shaw of the senior class and Samuel Elliott. Topic: Is there need for a third party.

—The equinoctial showers have shown us the advantage of the new arrangement of the college. We can now go from room to room through the halls regardless of rain or mud.

—The auction in the north room of Prather's block is still going on daily, and many persons from the town and surrounding country are availing themselves of the opportunity to purchase fine goods at a low price.

—The senior class now realize what a glorious thing it is to be a senior. On account of the absence of President Ferguson and Dr. Mehard, the German division of the class have only two recitations, and the Hebrews but one.

—There is a strong Prohibition sentiment among the students of Westminster. On Friday evening, Sept. 26th, the Adelphic and Philomath literary

societies both discussed the question, "Should Prohibition be made a national issue."

—Come and see us at our new office on the second floor of the College building, and bring with you your big pumpkins, water melons, choice grapes, pears, apples and peaches. There are nine of us and we are especially fond of good things.

—General Logan is reported to have said that there is very little enthusiasm in politics in Pennsylvania. Surely if he had visited our town and beheld the vast preparation which the marching club is making, he would not have spoken so rashly.

—Several of our students attended the Republican mass meeting at Youngstown, O., last Saturday. They are unanimous in the declaration that the procession was "immense," and that as an orator Gen Logan is all that he is claimed to be.

—We would say to the readers of our paper that it will pay you to take notice of the advertisements. We can recommend to you those whose names and cards you find in these columns, and if in need of anything in their line you can do yourself, and us them all good.

—In reference to the account of the farewell to Prof. McClurkin, published in our last issue, we beg leave to say that the resolutions read by Prof. Mitchell were in behalf of the citizens of New Wilmington, instead of the Faculty, as stated in the HOLCAD of September 15th.

—The first English examination has been announced, and the poor student above the second preparatory class who has been unfortunate enough to fail in getting the required grade for escaping these unpleasant and unprofitable exercises, will soon begin to cram his mind full of U. S. History, which will be disgorged on the day before Thanksgiving.

—After many years we are going to have another society contest. On Friday evening, Sept. 26, the Philos sent a challenge to the Adelphics which was immediately accepted. Committees have been appointed to prepare articles of confederation, and if no unforeseen circumstance occurs, such as stopped the arrangements last year, we expect one of the best and most interesting contests in the history of the college.

—We will always be grateful to our friends for news items. To make this paper a success it must contain news. The persons having charge of this department, as is well known, are modest and retiring, and not given to prying into the affairs of their

neighbors. However if the friends of the paper will contribute any notes which will interest its readers, the HOLCAD will carry forth an entertaining and instructive burden.

—The new chemical rooms were first opened for recitations on Thursday. Noticing a rush of Preps toward the new building, we were not a little puzzled as to the cause of their enthusiasm, but the mystery was cleared up when on going to recitation we perceived that the center of attraction was the new arm chairs with which the room has been furnished. Surely Prof. Graham deserves commendation for the pains he has taken to render the place comfortable and attractive.

—The grand jury last week found a true bill against John C. Moore formerly of this place, for selling liquor without license. Two petitions were then presented to the court. One signed by many citizens of New Castle and by some of the grand jury, asked that he should be dealt with leniently. The other signed by a large number of the voters and citizens of this place asked that he be given the full penalty of the law. We understand that Mr. Moore has plead guilty, but sentence will not be passed till next term of court.

—Nature did not smile on the entertainment given under the care of the A. L. S. on Sept. 23. The afternoon was wet, but the clouds reserved by far the greater portion of their energies for the evening. As the time set for the performance approached the rain increased, until at half past seven the violence of the storm and the intense darkness were enough to detain the hardiest. The audience, however, was larger than could have been expected on such an evening. Miss Roseboro gave good satisfaction in all her selections, but her rendering of "Shamus O'Brien," and "How Biddy McGinnis had her picture taken," was exceptionally good. A very prominent feature of the entertainment was the music. Mr. Will Breckenridge, of the Oberlin Musical Conservatory, gave three piano solos which were highly praised. Prof. Robertson, of the Union school, sang the Irish melody, "Wearing the Green," with a pathos which made it a fitting introduction to the Irish national poem, "Shamus O'Brien." Miss Jeannette McKee's singing, with Mrs. Graham as an accompanist, was, however, the most pleasing part of the entertainment. Miss McKee gave three solos, and was twice encored. We had heard Miss McKee sing before, and were not unacquainted with her musical ability, but were surprised to note the development in voice and artistic rendering. The entertainment was good throughout, none regretting they had attended.

PERSONALS.

—Mr. Dave Moore, of Oil City, is in town.

—Rev. G. H. Getty, '81, was in town on Tuesday.

—Rev. J. K. McClurkin's new address is 2206 Wallace street, Philadelphia.

—Miss Sadie Hood, of Remington, is visiting her sister, Mrs. Bruce Johnson.

—Miss Mame Taylor, '83, expects to teach at Natrona, Pa., the coming year.

—Mont Shields, who spent the last few years in the West is now visiting at home.

—W. R. Mehard, our obliging postmaster, was unfit for duty part of last week.

—Miss Lucinda Hope, '71, of Louisville, Ky., is visiting her sister, Mrs. Bently.

—J. L. Snyder, our exchange editor, returned home on account of sickness, last week.

—Miss Eva Porter, formerly a member of the class of '84 is visiting friends near town.

—W. J. Graham, '80, has received a call from the U. P. congregation of Salineville, Ohio.

—Rev. R. M. Russell, '80, has been installed as pastor of the Caledonia congregation, New York.

—Mrs. H. H. Dinsmore and daughter, of Turtle Creek, Pa., are visiting friends in this vicinity.

—Mr. Burwell, of Mercer, accompanied Miss Roseboro and her party on their visit here Sept. 23rd.

—Prof. N. M. Crowe, '83, has been taken under the care of Butler Presbytery as a student of theology.

—Rev. L. M. Lewis, '79, and his wife, of Thomas Station, were in town visiting his parents this week.

—Samuel McKinney, '84, who is at his home at Plaingrove, sick with typhoid fever, is much better.

—Mr. Perry Coon, the janitor, has moved into his new residence, in the north end of the gymnasium building.

—R. B. Crawford of the first preparatory class was taken sick and obliged to return to his home in Warren county.

—Rev. H. G. McVey was absent from his congregation last Sabbath. Prof. Taggart preached for him in his absence.

—Rev. J. A. Brandon, '68, was compelled to return the call of New Lisbon congregation on account of continued ill health.

—Dr. Mehard was absent two days last week at

Pittsburgh, attending the meeting of delegates from the different Psalm-singing Churches. The Doctor was made secretary of the meeting.

—R. M. Gilkey was in town a few days ago visiting his friends before going to Michigan to take charge of a telegraph office there.

—W. G. Hope, '84, and J. H. Vance started on Friday, the 26th, for Philadelphia, where they will attend Jefferson Medical College.

—Will Pinkerton, of Pulaski, who was last week married to Miss Millie Donaldson, was the guest of J. Alex Van Orsdel, last Tuesday.

—C. A. Hope, formerly a member of the class of '81, now stopping at Ligonier, Westmorland county, visited his home here last week.

—Rev. S. W. Gilkey, '77, Greeley, Kansas, who has returned East on account of the sickness of his father visited his *Alma Mater* last week.

—Charles Seidel, M. D., formerly a member of the class of '82, was married September 11th, to Miss Lulu McKnight, of Clarksville, Pa.

—President Ferguson, Dr. Mehard and Prof. Cummings attended the meeting of the First Synod of the West, at Hartstown, Pa., this week.

—Miss Watson and Miss Byers, of Pulaski, visited the College one day last week. Miss Byers is the sister of Messrs. O. A. and A. Byers, students.

—Prof. Alex McClelland was in Chapel one morning last week. The Professor looks well, and we assure him that we are always glad to see him.

—Mrs. Hilands, of Madison, Indiana, and Mrs. Robert Hay and daughter, of Allegheny, were the guests of Mr. and Mrs. John C. Hay last week.

—Rev. R. H. Hood, '81, has just returned from an extended tour in Europe, and will be installed as pastor of Peter's Creek congregation October 9.

—O. A. Byers and Dow Aiken attended the threshing machine at Byers' home last Monday. Dow says it was play compared with the study of Psychology.

—Miss Jeanneate McKee has returned to her home in Pittsburgh where she will remain six weeks, and afterwards return to the Boston Conservatory of Music.

—Strange as it may seem, Prof. Wallace went a-courting to New Castle on Monday. The Professor was terribly in earnest, for he took Rev. J. A. Kennedy with him.

—Prof. Wallace, Rev. J. A. Kennedy and Miss Emma Alexander of the Second U. P. S. S. attended

the convention of the Lawrence county S. S. Association at New Bedford, Pa., last week. Prof. Wallace addressed the Convention on the topic: "Intemperance the Foe of the Sabbath School, and how resisted."

—Rev. H. W. Miller, formerly a student here, and brother of J. R. Miller, of last year's class, has been installed pastor of Raccoon congregation, Frankfort Presbytery.

—J. B. Work, '82, and W. H. McMurray, '83, who were last year at Princeton Theological Seminary, are this year at Allegheny, attending the U. P. Theological Seminary.

—J. Clarkson Johnson, '68, who has been spending his summer vacation at the home of his father, J. Smith Johnson, returned last week to his duties as Professor in the Military School at Savannah, Ga.

—Willis M. Hatch, Esq., of Fergus Falls, Minn., who has been in this section for some time attending to business, returned home last week. Mr. Hatch is now in partnership with Dr. Pettit, and speaks highly of the glorious Northwest.

—The next State Senator from this district will in all probability be an alumnus of Westminster. Prof. Jno. Mitchell, '81, is the Prohibition candidate, G. W. McCracken, '61, Republican candidate, and J. N. Martin, '81, Democratic candidate.

—W. J. Golden, '80, who has been preaching in Los Angeles, California, for some time visited his brother, H. G. Golden, of the senior class, last week, and preached in the Chapel Sabbath evening. He expects to locate for a short time at Mercersburg, Pa.

—We are glad to see that our friend Frank Blackstone, '81, who has been sick at his home near Greenfield for some time, has so far recovered as to be able to visit our town occasionally. Frank looks natural but we would recognize him more quickly if he were to ride the pony which he kept while attending college.

—Westminster is well represented among the candidates for legal honors in our neighboring county seats. John McMichael, '56, is the Democratic candidate for judge in Lawrence county, and Judge S. S. Mehard, '69, the Democratic candidate in Mercer county, and Hon. S. H. Miller, '60, the Republican candidate.

—The following are the names and addresses of the new students, as far as registered:

LADIES.

Otta L. Caldwell, Steubenville, Ohio; Henrietta Brown, Jacksville; Margaret Telford, Harshaville;

Jennie Vance, New Castle; Agnes V. Snyder, Slippery Rock; Sarah Wilson, New Wilmington; Minnie Lewis, New Wilmington; Loella C. Donaldson, New Wilmington; Anna L. Rowland, Pulaski; Jean A. Robertson, Cooperstown; May Ferguson, New Wilmington; Lila Williamson, New Wilmington; Nannie Cowden, New Wilmington; Olive Van Fleet, Pulaski; L. Alma Katz, New Wilmington; Della Wright, New Bedford; Agnes M. McHenry, Service; Nettie L. Alexander, New Wilmington.

GENTLEMEN.

J. H. Webster, Mercersburg; W. M. Lindsay, Hulton; J. G. Berry, Venice; J. S. Hill, Freeport; A. M. Robb, McDonald; W. T. Anderson, Parkwood; W. C. Adair, McAlevy's Fort; W. M. Barr, Cannonsburg; G. W. Douthett, Brownsdale; Edwin L. Porter, Elderton; J. D. Barr, Cannonsburg; W. A. McClymonds, Portersville; R. W. Donald, Logan's Ferry; G. R. Edmundson, Remington; Jos. V. McFate, Cochranton; A. Byers, Pulaski; Elmer McNall, Imperial; Paris Shoaff, New Wilmington; Albert Katz, New Wilmington; Samuel Kraeer, Meadville; Charles N. Perkins, New Wilmington; Harry Mealy, New Wilmington; Andy Elliott, New Wilmington; Prince Crawford, Cornplanter; Huber Ferguson, New Wilmington; Osten Shafer, New Wilmington; S. J. Alexander, New Wilmington.

A certain lawyer, well known for his power of repartee, had been down to Salina to try a case. Returning to the town, the conductor was very impertinent in his manner, because the lawyer was rather tardy in producing his ticket, when called for to be punched. Somewhat ruffled, the lawyer remarked to a friend next to him, "The Southern Pacific shall never see a cent of my money after this." "Going to foot it up and down from now on, eh?" sneered the conductor. "Oh, no," replied the lawyer quietly; "instead of buying my ticket at the office, I shall pay my fare to you."

"Our paths are different," said one medical graduate to another. One was an allopathist, the other a homœopathist. "And both paths lead unto the grave," said truthful No. 2.

"DEPOT."

Said Master Jones, "Now we must go
Without delay to the deepto."
Laughed sweet Miss Jones, "I should say so,
Let's start at once for the daypo."
Smiled Mrs. Jones, "In quick step, oh,
We'll all run down to the deepto."
Groaned Mr. Jones, "It's mighty hot
To drive you all to the deepto."
These conflicts of pronunciation
Would not be if they called it "station."

THE HOLCAD.

VOL. I.

NEW WILMINGTON, PA., OCTOBER 15, 1884.

No. 4.

KILLED AT THE FORD.

LONGFELLOW

He is dead, the beautiful youth,
The heart of honor, the tongue of truth,
He, the light and life of us all,
Whose voice was as blithe as a lute-call,
Whom all eyes followed with one consent,
The cheer of whose laugh and whose pleasant word
Hushed all murmurs of discontent.

Only last night, as we rode along
Down the dark of the mountain gap,
To visit the picket guard at the ford,
Little dreaming of any mishap,
He was humming the words of some old song;
"Two red roses he had on his cap,
And another he bore at the point of his sword."

Sudden and swift a whistling ball
Came out of a wood, and the voice was still;
Something I heard in the darkness fall,
And for a moment my blood grew chill;
I spake in a whisper, as he who speaks
In a room where some one is lying dead;
But he made no answer to what I said.

We lifted him up to his saddle again,
And through the mire and the mist and the rain
Carried him back to the silent camp,
And laid him as if asleep on his bed,
And I saw by the light of the surgeon's lamp
Two white roses upon his cheek.

And one, just over his heart, blood-red!
And I saw in a vision how far and fleet
That fatal bullet went speeding forth
Till it reached a town in the distant North,
Till it reached a house in a sunny street,
Till it reached a heart that ceased to beat,
Without a murmur, without a cry;
And a bell was tolled in that far off town,
For one who has passed from cross to crown—
And the neighbors wondered that she should die.

THE question of allowing students to choose between Greek and the modern languages at Harvard is approaching a decision. President Eliot, Professor Agassiz, and of course, Charles Francis Adams, Jr., favor the reform. It is said that the faculty are so much pleased with the elective system that it will shortly be extended to the studies of the Freshmen class.—*College Journal*.

A TOUR ON A WHEEL.

BY W. P. STEVENSON, '82.

"Swift as a bird on pinions fleet,
Under the trees where the branches meet,
Swiftly we fly,
'Cycle and I."
Happy at noon or night, hurrah!
With a reckless, mad delight, hurrah!
Borne on the shining steed of steel,
The pride and joy of the Knights of the wheel.

Nothing, we are told, should be undertaken without a good and sufficient reason. I submit cheerfully to the wisdom of the above axiom and find that in giving to my college friends an account of my late trip on a bicycle. I am laboring in a noble cause and am actuated by the purest motives.

Doubtless many of you, like myself, have read of trips made by wheelmen through different parts of the country, the accounts of which have read like a dream of ease and made you feel that the "steel and steed" was a veritable enchanted horse imported from the "Arabian Nights'" stables. Nothing in them was said of the steep hills walked up, the stony and unprofitable hills walked down, the sandy levels walked mournfully along, or the sudden "headers" taken when least expected and least welcome. Do not, however, I beg of you, be unduly prejudiced against the bicycle. It is indeed, a noble beast, and, under favorable circumstances, bicycling is the most enjoyable of all pastimes. But most people make the mistake of expecting too much even of a bicycle. Some judgment must be exercised as to the kinds of roads traveled over with a bicycle. A bicycle will not run itself. A bicycle will not permit itself to be run over very stony or sandy roads. Going down a steep hill a bicycle will not stop nor be stopped. The fact that I occasionally lost sight of some of the fundamental principles of 'cycle riding caused me some suffering in the flesh. One word more and my preface will be completed and my story begun. Let the reader bear in mind constantly, that at whatever cost of personal pride or ambition, I will invariably adhere to the truth. That whenever, or wherever, my delicate form precipitately left its position of honor to grovel abjectly in the dust, I will not hesitate to frankly confess the same. Unlike the lamented G. W. who could not lie, I can, but on this

occasion, at least, have firmly resolved that I will not.

Well, on the morning of the 18th of last August, I rolled my wheel to the house of some friends in the suburbs of Allegheny and, after spending a very pleasant afternoon and evening with them, started next morning on my trip. Laden down with pears and good wishes, I moved out the carriage drive and down the road proudly, and as I hoped, gracefully.

Alas for human frailty! Alas for poor human pride! Before going a hundred yards from the carriage gate I forgot the injunction given so long ago to a departing traveler, and looked back in the hope of catching a last glimpse of the friends I was leaving behind. I still live to regret my imprudence, for the perverse wheel, as soon as left to itself, started for a round stone lying in the middle of the road, ran against it, then kicked up and threw me about ten feet all spread out into the dust. Quickly but sadly I picked myself up and while trying my best to look as though my happiness was only increased by such variations in the manner of my procedure, I pulled out my note book and meekly wrote,—

Though our trip is scarce begun

We must record "Fall Number One."

Henceforth throughout the journey of life,

Turn not back—remember Lot's wife.

A bicycle can get more ground and lofty tumbling, more double distilled felicity and have a better time generally, with one loose round stone than a belated traveler with three wheelbarrows and half a dozen clothes lines strewn along his pathway, or a newly married man with a stove and thirteen joints of stove-pipe to reconcile.

The New Brighton road from Allegheny to Sewickley is not the ideal road for a bicycle. It was after two hours and a half of hard riding, largely interspersed with walking, that I reached the latter place.

Stopping there at the house of a friend I remained with him until 3 p. m. when I again mounted and started for Beaver. The road through Sewickley and for several miles below is elegant and the scenery beautiful. In many places, overhanging trees line the roadside and through their branches at every turn of the way could be seen lovely vistas of distant, wooded hills and winding river. Ah, that ride was a pleasure but it came to an end too soon.

Economy was the next place passed through, and it certainly has every right to its name. The traveler looks in vain for any sign of display or evidence of extravagance. Even the houses refuse to face the street and bashfully look askance at the passer-by over the back yard fence. There is no "reckless hurrying to and fro" in that village and most prob-

ably also no "sounds of revelry by night," for that would be expensive. The houses are all exactly alike which naturally discourages any showy rivalry. The only evidence I saw of useless expense was that of carpeting the streets. With the exception of one or two—and they had a rich and heavy border along each side—all the streets are covered with a nice green matting. On second thought, however, I can see a species of economy in that too, for Dame Nature bears all the expense, and the pensive, ruminating kine of the neighborhood are provided thereby with a "free lunch."

The road from Economy to Freedom was one long trial and heart-break to me. As I toiled along I called to mind frequently those sad, sad words, "It might have been." This road was rich in opportunities, grand in possibilities. Passing through splendid farms and following the meandering though majestic course of the river, this highway might have been the joy and pride of every passing cyclist. But, alas, all its advantages and beauties of scenery were swallowed up in the four inches of sand with which it was covered. For several miles the deep, yielding bed of sand compelled me to walk and lead my balky steed. I have no kindly feelings for the road between Economy and Freedom.

I arrived in Beaver about 7 o'clock, feeling somewhat wearied from the unusual exertions of the afternoon, but after enjoying a good bath, supper and bed at the "National Hotel" I awoke in the morning perfectly rested and refreshed.

After calling upon some friends in that delightfully situated town, at 3 p. m. Wednesday afternoon I remounted and started for East Liverpool.

After walking up the long, steep hill a half mile west of Beaver, I had a beautiful long stretch of ridable road to, and a couple of miles beyond, a little town called Fairview. Throughout this entire distance the road is what we would call a ridge road, as it runs along and over the tops of high hills and from every part of it are visible splendid views of the fine farming lands through which it passes. Leaving this road we descend by a very steep and exceedingly stony hill to the bank of the Ohio river along which the road runs the remaining four miles to East Liverpool. This road was gravelly and treacherous in the extreme. Beware of it, my brother wheelman! The cycle can find no pleasure there and even the walking is not good.

Wearied and dusty at last we came in sight of our destination, and, unlike the ambitious "Excelsior" youth, we were soon willing to stop, for—

The shades of night were falling fast,

As through East Liverpool there passed,

A youth astride a steed of steel,
Who longed for rest and a square meal,
Thanks to his wheel.

"Stop! have a piece of bread and butter,"
A woman yelled, and heard him mutter
That if he could he'd gladly stop,
For he was tired enough to drop,
Thanks to his wheel.

"Hot are the days, and hot the nights,
And many the mosquito bites,"
The maiden said, as through the throng
The youth was carried swift along,
Thanks to his wheel.

"Beware the bridge!" the old man moans,
"The stony hill will break your bones."
He stopped his steed, and in a bed
He put the youth who slept like lead,
Thanks to his wheel.

THE NAMES OF NATIONS.

These are derived principally from some peculiar cause or object. For instance, Ireland—which Julius Caesar first called *Hibernia*—is a kind of modification of *Erin*, or the country of the West.

Scotland from *Scotia*, a tribe which originally came from Ireland. It was anciently called *Caledonia*, which means a mountainous country—forests and lands.

Portugal, the ancient *Lusitania*, was so named from a town on the river *Douro*, called *Cale*, opposite to which the inhabitants built a city called *Porto* or *Oporto*. And when the country was recovered from the Moors, the inhabitants combined the words and called it *Portucale*—hence Portugal.

Spain, the ancient *Iberia*, from the river *Iberus*, or *Hispania*, from the Phœnician *Spaniga*, which signifies abounding with rabbits, which animals are very numerous in that country—hence Spain.

France, from the Franks, a people of Germany who conquered that country. Its ancient name was *Celta*, Gaul or *Gallia-Barchata*, the latter signifying striped breeches which were worn by the natives.

Switzerland, the ancient *Helvetia*, was so named by the Austrians, who called the inhabitants of these mountainous countries *Schweitzers*.

Italy received its present name from a renowned Prince named *Italus*. It was called *Hesperius* from its western locality.

Holland, the ancient *Batavia*, a warlike people, was so named from the German word *hohl*, the English of which is hollow, implying a very low country. The inhabitants are called Dutch, from the German *deutsch* or *teutsch*.

Sweden and Norway were anciently called Scandi-

navia, which the modern antiquarians think means a country the woods of which have been burned or destroyed. The appellation Sweden is derived from *Sietuna* or *Suitheod*. The native term Norway or the northern way explains itself.

Prussia, from *Peuzzi*, a Slavonic race; but some writers suppose it took its name from *Burrio*, and the Slavonic syllable *po*, which means adjacent or near.

Denmark means the marches, territories or boundaries of the Danes.

Russia is the ancient *Sarmatia*, which has been subsequently named *Muscovy*. It derives its present name from *Russi*, a Slavonic tribe who founded the Russian monarchy. The original savage inhabitants used to paint their bodies in order to appear more terrible in battle. They generally lived in the mountains, and their chariots were their only habitations.

Turkey took its name from the Turks or *Tureomans*, which signifies wanderers, and originally belonged to the Scythians or Tartars. It is sometimes called the Ottoman empire, from *Othoman*, one of their principal leaders.

JINGOISM.

During the war between Russia and Turkey which began April 24, 1877, there were two parties in England, the one favoring interference on behalf of Turkey, the other opposing it. The war party was very large, very noisy and, in London, particularly strong. It was the popular party in the public houses and music-halls of the city. Some unknown "poet" composed a ballad which was sung in these places every night amid excitement of the wildest kind. The refrain was as follows:

"We don't want to fight, but, by jingo, if we do,
We've got the ships, we've got the men,
We've got the money, too."

Justin McCarty thinks that Mr. George Jacob Holyoake is the man who invented the name "jingoism," by which the enthusiasts were called. The name, given in ridicule, was taken up with pride by the party and they became universally known by the name of Jingoists. The meaning of the word "jingoism," as used by the newspapers of the United States in speaking of Blaine's policy in foreign affairs, is evident.

MR. EVARTS is credited with retorting, when some one spoke of his long sentences: "Say what you will, there is only one class of the people really opposed to long sentences, and that is the criminal class."

THE WORLD MOVES.

BESSIE SNYDER, '85.

Investigating the secret stirrings of nature, we find harmony, not only in the gentle zephyrs of heaven that fan the human brow with a touch of delight, not only in the lightning, which writes its path on the sullen brow of the dark cloud, nor even in the earthquake, which, awaking from its Tartarean bed, speaks its rumbling thunder and convulses the globe; but also in the revolutions of innumerable planets, rolling through unbounded space and following each other with a rapidity far exceeding the lightning's flash, may be seen the silent workings of one grand and harmonious system. But what does all this harmony in the works of nature signify? It means that there is but one dominion stretching from our little globe to the utmost bounds of the visible universe. All the forces that are active here, as far as we are able to determine, are active at the remotest verge of vision, and the methods that are pursued in the movements and evolutions, in the whirling sphere and the circulating annulus of the cloudy nebulae, are evidence of forces at work which were operative when the rings of Saturn were made, and when this world was in its fiery cradle.

And see, throughout the realms of space, in whatever aspect we contemplate nature, there seems to be dominant the same method, active the same forces, directing and planning the same intelligence. Thus, there is but one supreme intelligence in all the realms of the accessible universe; and this intelligence is not to be contemplated as one that has ordained the universe, that has created it, that has named it, and left it to run through its cycle-changes of its own accord.

We know of no other causation, even that which causes the apple to fall to the ground as well as that which whirls the planets in their orbits and sustains them in their places, no causation except intelligence.

We have, then, in every fact which we witness in the natural world, a demonstration not only of physical force, but we have a demonstration of thought and of that sensibility which we call motive. The mere divinity as imminent and revealing itself in sunlight and starlight, and all the forces of nature, are but modes of action of the ever-present, ever-active, all-seeing intelligence that created in the beginning and ever maintains.

The same power is manifest in the development of the animal kingdom. From the low order of protozoans have evolved animals of more and more highly organized being, until they have reached that perfection which is seen in the Age of Man.

The vegetable kingdom bears the same impress of Divine law. From the first link of vegetable life moved into existence by the Creator, has been produced the present vegetation of our globe in its endless variety of form and beauty.

But not only through all the material world can be traced this Divine law, but also through the immaterial.

That renowned sentence, "The world moves," uttered by Galileo, with whom it was arraigned before the august and awful bar of humbug, and fairly tried under the splendid and majestic witnesses of derision, sneer and scorn, marks an important epoch in human progress.

The history of the human family is a harmonious record of the agencies of God in its rise, progress, and perfection. Human history is a perpetual exodus from the east to the promised land in the west. It traces out the handiworks of the Creator and keeps a record of his purposes. It sings the song of creation to the tune of his Divine attributes; as, wisdom, justice, love, and power. And it is not strange that the elect souls of all generations have bended their ears reverently, or worn their lives away to catch the key-notes of this mighty rhythm and utter it forth in articulate song.

The real aim of all true art and science, philosophy and scholarship, is to catch, revoice, and interpret progress. If we do not catch the Divine keynote in all this storm and drift of society and the world, the cries of men and the swirls of nations will be Babel to us, will deafen us, so that we can hear no Divine harmonies, and take no comfort in the world as we see and know it.

If we would understand and enjoy these, we must pick our way by the lamp of history, through the dismal tangle of bloody, brawling, crystallizing years, and watch the race as it marches from savagery to civilization, from mud-huts to crystal palaces, from nomad tribes and sword-tossed crowns to monarchies and republics based upon the principles of the Magna Charta and the Declaration of Independence.

All the manifoldness of method and machinery and honorable work which is blossoming forth in free schools and free churches, in railroads and telegraph lines, in crystal palaces and corn-covered continents, is the result of this eternal law. Under its influence the Chariot of Science is destined to move onward in its majestic course, in duration coeval with thought. Song and Philosophy are ever moving onward, keeping pace with the cycles of time.

It would be easy now to prophesy.

The westward moving waves of population and civilization and empire have completed their circuit and struck the high-water mark of human progress, enterprise, and possibility. And now we can anticipate history from the gospel stand-point and apply prophecy to the years that are before us.

The trade-winds of God, having made the circuit of the globe, the first cycle of time is complete. And now they can do nothing else than repeat the old circuit with ever increasing momentum and facility of beneficent power. And, as they blow their way round and round the earth, they will equalize the moral atmosphere, and inspire all men and nations with godlike ideas, enterprise and aspirations. India, China, and Japan will face the west and keep step to the beat of Gospel science, culture, and faith.

The earth will be girded with bands of steel, the ocean will be strewn with telegraphic nerves; trade, travel, art, science, invention, learning, and statesmanship must all become herald voices and workers toward the Golden Age of Bible promise. Pride and superstition shall fall back as memnon statues singing out sun-begotten songs across deserts and desolated ages toward the good time yet to come; while truth and righteousness will be smiting the chords of nature, making her to throb out the music of the eternal pean and will of Jehovah.

In measuring our pace with that of the past, in comparing the standard of the true man of Egypt with that of Persia, of Persia with Greece, of Greece with Rome, of Rome with Germany, of Germany with that of the Nineteenth Century, we exclaim, "The world is moving!"

Already, methinks, we are drawing under the shadows of the Millenium, through which, by the eternal laws of nature, we are destined to pass. On and upward we shall pass. On from the Nineteenth Century, on through the Millenium, on, on and upward until we reach the very portals of Heaven.

Do you doubt it? 'Tis God's own plan. It moves; yes, noble Galileo, the world *does* move.

A NEW YORK paper makes a big fuss about a calf with a human head. That's nothing; we have hundreds of them right here in this city. They wear clothes just like men, and generally stand on corners and ogle the girls.—*Baltimore Day*.

Don't waste life on doubts and fears; spend yourself on the work now before you, well assured that the right performance of this hour's duties will be the best preparation for the hours of ages that follow it.—*Emerson*.

THE ORIGIN OF POPULAR SONGS.

A COTEMPORARY having suggested the reasons for the existence of a number of popular songs, some additions of undoubted accuracy relating to important works are appended.

A celebrated composer once lost his way in a dense forest, when he found himself on a path leading to what seemed to be a large edifice in the distance. Meeting a person on this path he inquired his way, but the man made no response. Meeting another, the same proceeding took place, and also with six others that he met. He was at a loss to account for this until he came to the building, where he read the sign "Asylum for Deaf Mutes." This explained it all, and he at once sat down and wrote "We never speak as we pass by."

Beethoven was once met during a heavy shower by a friend who was unprotected from the elements. "Lend me your umbrella," sighed the latter. The great master at once composed the song "Wait till the clouds roll by."

A composer of eminence being told that his music was trashy, and that he had better "turn over a new leaf, at once wrote, "When the leaves begin to turn."

Franz Abt once traveled upon a western railroad, where he was allowed "five minutes for refreshments," in which to eat a \$1.50 dinner. Observing the furious gulps made by his fellow travelers to get their money's worth in the limited time, he spontaneously wrote "When the swallows homeward fly."

Claribel wrote, "Take Back the Heart," to a partner at whist, who revoked when diamonds were led.

Sullivan, after looking all over the house for a piece of twine to tie a bundle with, sat down in a furious passion and evolved "The Lost Chord."

Mendelssohn being left at home one day, with nothing for dinner but the legs of a cold pigeon in the family larder, took up his pen and composed "O, for the Wings of a Dove."

Von Weber was going to Coney Island by the steamboat line, but became violently seasick after passing the narrows, and had to return on the boat, which accounts for the fact that he never was seen on Coney Island. On his arrival at home he was so impressed with his experience that he wrote, "Ocean, Thou Mighty Monster."—*McKeesport Daily News*.

THE Arctic regions are not without their pleasures. The Esquimaux girls are very pretty, dance, sing, and do not care for ice cream. Hot drinks and Walrus blubber are their peculiar vanities, and seal-skin sacsques are sold at two iron hoops and a ten-penny nail.

THE HOLCAD.

PUBLISHED SEMI-MONTHLY DURING THE COLLEGE YEAR BY THE
STUDENTS OF WESTMINSTER COLLEGE.

NEW WILMINGTON, PA., OCT. 15, 1884.

TERMS: \$1.50 PER YEAR. SINGLE COPY, 10 CENTS.

Entered at the postoffice at New Wilmington, Pa., as second-class
mail matter.

EDITORS.

W. HAYES MOORE,	- - -	EDITOR-IN-CHIEF.
I. N. MOORE,	- - -	ASSISTANT.
ROB L. HAY,	} - -	LITERARY DEPARTMENT.
H. G. GOLDEN,		
SADIE M. McELREE,		
R. J. LOVE,	} - -	LOCAL AND COLLEGE DEPARTMENT.
J. P. VANCE,		
J. L. SNYDER,	- - -	EXCHANGES.
RALPH P. ALLEN,	- - -	BUSINESS MANAGER.

Information solicited respecting the Alumni and those
who have been in any way connected with the College.

Address all communications to

THE HOLCAD, New Wilmington, Pa.

THE editorial sanctum is now quite attractive in
appearance. Our friends seem to be interested in us
and this is very encouraging. We lately received
from a lady friend a very appropriate motto which
we will endeavor to keep constantly before us. It
is this: "With malice towards none, with charity
for all."

IT is with no little pleasure that THE HOLCAD ac-
knowledges the receipt of a number of fine apples
and a quantity of choice grapes, the gift of Prof. J.
B. Cummings. Such kindly remembrances always
rejoice hearts of the editors, making their work seem
less laborious, and, indeed, giving them a relish for
it. Accompanying these was a bouquet of hand-
some flowers. The professor's example has always
been worthy of imitation, and in this case is par-
ticularly so.

THE time is near at hand for one of the most un-
pleasant experiences of the people of New Wilming-
ton, that of struggling with muddy roads and muddy
streets. It was thought that the condition of the
street leading to the depot last year was such as to
convince all of the importance of preventing a simi-
lar condition again, but so far no measure has been
taken towards laying a pavement, and the too patient

citizens and astonished visitors have the very best
prospects of being again compelled to tramp for an-
other year through the mire, which has so much at-
traction for overshoes and tends so often to disturb
the trampler's equanimity.

WE publish in this issue the account of a bicycle
tour made by W. P. Stevenson of the class of '82.
Though he does not tell of the splendors of ancient
Greece or classic Rome, of the mountains of Scot-
land or the plains of France, but of the hills and
valleys, the cities and villages of our own and a
neighboring state, it is none the less interesting.

We are glad at any time to receive news from
Alumni to help us in making THE HOLCAD interest-
ing to its readers and helpful to the college. We are
glad to see this mark of interest in our success and
hope that others will show their good-will in the
same manner. Our columns are always open to con-
tributors.

THE orations and essays of the Junior class will
now soon attract attention, and it may add to the
interest of these performances to know that for this
year the ladies are to take their chances with the
gentlemen for representatives among the contestants
for the medals which are annually given. By the
recent action of the Faculty the six ladies and gentle-
men who receive the highest grades will be selected.
This is a departure from the custom of previous years,
but one in the right direction. It seems only fair
that the ladies, who are as deserving as the gentle-
men, should be recognised, and every member of the
class will, doubtless, approve of the arrangement,
since it permits them to exercise what should long
ago have been their privilege. The change has,
probably, been made because there is almost an
equal number of ladies and gentlemen in the pres-
ent class, but it seems no more than fair that the
same privilege should be given to the ladies of every
class. They may justly complain of having received
heretofore no encouragement, whatever, to improve
in literary work, but, it is hoped, that this recognition
of their rights, late though it be, may incite them to
prove themselves worthy, and that hereafter they
may always be represented in the annual contest.

IT was with much reluctance that the session of
the Second U. P. church, at its last meeting, finally
accepted the resignation of Mr. J. A. McLaughry
as superintendent of their Sabbath school. For more
than thirty-two years he has occupied the position
with a faithfulness and an interest that cannot go

unrewarded and it will seem a change, indeed, to see him no more in his accustomed place. Under his care and direction the school has been a most prosperous one and it must be a great satisfaction to him to know that through his instrumentality, his own labors and prayers for it, and the encouragement given by him to his fellow-workers, that the present flourishing condition has been reached. There are few Sabbath schools where the work has been more enjoyable and profitable to all, teachers and children, than it has been here, and this must be due to the fact that in Mr. McLaughry we see many of the essential qualities of the successful Sabbath-school worker. He has always been punctual in attendance and faithful in the conscientious performance of every duty. His example should be an incentive to all, both teachers and scholars, to engage most heartily in the important work of the Sabbath school, and the result of his labors a positive assurance that an ample reward awaits them.

THERE has been a rumor abroad for some time that the Board of Trustees have been contemplating the establishment of a preparatory school in New Wilmington, separate from the college, but designed to prepare students for entrance to the Freshman class. If this report is true, and we trust it is, we hope that they will speedily carry their purpose into effect, believing that such a department, subject to distinctive rules, would be a great advantage to Westminster. In saying this, it is not the intention to complain of the present preparatory course, which, under the circumstances, is the best it can be; but it does seem somewhat unfair to impose the duty of having charge of this course upon the college professors whose work should be confined to what are properly the college classes. Westminster has not yet in her course many branches which it would be profitable to have; and it is impossible to introduce these as long as so much of the professors' time is spent in the preparatory department. There are at present but few elective studies and these confined to the Senior class. In view of the fact that every year electives are becoming more prominently a part of the curriculum of our best colleges, it is surely desirable that some steps should be taken toward establishing such a course here. Besides this, it is an open question whether preparatory students do not make greater progress and do better work when subject to the rules of an academy, where a lesson half learned and badly recited must be studied and recited again. A little compulsion of this kind appears, after all, to be the surest way of making good students and thorough scholars. The work, too,

which is here crowded into one day, four recitations of fifty minutes each, is too much for the average student. It is almost impossible to master everything and find time also for proper exercise, and, unless this can be done, a course at college loses, in a great measure, its practical advantage, and students are but little better prepared for the duties of life at graduation than at their entrance. To make this change, which will undoubtedly be done, if a separate preparatory department is established, would give greater satisfaction and enable the student to pursue his course with better results. There are other reasons why the course here should be exclusively that of a college proper, but these suffice to show that a new academic department under the management of the college but separate from it, would be an improvement and an advantage.

LITERARY CONTEST.

As noticed in our last issue the arrangements for a contest between two of our Literary Societies were begun. These arrangements have since been completed and, unless prevented by some unforeseen cause, a contest next summer is certain. This is as it should be. The object of these societies is literary drill, then, why not demonstrate by a contest which society has given its members the best discipline in this line of effort? Not only this, but why not show to the public in this way that college work does not consist alone in crowding the mind full of dry facts which the student may never be able to communicate to others or use himself.

To the societies themselves a contest, if conducted in a friendly manner, may be of incalculable benefit. It stirs up a society to put forth its best efforts to become the leading one in the college. Each member feels interested in the success of the society to which he belongs and it is this individual earnestness which makes a live society.

It is a benefit also to the individual members. It is not entirely void of honor to be the choice of society as its representative in a contest with another society, to be the standard bearer, the Goliath, as it were, sent forward to defy the power of the opposing forces. It is considered that the choice should fall on the man best fitted for the position, most able to win a victory over any opponent chosen from the other society. Hence, there is an incentive for members to gain the ability and win the reputation, which will entitle them to a place on the contest. This is a benefit not to the members alone but to society for it is by individual character that the character of the society is determined.

When a member is chosen to represent his society

in a contest, if he is true to himself and loyal to his society, he will put forth his strongest efforts to win the laurels, not only for himself but for the society which he represents. This effort, if honestly made, will give him greater discipline than he would gain by regular college or society work for a long time.

Thus we have shown a literary contest to be beneficial to the societies, to the members, and to the contestants, and we think it is a benefit also to the College. It shows an interest among the students in practical literary work. During Commencement week many assemble here for the cloiving exercises. They look upon the regular performances of Commencement day as work done only because required, but to hear a flood, live, contest, aside from the College work, will impress the visitors with the fact that the students are interested in the work which they have chosen.

We hope, then, that literary contest will again become a regular attraction at Commencement time, and that the causes which have interfered for a few years may be entirely removed.

THE common fluency of speech in many men, and most women, is owing to a scarcity of matter, and a scarcity of words; for whoever is a master of language, and hath a mind full of ideas will be apt in speaking to hesitate upon the choice of both; whereas common speakers have only one set of ideas, and one set of words to clothe them in; and these are always ready at the mouth; so people come faster out of church when it is almost empty, than when a crowd is at the door.—*Dean Swift*.

"MY dear, look down below," said he, as he stood on the bridge, gazing at a tug hauling a long line of barges. "Such is life; the tug is like a man, working and toiling, while the barges, like women, are—" "I know," interrupted she, acridly, "the tug does all the blowing and the barges bear all the burden."

WHAT will be the largest observatory dome in the world is now being made in Cleveland, for the University of Michigan. It weighs ten tons, has a diameter of forty-five feet four inches at the base.—*Ex.*

CHURCH music comes by the choir, drum and piano music by the pound, midnight serenades generally come by the yard, street music comes by the foot, fiddling by the stick, banjo music by the peck.

A PERMANENT INVESTMENT.—Lending money to an old friend because he went to school with you.

I WANT MY TAIL AGAIN.

If we, as Mr. Darwin says, from monkeys are descended, Dame Nature's touch 'aint done as much as science has pretended;

And Father Time, I'll bet a dime, must "damn with faintest praise"

Much that we claim in shape of gain in these degenerate days.

And e'er we rate our man's estate too high in history's scale,

Let's wait and first investigate what loss it doth entail;

Let's also see why we should be so pleased with our lot, And how much gain and how much pain we by the trade have got;

And if I may I will essay, by aid of press and pen, To show you why, O science, I would like my tail again.

With their rude monkish habits then their tailor bills were small;—

The best authorities contend they had no bills at all—

Their board was where boards first are found, upon their native trees,

Where all the race could race around and help themselves with ease.

They had no bodices or boots to squeeze them out of shape, Their wine was all imported then directly from the grape So far you'll see, it seems to me, they were ahead of men, So dearest science, if you please, I want my tail again.

In these, our "greater" later days, body and soul are bent To keep up health, appearances, and bills of tax and rent; Our manners wear not that repose that marked the fragal clan

Who faced the heat, and sleet, and snows before primeval man.

That they had better morals, too, is plain enough to all, For, give a monkey half a chance, and he will never fall, While, on the other hand, we know that though his path may lie

Below the humblest mortal's tread, he soon can climb as high.

And all in all, both great and small, considered first and last,

I much prefer and wish these were the days that now are past,

And, dearest science, unto you, before I drop my pen, I'll make this best and last request—I want my tail again.

F. S. Ryman.

IN London there is a school in which monkeys are taught the English language from blocks on which the letters are printed. Next thing we know an effort will be made to import instructions to the American dude.—*Norristown Herald*.

ONE who claims to know what he is talking about sets forth the degrees of mining speculation as follows: Positive, mine; comparative, miner; superlative, milus.

COLLEGE AND LOCAL.

—One dare not tell how much some students enjoy moonlight drives.

—Why can't we have a street lamp at the front gate of the college?

—Prof. Mitchell's new dwelling on New Castle street is nearly completed.

—The endowment of Westminster now amounts to \$156,000. Monmouth has \$100,000.

—The majority of the students now wear badges which express their political sentiments.

—The Leagorean Literary Society has adjourned *sine die*, to await the repairing of the Hall.

—C. H. Robinson, '83, still continues to be Missionary for the Third Church, Allegheny.

—The collection for foreign mission in the Second U. P. church, September 28, amounted to \$118.54.

—The dormitory is assuming a more inviting appearance. The new portico is a great improvement.

—Some of the boys improved last week's moonlight nights by laying in their winter supply of apples.

—D. R. McDonald, '81, is doing good work at the Lombard St. Mission, in connection with his seminary studies.

—We have received a very interesting poem from J. B. McIlvaine, '83, but lack of space prevents its publication at present.

—Political questions still continue to agitate the minds of the students. The question of Prohibition was again debated in the Philo Society last Friday evening.

—At the meeting of the Board, in New Castle, Oct. 14th, Mrs. Sampson sister-in-law of Rev. Dr. Robinson, of Allegheny, was elected governess of the new ladies' hall.

—We would earnestly advise the members of the brass band to watch their instruments carefully, as there are threats of starting a brass kettle factory across the street.

—Our hearts were greatly cheered last week by the excellent grapes and apples which Prof. Cummings left in our sanctum. The professor has a large heart and understands fruit culture.

—The college Y. M. C. A. is being well attended this term. Many new students have identified themselves with the Association, and have thus contributed largely to the interest of the meetings. The meet-

ings for Bible study Sabbath afternoons are very interesting and profitable to those who engage in them. It is hoped that many more will feel it to be their duty to attend.

—We are indebted to the kindness of some unknown friend in presenting our office with a fine poker a night or two since. For this expression of kindness we sincerely thank him.

—The Blaine and Logan marching club, visited Greenfield last Tuesday evening. The boys express themselves as having had a "good time." A number of the students accompanied the club.

—The Blaine and Logan marching club are in receipt of several invitations to visit neighboring towns. These invitations will probably be accepted for the boys like to have some place to go.

—The present session at Allegheny Seminary is one of the most pleasant and successful, thus far, that has been experienced for several years. Hard study and good sermons are the order of the day.

—The ladies of the Second church can provide an excellent supper. One of the students appreciated the feast at the lawn fete so much that he and his lady ate three times. They had supper before they came too.

—Never in the history of the college have there been so many aspiring youthful mustaches seeking the light. Judging from the appearance of the majority of them we fear that they will wither before the cold winter blasts.

—The College Y. M. C. A. will be well represented in the State Convention at Meadville beginning on Thursday the 16th, and closing Sabbath 19th. The delegates are R. P. Allen, '85, H. G. Golden, '85, J. C. Kistler, '86, and T. E. Moffat, '89.

—The lawn fete (?) held at the house of Mr. Hay last week was a very pleasant affair. The evening was rather cool, but with a good fire, and plenty of hot coffee the ice cream was quite palatable. About two hundred partook of an excellent supper, and all spent a very pleasant evening.

—Eleven new houses have been erected in town this season. The most noticeable feature of the year's improvement, is the superior character of the buildings, all being large and tasty. The cost of these, together with the college improvements will not fall far short of sixty thousand dollars.

—The Prohibitionists of the adjacent townships of Mercer and Lawrence counties held a picnic and mass meeting in Porter's grove north of New Wilmington, on Saturday, the 11th inst. Addresses

were delivered by the Rev. Mr. Hall, of Sharon and the Rev. R. Audley Brown, D. D., of New Castle. The ladies of this vicinity served an excellent dinner to all who were present. The Westminster College Band furnished the music and did it in a manner worthy of the highest commendation. St. John badges were numerous.

—The college brass band has been reorganized, and for several days the air about the college has been filled with divers strange sounds which sometimes even penetrate the office of the HOLCAD, causing the uneasy editor to drop his pen, and wish for the utter extermination of all musical instruments.

—The HOLCAD receipts will now, with a little stretching, cover expenses, but if we only had one hundred more subscribers the paper would be in excellent financial shape. Are there not among Westminster's five hundred Alumni and thousands of friends a hundred persons who will voluntarily send their subscriptions, and so assure our success?

—The news of the Ohio election was received with great enthusiasm by the people of New Wilmington. On Wednesday evening the marching club paraded on all the streets, and cheers, firingsalutes and other noisy demonstrations were the order of the evening. The club decided to meet and raise a pole on Friday, the 24th. Col. Jackson will be the orator of the day.

—Another flopper has been added to the list. John Swan, who has always been an ardent supporter of Blaine, now wears a Cleveland badge and will without any doubt vote the Democratic ticket. When we take into consideration that his roommate and nearly all the members of his club are Republicans, it seems strange to us that John should flop. Nevertheless there are other influences which have a mighty effect upon him and these evidently have brought about this change.

—It was on the evening of the fifth day of the week now passing, that within the office of this periodical there assembled a company of six journalists, and, behold, their hearts were exceedingly joyful; for there was before them a cake, of the chocolate species and of proportions vast, and it was to be eaten. Happy were these banqueters that night, and many were the words of praise spoken of the lady whose generosity made them glad. The article was the handiwork of Mrs. McClure, for whom the editors, one and all, will ever bear a grateful remembrance.

—At the late meeting of the First Synod of the West at Hartstown, Pa., the Rev. J. R. Brittain, '63, who has been a member of the Board of Trustees for

the past twelve years, declined a re-election to that position. Those who have been familiar with the history and progress of Westminster during these years know that she has had no more faithful officer, and none more active in the promotion of her best interests. It is a matter of sincere regret that the press of other duties has compelled Mr. Brittain to sever a relation that has brought so much good to the college. We are sure, however, that his interest in his *Alma Mater* will continue undiminished, and we hope that his visits will be none the fewer.

—During the present session at the U. P. Theological Seminary, in Allegheny, ten colleges are represented by the students in attendance there. Monmouth, Muskingum, Franklin, Allegheny College, Washington and Jefferson, Westminster, Princeton, Geneva, Wooster University, Waynesburg and the Allegheny Polytechnic Institute, have all contributed students. Westminster is represented in Allegheny by Carnahan and McDonald, of '81; Rankin, Smith and Work, '82; and McIlvaine, Robinson and McMurray, '83—a less number than for several years. She is represented in Xenia Seminary by Littell, Reed, Magill, Patterson and Heidger; at Union Seminary, New York, by Allen, Wilson, Swan, Harshaw and Wick.

—The following are the divisions of the orators and essayists of the Junior class:

FIRST DIVISION—OCTOBER 27.

J. C. Adair,	Bessie Brewster,
Otta L. Caldwell,	O. A. Byers.

SECOND DIVISION—NOVEMBER 3,

S. M. Croen,	Maggie F. Campbell,
Jennie E. Duffield,	C. P. Harrah.

THIRD DIVISION—NOVEMBER 10.

R. L. Hay,	Anna Elliott,
Carrie Hay,	G. A. Hover.

FOURTH DIVISION—NOVEMBER 17.

J. C. Kistler,	Sadie M. McElree,
Mina McElwee,	J. W. McClung.

FIFTH DIVISION—NOVEMBER 24.

S. McNaugher,	Mary McElwee,
Jennie McKean,	W. A. Moore.

SIXTH DIVISION—DECEMBER 1.

W. H. Moore,	Mattie Poppino,
Etta Reed,	J. L. Snyder.

SEVENTH DIVISION—DECEMBER 8.

J. N. Swan,	J. H. Webster,
E. F. Wilson,	* G. L. Ham.

* Member of the Senior class.

—A slight panic took place in Prof. Thompson's room one day last week. While the third preparato-

ry class was reciting Rhetoric, smoke was observed issuing through the cracks of the floor, and coming in at the windows. Order was restored only when it was found that nothing serious was to be feared. It would seem that during the repairs the chimney from the reading room stove had been blocked up; so that when a fire was kindled in the stove, there being no outlet for the smoke, it found its way through the cracks of the floor. The presence of mind displayed by the members of the class deserves to be commended. Coughing (impelled more perhaps by a desire to breathe the pure air instead of reciting, than by the smoke) was pretty generally indulged in. Prof. Thompson, however, was deaf to all signs and entreaties, and the recitation proceeded as usual.

—The recent election of contestants resulted as follows:

PHILO SOCIETY,

Declaimer, W. R. Irons.

Essayist, D. C. Morrison.

Orator, H. G. Golden.

Debater, J. A. Van Orsdell.

ADELPHIC SOCIETY.

Declaimer, J. B. Ricketts.

Essayist, I. N. Moore.

Orator, H. W. Moore.

Debater, J. L. Snyder.

—It is commonly supposed that students are characterized by small appetites, and that less nutriment is required to sustain the vital force when the energies are mainly employed in intellectual pursuits than when they are engaged in physical exertion. This may be true in regard to those of inferior intellect or when easy rudimentary studies require but little mental exertion, but when immense brains are struggling with the profundities of Westminster's curriculum, the appetite receives a zest quite unknown to the manual laborer. The wear and tear of violent cerebral action over a large brain surface always creates a demand for large quantities of reconstructive material. In proof of this interesting fact which may be doubted by some, we give the following list of edibles consumed by a well known fort here during the month of September.

75 pounds of sugar.

51 pounds of butter.

300 pounds of flour.

27 pounds of oatmeal.

15 gallons of milk.

7 bushels of apples.

8 bushels of potatoes.

2 bushels of tomatoes.

70 pounds of meat.

In addition to these staple articles of food, the club

used a large amount of sundries, sauces, delicacies, etc., such as tea, coffee, sauer-kraut, cheese, oranges, herrings, pine-apples, pickles, bananas and many other articles too tedious to mention. This fort is composed of nine gentlemen of marked intellectual capacity, whose rather debilitated physical appearance would indicate small eating capacity. Perry in his Political Economy states that the average man eats monthly in the neighborhood of 90 pounds of food. These gentlemen have averaged a little over 150 lbs. Now since base ball has been backward this term, the extraordinary consumptive ability of this fort can only be attributed to excessive brain work, and activity in intellectual projects. We do not know that these interesting phenomena have ever been noted by any previous scientist, and feel that we have opened a wide field for philosophic investigation.

PERSONALS.

—H. W. McKean, '82, was in town last Saturday.

—Will McLaughry is clerking in the postoffice.

—Rev. John McNaugher's address is Lawrence, Kansas.

—M. B. Snyder, '84, spent a day or two in town last week.

—E. E. Moore, of New Bedford, Pa., visited the College one day last week.

—S. B. Snyder, District Attorney of Butler County, Pa., visited his friends in town last week.

—Rev. J. K. McClurkin's congregation is enthusiastic over him as a preacher and as a pastor.

—L. W. Bigham, who graduated at Princeton, last summer, was in town last week, visiting friends.

—H. G. Golden, one of our literary editors, went to his home in Ohio last Monday to cast his first vote.

—Frank Scott, '84, left last Tuesday for Conyngham, Luzerne county, where he will teach this winter.

—R. O. Andrews, formerly a member of the present Junior class, is attending Jefferson Medical College, Philadelphia.

—Miss Patterson was in Pittsburgh last Monday, consulting an oculist. Her classes had vacant hours on this account.

—The Rev. E. N. McElree, '58, and the Rev. John A. Bailey, '59, are the newly elected members of the Board of Trustees from the First Synod of the West.

The latter fills the unexpired term of President Ferguson, resigned. John McMichael, Esq., '58, was re-elected for a term of three years.

—Dr. Mehard was absent Wednesday and Thursday, attending the funeral of his nephew, Mr. Saurbeck, of Alliance, Ohio.

—President Ferguson and Prof. Wallace addressed the meeting of the W. C. T. U. in Lininger's Hall, Tuesday evening, Oct. 7th.

Rev. J. M. Moore and wife, who were the guests of Rev. Mr. and Mrs. McVey, returned to their home in Ontario, Ohio, last Tuesday.

—Rev. R. H. Hood, '81, who has spent a pleasant summer in Europe, was ordained at Peter's Creek, Chartiers Presbytery, Thursday, Oct. 9th.

—Jas. Whitla, '83, who is teaching in an academy at Emlenton, visited his home here last week. James is well pleased with his work and success.

—D. R. McDonald, '81, furnishes us with some Seminary notes, for which we are thankful. We hope that our friends everywhere will send in items.

—Mr. J. A. McLaughry has resigned his position as Superintendent of the Second U. P. Sabbath School, which he has acceptably held for the past thirty-two years.

—President Ferguson visited both Literary Societies last Friday evening. He told the Adelphics that they were as dignified a body as the United States Senate.

—Rev. Dr. Brown and family, of Piqua, Ohio, are the guests of Rev. Mr. Campbell. The Doctor filled the pulpit of the Second U. P. church, in New Castle, last Sabbath.

—Rev. Luther McCambell, '71, who was visiting his father-in-law, Jesse Moore, Sr., of New Castle, preached preparatory to Communion, in the College Chapel, Friday, Sept. 26th.

—Rev. E. N. McElree, '58, was elected moderator of the First Synod of the West, at its meeting Sept. 30th. On the same day Rev. Jos. Calhoun, '60, was elected moderator of the Synod of Iowa.

—The Rev. J. R. Brittain, '63, is Vice-President of the Pennsylvania State S. S. Convention. At its late meeting in Greenville he made an excellent address on "The Teacher in the Home."

—E. P. Logan, '82, and S. A. Aiken, '83, who went to New York with the intention of entering Bellevue

Medical College, reconsidered the matter and matriculated in the medical department of the University of New York.

—Rev. J. M. Farrar, '75, and Rev. Dr. Brown, of Piqua, Ohio, were in the Chapel Friday morning and conducted the opening exercises. Both gentlemen made addresses, which were received with enthusiasm by the students.

—Rev. Luke I. Crawford, '58, holds the pen of a ready writer. He is editor of the *Sandy Lake News*, a vigorous Prohibition organ, the editorials of which are quoted in the national organs of the party, and in other papers of national reputation.

—PROF.—"Was Hannibal married?" "Yes, sir; mention is made of 'Missus Hannibal' in Livy, book twenty-one, chapter four."

"Was she attractive?" "Yes, sir; "*Missus Hannibal primo statim adventu omnem exercitum in se convertit.*"

"THANK Heavens!" exclaimed a fond father, as he paced the floor at midnight with his howling heir; "thank heaven, you are not twins!"

"WHAT's that?" asked a man, who was inspecting a violin store. "That's, oh, that's used on violins. We call it a ehin rest." "Gimme one," exclaimed the visitor; "it's just what my wife needs."—*Ex.*

A big dog was running about the yard, muzzled, when a little girl rushed into the house in terror. Her sister, younger, but more valiant, reassured her by remarking: "He can't bite, he's got on his bustle."

SLEIGHING incident: Stable-keeper—"I'll put in an extra buffalo." English stranger—"Couldn't you let me 'ave an 'orse, you know?" Er-er-rather not drive a buffalo first time, you know."

OUT of 303 colleges in this country, 155 use the Roman, 114 the English, and 34 the Continental pronunciation of Latin.

J. F. RYDER,
MASTER & PHOTOGRAPHER,

And dealer in ART GOODS,
239 Superior Street, - CLEVELAND, O.

THE HOLCAD.

VOL. I.

NEW WILMINGTON, PA., NOVEMBER 1, 1884.

No. 5.

"A MAN'S A MAN."

"A man's a man," says Robert Burns,
"For a' that and a' that."
But though the song be clear and strong,
It lacks a note for a' that.
The lout who'd shirk his daily work,
Yet claim his wage and a' that,
Or beg when he can earn his bread,
Is not a man for a' that.
If all who dine on homely fare
Were true and brave, and a' that;
And none whose garb is "hoddod grey,"
Was fool or knave, and a' that;
The vice and crime that shame our time,
Would fade and fall, and a' that;
And plowmen be as good as kings,
And curls as earls for a' that.
You see yon brawny, blustering sot,
Who swaggers, swears and a' that,
And thinks, because his strong right arm
Might fell an ox, and a' that,
That he's as noble, man for man,
As duke or lord, and a' that?
He's but a brute, beyond dispute,
And not a man for a' that.
A man may own a large estate,
Have palace, park and a' that;
And not for birth, but honest worth,
Be thrice a man for a' that;
And Donald, herding on the muir,
Who beats his wife and a' that,
Be nothing but a rascal pair,
Nor half a man for a' that.
It comes to this, dear Robert Burns,
The truth is old, and a' that;
"The rank is but the guinea's stamp,
The man's the gold for a' that;
And though you put the minted mark
On copper, brass and a' that.
The lie is gross, the cheat is plain,
And will not pass, for a' that.
For a' that and a' that,
'Tis soul and heart and a' that,
That makes the king a gentleman,
And not his crown, and a' that.
And man with man, of rich or poor,
The best is he, for a' that,
Who stands erect in self respect,
And acts the man, for a' that.

—*Christian Statesman.*

A TOUR ON A WHEEL.

(CONCLUDED.)

W. P. STEVENSON, '82.

Taking an early start the next morning, I rolled my wheel over two miles of the worst road for man, beast or machine that I ever saw. It is covered with stones and sugar coated with broken crockery; it abounds in chuck holes and snares for the unwary; its sides bristle with thorn bushes and threaten you with stinging nettles. Truly I met there my ideal of total depravity in roads. From a Roman Catholic standpoint I should judge the penance—producing value of such a road to be worth about 196,311 years in purgatory per mile.

I was unfortunate this day from the very beginning and, although the riding was good for a mile or so above and below Wellsville, yet that was the only oasis in one long stretch of barren, unridable roads which can never hope to produce a crop of 'cyclists. I will not weary my readers with a detailed account of the difficulties I encountered in the first twenty miles from Wellsville, of the hills I had to walk up or the streams I was compelled to ford, but will hasten on to relate the crowning disaster which almost ruined me as well as my wheel. After climbing a long hill, I laid me down in the cool, refreshing shade of an ancient, wide-spreading oak and enjoyed a most luxurious rest. After an hour or so—fatal delay—I looked around and to my dismay saw that a storm was rapidly approaching. Hastily climbing on my bicycle, I started to ride down a hill, which on account of its steepness and roughness, under less hurried circumstances, I would have walked down. Once started, however, and there was no escape. Faster and faster turned the wheel. Straighter and straighter rose the hair under my hat, until at last it reached a perfect perpendicular as I saw on rounding a short curve, that the road was for some distance covered with broken stone. The wheel was beyond my control, and mentally forgiving my enemies and bidding farewell to my friends, I awaited results. They came unanimously and slightly ahead of schedule time. Running in among those stones the 'cycle shied so suddenly as to hurl me, much against my will, and what was more

serious, violently against the ground, while the wheel after executing a compound complicated movement, laid down in the ditch with such emphasis as to impart a very melancholy curve to the handle bar, much resembling in appearance, the droop of a mad donkey's ear. I did not rise so vivaciously from the earth on this occasion as I did after my first fall, and after an anxious and somewhat prolonged examination the entry in my notebook ran something like this:

To mundane things we bade adieu,
As through the air we flopped and flew.
And during all life's journey through,
We'll ne'er forget "Fall Number Two."
Though 'tis humbling.

For fearful was the rack of us,
And sorely bruised the back of us.
Hard, hard, our mournful, dismal luck,
And harder yet, the spot we struck
In our tumbling.

My chagrin at falling was in no way diminished when, on looking up at the house by the roadside, I saw two very handsome girls laughing immoderately at something or other.

I instinctively felt that the 'something or other' was in 'some way or other' connected with me or my too impetuous bicycle, and being naturally of a retiring disposition, I quickly started on, though by this time, the rain had begun to fall heavily. I was so warm, however, from the combined effects of mortification and exercise that I had no objection to a cooling shower. But, unfortunately for me, the shower prolonged itself until the roads became muddy and traveling rendered irksome and laborious. I had still some miles to go before reaching my destination, and I groan in spirit, even yet, as I think of those toilsome miles. How affectionately the sticky, unridable limestone mud clung to the bicycle! How it rolled up and clogged under the saddle! And how many, many times I had to scrape it out with sorrow—and a stick! How the rain did pour down much to the delight of everybody in the dry, parched land, except myself!

I will draw the veil over those sorrowing miles and simply say that late in the afternoon, a weary, worn, bedraggled, bemuddled being, bemoaning his fate, arrived at the home of his uncle, where, after being thoroughly washed, he was recognized by the aid of some papers found in his pockets as being W. P. Stevenson, from Greensburg, Pa.

My trials were then, fortunately, ended. After a pleasant visit and refreshing rest of four days among my relatives in and about Richmond, Ohio, I once

more resumed my wheel and started for Scio, near which place I made another visit.

The ride from East Springfield was a pleasant one and unmarked by any serious difficulties or calamities. From Scio to Cadiz the road was quite good and one stretch of more than four miles down a nice, fertile valley I enjoyed very much. But one accident happened to me on that trip and it was as unexpected and ludicrous as it might have been serious. On such occasions I always fly for consolation to the Muse, and I made no exception in this case. At the imminent risk of having it said that any and all accidents were too light a punishment for one who can so heartlessly afflict his innocent fellow mortals with such effusions, I will endeavor again to conceal the painful effects and harassing circumstances of this my last tumble, in the more distressing effort to tell them in some sort of rhyme. Prudence, however, warns me that there is such a thing as trying the patience of a long-suffering people too far, and that if I would have any audience at the close I had best reserve my last poetical effort until the end, so that after perusing it, the unhappy reader, the so-called poetry, and my ill-starved self, may sink into oblivion together. "*Sic semper talibus poetis.*"

Cadiz was reached after a hard climb up a long hill, and after looking about the town awhile and exchanging fraternal greetings with some brother wheelmen of the community, one of whom kindly accompanied me a short distance, I continued on my way toward the home of another uncle. I had hardly gotten three miles out of Cadiz before another rain came up, and having learned wisdom by experience, I applied for shelter at the first house I came to, and before six drops of rain had fallen. My mind was fully made up that just so long as the rain lasted and the roads were muddy, just that long the good people who kindly granted me protection might expect to enjoy the pleasure of my company. Dinner time came, and the rain was still with us. All afternoon I watched despairingly the drizzling drops and at the same time tried to while away the time by talking about the philosophy of bed-quilting with the lady of the house, sympathizing with her in the shortness of the pasture, which made milk so scarce, and joining, though very faintly, in her thanks for the good shower. The old gentleman and I discussed Prohibition, tariff, free trade, the distracting organ question and the dry weather, but while he prayed for more rain, I bewailed my misfortune and secretly longed for at least a brief continuance of the drought. When supper time came I hadn't energy enough even to repel the too friendly advances of

a large woolly dog which with muddy feet and dripping hair, derived a great deal of enjoyment from walking up on me and shaking his shaggy locks in close proximity to my face. I yearned for the life of that canine. In my spare time I devised a beautiful scheme for his destruction, but it was frustrated by his refusal to follow me as I departed the next morning. After supper my prospects were no brighter, and when the shadow of night settled down upon us, the rain still perseveringly dripped from the rusty sable wings. In the night my rest was broken by the sound of plashing drops. My sleep was disturbed by frightful dreams of another overwhelming flood, from which I was vainly fleeing, pursued also by the avenging ghost of the woolly dog I had mentally doomed to death. Nevertheless, morning dawned at last, and though the clouds still lowered, the rain had ceased. With the usual perseverance of human nature, the old farmer was growling, "that after such a long dry spell it hadn't rained half enough," but before I reached my uncles—some four miles further on—I had concluded after mature reflection, that it had rained a trifle more than was absolutely necessary for my comfort. That trial was soon over, and in fact, the rest of my trip was one of uninterrupted enjoyment. After spending a few days very pleasantly among relatives, in Belmont county, I remounted my steed in St. Clairsville on the afternoon of Sept. 1st, and after a run of 12 miles in an hour and eight minutes, found myself in Wheeling in time to catch the morning train for Pittsburgh. My visit in Ohio having been protracted somewhat longer than I had anticipated, I was compelled to deny myself the pleasure of riding from Wheeling up through Washington county, to Pittsburgh, in order to be present at the opening of the Seminary, Tuesday morning, Sept. 2nd.

Thus ended what was to me a most enjoyable trip. Though it had its toil, it also had its reward. Though its pleasures were not unmixed with pain, yet the gloom of the shadows but increased and intensified the brightness of the sunshine.

You know it is said that all history is but a record of wars, calamities and bloodshed; and so in the history of my tour, though it be made up of accidents and misfortunes largely, I but imitate in that regard other historians, by leaving unchronicled the hours and days of peaceful enjoyment, to mention the moments of sorrow, and by saying next to nothing of the scores of miles pleasantly and happily spun along in order to describe a few rods, or at most a few miles of ill-conditioned roads.

It is a too common failing of our faulty human

nature to allow misfortunes and calamities to tower above all things else in our lives, like grim bare mountain peaks, and too often to permit them to conceal from our view, the beautiful valleys, bright with the sunshine of joy, and glowing with the blessings of peace and love, which nestle at their feet and await, yes invite our presence.

And yet the good that is in us asserts itself at least by forgetting the hardships, treasuring up the pleasant things, and giving the seal of undying approval to the wisdom which inspired that well-known line:

"Forsan et haec olim meminisse juvabit."

And so, after a few weeks' calm reflection, I say that for sight-seeing, for health-giving recreation, for exhilarating pulse-stirring enjoyment I recommend to my readers, with all my heart, the beautiful and fascinating "cave of steel."

As I promised, I will now append the touching recital of my *Third* and *Last* tumble:

As down the beautiful shaded path
I merrily wheeled my wheel,
I little dreamed of the storm of wrath
That was destined my shins to peel.

Low down in the bushes couched my foe
The picture of ease and contentment,
And nothing in him or his breath coming slow
Showed a sign of angry resentment.

Swift as a grey hound in the chase
Or a second Prep. with a chicken,
I spun my wheel to the fatal place
Where all unwarned I was stricken.

With a loud "Ugh! Ugh!" out rushed the hog
With the 'cycle he made nice connection;
From the top of the wheel to the midst of a bog
I was cast in the deepest dejection.

—An exchange tells of another plan for raising money at church sociables recently discovered. It is called a weight social, and is managed as follows: The ladies are placed on a scale and the names and weight put in sealed envelopes. Each gentleman draws an envelope, and on opening it he finds the name of the person he is expected to take to supper. Oysters are served. He pays for the same at the rate of half a cent a pound for as many pounds as his partner weighs. These sociables will furnish a great deal of amusement.

—Scientific definition of a kiss: A kiss is a paroxysmal contact between the labial appendages attached to the superior and inferior maxillaries, respectively, of a man or woman or two women. The younger the parties are the more paroxysmal will be the paroxysm.—*Dr*

SLAVE OR MASTER?

A colored clergyman of some education and much native wit was once discoursing to his congregation on what the apostle calls "the sinfulness of sin." "There are those, my brethren," he said, "who tell us that there is no such thing as sin; that man is created with certain appetites and propensities; that these were made to be gratified; and that, whenever we gratify them, we do that which is perfectly lawful and right." The last sentence was spoken with some emphasis; and four or five of the "leading brethren," understanding that it was the proper place to respond, punctuated the parson's falling inflection with a stalwart "Amen."

The chorus in the colored meeting-house, like the chorus in the Greek tragedy, may be supposed to reflect the philosophy of the period. To an acute observer, the close relation between what is sometimes called the "advanced" thought of the day and the notions of the lowest stratum of society is often apparent. You shall find the fine-spun theories of materialistic science reduced to their lowest terms in the mouths of men in country groceries and city beer-gardens. The doctrine that the colored clergyman was endeavoring so laudably, but with such indifferent success, to controvert, how could it be more clearly stated than in these words of Moleschott?—"Sin lies in the unnatural, and not in the will to do evil. Speech and style, good and bad actions, courage, half-heartedness, and treachery, are all natural phenomena, all of them stand in a direct relation to indispensable causes as their natural consequences, just as much as the revolutions of the globe."

This kind of philosophy enters into the thought and speech of the most ignorant and depraved classes of the community to a considerable extent. Doubtless there is need of considering the disabilities that inhere in diseased organisms,—the hereditary tendencies to evil by which virtuous purposes are impeded; our judgments of our fellow-men will often be modified by such facts. But the "charity," or the "science," that denies human responsibility finds its proper issue and its natural votaries in the slums.

It is not, however, with the theological consequences of this philosophy that we are now concerned, but rather with its effect upon the education and training of the young. A doctrine that denies free will, and makes of man only a bundle of appetites and impulses and propensities whose law is in themselves, destroys not only religion and morality, it destroys also the foundations of education, and

makes discipline a solecism. A logical deduction from it is the notion that pupils should study only what they like to study; and that children should do only what they like to do, and when they like to do it. Modern theories of education are tinged by this notion; it finds place in the regimen of the home and the curriculum of the university. The popular lecturer who criticises the Old Testament with the fairness, erudition and wit of a stump-speaker, sneers at the old-fashioned notions of obedience and discipline; says that children ought to follow nature in the formation of their habits; and his audiences applaud the sentiment. It does not take such ideas long to filter down through all the strata of society, and thus to affect in many ways, the conduct of old and young. Do we not note an increasing tendency to depend on moods and impulses? "I don't feel like work," is often proclaimed as the sufficient excuse for idleness. Disrelish for any particular pursuit is mentioned as ample reason for abandoning it. Even the paupers who beg at your door justify their failure to find employment by telling you that the labor offered them is not congenial.

Of course this plea has always been made, and so long as the original sin of indolence continues to be so deeply rooted in human nature, it will be made; but it seems that now this vice of human nature is to be well-nigh elevated into the rule of life.

It is a pestilent notion. In it lurks the disorganizing force by which characters and communities are undermined and ruined. There never was a strong character that was not made strong by discipline of the will; there never was a strong people that did not rank subordination and discipline among the signal virtues. Subjections to moods is the mark of a deteriorating morality. There is no baser servitude, than that of the man whose caprices are his masters, and a nation composed of such men could not long preserve its liberties.

This is a truth that the young must lay to heart. It will be a sorry day for this world, and for all the people in it, when everybody makes his moods his masters, and does nothing but what he is inclined to do. The need of training the will to the higher performance of work that is distasteful; of making the impulses serve, instead of allowing them to rule, the higher reason; of subjugating the moods instead of being subjugated by them, lies at the very foundation of character. It is possible to learn to fix the wandering thought, to compel the reluctant mental energy, to concentrate the power upon the performance of a task to which there is no inclination. Until this victory has been gained, life holds no sure promise; the achievement of this conquest is the

condition of future success. No matter how splendid may be the natural gifts, unless there is a will that can marshal and command them, the life is sure to be a failure.

Even in the fine arts the highest inspirations wait for those who have learned to work. The poets who never write except when they are in the mood, who do not learn to hold their minds firmly down to the work in hand, to justify the thought and shape the utterance, are not among the immortal bards. To the man who has wrought long and faithfully in perfecting the art of expression, in studying the subtle shades of meaning and the subtle shades of music that are found in words, and in combining them so that they will harmoniously tell some master truth of human experience, or show some phase of natural beauty, many a strain of beautiful and perfect melody comes suddenly; but it is because the molds of beauty were fashioned in the poet's mind by long and painful study. What is true of the poetic art is true of every other; the condition of artistic success is faithful work and thorough training.

The young men in colleges know that training is indispensable to physical perfection. They know that the men who eat and drink just what their appetites crave, and take their exercise only when they feel like it, never win the boat-races or the football matches. It should not be difficult for them to see that mental and moral power, without which success and happiness in life are impossible, are equally dependent on discipline. The body will not do its best work unless, as a great authority says, it is "kept under;" and what is true of the body is equally true of the mind; its whims and caprices and moods must be brought under the subjection of a masterful will; the man must become not the servant, but the ruler of his own nature.—*Century*.

TWINKLE, TWINKLE, LITTLE STAR.

Scintillate, scintillate, globule vivific;
Pain would I fathom thy nature specific,
Loftily poised in ether capacious,
Strongly resembling a gem carbonaceous.

When torrid Phœbus refuses his presence,
And ceases to lamp us with fierce incandescence,
Then you illumine the regions supernal—
Scintillate, scintillate, semper nocturnal.

Then the victim of hospiceless peregrination
Gratefully bails your minute coruscation;
He could not determine his journey's direction
But for your bright scintillating protections.

—*Hartford Courant's Adaptation for the Nursery.*

ADVICE TO FRESHMEN, OR "DON'T."

BY ONE WHO DID.

Don't imagine your entrance has made a new epoch in the history of the College.

Don't attempt to graduate in more than three courses.

Don't think you can do a week's work on Saturday, and still have time to take in that game of base ball.

Don't attempt to find a substitute for the marking system.

Don't pronounce a final judgment on the value of classical studies.

Don't give advice to the Faculty.

Don't humor that incipient moustache until the Sophomores have made their annual visit.

Don't put off ten days' work for the next holiday.

Don't sit down and wait for an inspiration when you write that essay.

Don't tell us anything more about George Washington—unless you happened to have been personally acquainted with the gentleman.

Don't undertake to instruct a Sophomore in the rules of base ball.

Don't think you can do a term's work the evening before examinations.

Don't recite your lessons at the dinner table.

Don't invite the Sophomores to first class meeting. They are expected to be present *ex officio*.

Don't spend half your time in thinking about how much you have to do, and the other half in thinking how much you are going to do.

Don't adopt your class motto without debate.

Don't make it a habit to carry more than thirteen grammars and dictionaries with you to the class room.

Don't spend above an hour a day wondering how much a Senior knows.

Don't plan to make up more than three studies during vacation.

Don't try to explain away "that flunk." Life is too short.—*Wis. University Press.*

—Horse-back riding is becoming very popular, especially among the ladies. Almost any Saturday afternoon, they may be seen in twos or threes enjoying the equestrian sport. It is "lots o' fun" when you know how, but there is a good deal in knowing how. One of these young ladies was asked, on the day after her first attempt, how she liked it. Darius-Green-like she sighed, "I liked it real well yesterday, but I don't like it so well to-day."—*Ec.*

THE HOLCAD.

PUBLISHED SEMI-MONTHLY DURING THE COLLEGE YEAR BY THE
STUDENTS OF WESTMINSTER COLLEGE.

NEW WILMINGTON, PA., NOV. 1, 1884.

TERMS: \$1.50 PER YEAR. SINGLE COPY, 10 CENTS.

Entered at the postoffice at New Wilmington, Pa., as second-class
mail matter.

EDITORS.

W. HAYES MOORE,	- - -	EDITOR-IN-CHIEF.
I. N. MOORE,	- - -	ASSISTANT.
ROB L. HAY,	} - -	LITERARY DEPARTMENT.
H. G. GOLDEN,		
SADIE M. McELREE,		
R. J. LOVE,	} - -	LOCAL AND COLLEGE DEPARTMENT.
J. P. VANCE,		
J. L. SNYDER,	- - -	EXCHANGES.
RALPH P. ALLEN,	- - -	BUSINESS MANAGER.

Information solicited respecting the Alumni and those
who have been in any way connected with the College.

Address all communications to

THE HOLCAD, New Wilmington, Pa.

THE editors of the HOLCAD were given a complimentary serenade a few evenings ago by the college band, and it is unnecessary to say that the music was good and much enjoyed. The boys deserve much credit for the progress they have made in the short time their band has been organized. That their music is appreciated by others than those directly connected with the College is shown by the engagements which they have recently had, and by the favorable opinions of their playing which have been expressed by many. This should encourage them to do even better than they have yet done, and to prove still further that, in making arrangements for music for meetings, whether they be political or of any other character, they are worthy of consideration. We feel like congratulating ourselves that among the many attractions our college offers, she also has such a company of rising musicians.

BECAUSE of the condition of the Leagorean Hall, which, for some time has been undergoing repairs, the ladies have been prevented from organizing for literary work and have, thus far, failed to profit by the advantages which such work affords. Every one who has attended college or any of the higher

institutions of learning, has found in the exercises of the literary society a kind of instruction and discipline which was not given in any other department but which added much to the interest of his course, and to the profit derived from it. It is certain that to no part of his student life does he revert with pleasanter recollections and no associations are remembered longer or more fondly, than those with his fellow-members in literary work. It would be misjudging the ladies of Westminster to suppose that they undervalue these privileges or fail to recognize in the performances required and the training afforded, some of the essential qualifications of a successful life. We cannot doubt that each member of the Leagorean Society feels that she loses much that she ought to gain by the present condition of affairs, and that she looks forward with eagerness to the restoration of former times. In the meantime, that the unfortunate members may not be deprived of these benefits, a suggestion is offered, which, it is hoped, will meet with favorable consideration at their hands. The members of the Philo and Adelpic Societies will gladly welcome every lady and extend to her all the privileges of their respective bodies. Her presence, as a member and not simply as a visitor, would, doubtless, make the various exercises all the more interesting and profitable; indeed, the mutual benefit might be so great and the advantages so many, that there would be a mutual desire to have the arrangement become a permanent one.

WE notice in the *Mercer Dispatch* of this week an unwarranted and virulent attack on a member of the Faculty here, Dr. Mehard. And why? Because, forsooth, he dared to express his preference for his nephew as opposed to Mr. Miller in the judicial contest in that county. Perhaps it did not occur to the worthy editor of that sheet, that in this country that a man has the right to his own opinion and to the expression of the same as far as lawful.

But to make the attack more malignant, he has stooped to discuss his relation to the College. Let us merely suggest that if the Doctor is "a weight on the Faculty of this College," it would be well for many other colleges if they had a similar weight. With those who know Dr. Mehard, the article referred to will have no force, for his character is such that it cannot be affected by slanderous accusations.

WE were pleased to hear a few days ago from Prof. J. C. Rolfe, formerly a member of the Faculty here, but now Instructor in Latin in Cornell Uni-

versity, Ithaca, N. Y. Though but a young man yet, his talents are of such an order that we have no hesitancy in predicting for him a successful career. He is now on a salary of \$1600 per year, with good prospects of becoming a regular member of the faculty of that institution.

Since leaving us he has realized the force of Gen. II, 18, and taken to himself a wife, but he has not allowed domestic cares to draw his attention from his chosen work. Last June he received the degree of Master of Arts from Harvard College, his Alma Mater, and he is now engaged in the work prescribed for the degree of Doctor of Philosophy, which he hopes to receive next year. When we remember that since his graduation he has been almost constantly engaged in the work of teaching, his energy in prosecuting his private studies becomes more conspicuous.

During the past summer he was the efficient President of Martha's Vineyard Institute, where he conducted a very successful session, extending through July and August. At the close of this session he went to North Truro, a noted watering place on Cape Cod, where, with his wife, a lady of rare accomplishments, he spent a few weeks resting and recuperating his energies before entering upon another year's work.

He sends his regards to Westminster and rejoices with us in her prosperity. We can only assure him that we shall view with interest his course through life, and wish for him abundant success in whatever he may engage.

— —

THE question arises every year among the members of the Junior and the Senior classes, as to the propriety of their furnishing their own music for the evenings on which their orations are given. It is certainly an excellent feature of the college course that orations and essays are regularly required and there is, probably, no one who cannot see the advantages to be derived; but to simply announce to the respective classes, at stated times, that such performances are expected, and to leave the arrangements in such a state that the class, in order to vary the exercises and add to their interest, finds it necessary to secure music at its own expense, is certainly a questionable procedure. There could be no objections, were these performances voluntary, but since they are required as a part of the college work, it seems only proper that the same authority which makes the requirement, should see that no unnecessary expenses are imposed. Many of the students in our colleges are not the sons of wealthy fathers,

and such are always under the necessity of considering carefully where and how their money is expended. What may seem a very trivial matter to some, to others, in different circumstances, may be much greater. When we consider the advantages for education which were offered fifty years ago and compare them with those offered to-day, we find that with the increase of opportunity, because of the greater number of colleges and schools of all kinds, there has been a corresponding increase of expenses, so that the condition of the aspiring young man of moderate means has been remedied but little. It has been with great interest that all have read, or have heard related, the early struggles of many men to rise in the world; how only by perseverance and close application they overcame difficulties which seemed almost insurmountable, and finally accomplished what they had so much desired and to which, with great anxiety and eager expectancy they had long looked forward; and the youth of our land are still taught that the lives of these men should remind them that they can make their lives sublime, however limited their circumstances and unpromising their future. Amid the various trials and discouragements which many a student meets, he may well wonder whether the difficulties which beset the men of whom he reads and hears were as great and perplexing and manifold as those that beset the student of to-day, and whether, indeed, they would have accomplished as much at a college of to-day. It should be the aim of every institution, therefore, to make it possible for all, whatever the circumstances, to acquire that knowledge which they desire without great inconvenience; and we hope that Westminster will be the last to add to the expenses of the student or otherwise to impede his progress.

— — —

ARRANGEMENTS have been made by the Lecture Committee for the coming year with some of the best lecturers of the country, and we may confidently expect to be well entertained. The Chairman of the Committee informs us that in addition to some with whom we are all well acquainted, the course will be filled up with men of unquestionable ability. Arrangements have been completed for the entire year, and will be carried out as announced unless prevented by some unforeseen contingency.

To insure a good audience for the first lecture of the course, it is only necessary to say that it will be delivered by Col. Conwell, whose ability to entertain and instruct an audience is well known to all who have heard him. The Colonel has been here so often

that he no longer seems a stranger, but his return is always welcomed.

It is hoped also, to gratify the desire of the people to hear Mr. John B. Gough some time during the year. Such arrangements have been completed as make it contingent only on the state of his health.

Dr. Vincent, Superintendent of Instruction in the C. L. S. C., will also deliver a popular lecture, under the auspices of the Lecture Committee. He is spoken of in the highest terms by those who have heard him.

These, with others of perhaps equal ability, though as yet less notoriety, will contribute the attractions of the course for this year. Believing that it is equal, if not superior to any former course, we bespeak for it the patronage of which you will find it worthy. To sustain a good course of lectures it is necessary to give it a liberal patronage.

EXCHANGES.

Though but young in years having never celebrated even one birthday the HOLCAD is glad to welcome its friends and exchange friendly criticisms.

The Thielensian from Thiel College, Greenville, Pa., is published in very neat form and does credit to its editors.

The Muskingum Organ, New Concord, Ohio, comes to us this month in a very neat dress. It is in a handy form for reading and its mechanical execution is good.

The College Cabinet from Beaver Falls, Pa., comes to us in a very attractive style and filled with choice matter. The article on "Classical Training" is well worthy of a careful reading.

We greet with pleasure *The Monmouth Collegian* and *College Courier*. We feel bound to them by the stronger tie of a common creed. Let us work together toward a common end.

The *Wooster Collegian* next demands our attention. We welcome it as the representative of our western neighbor. It is one of the largest of our college exchanges and its columns are well filled with interesting matter.

Upon our exchange table the first that meets our eye is the *Delaware College Review*. It is a well edited, well printed journal and we are glad to welcome it to our table. By the way, brother, our "unexplainable name" is perhaps not unexplainable by your Greek Professor. Just refer to Webster's Dictionary in the meantime.

Not because lowest in the scale of excellence do

we defer consideration of *The Stylus* until the last. It is a weekly paper of considerable merit and seems to have made a happy choice of name.

Besides these College exchanges we acknowledge the receipt of several other papers of a general nature which we are glad to have on our exchange list.

ANNOUNCEMENT OF LECTURE COMMITTEE.

The Lecture Course for the coming season, under the management of the Reading Room Association of the College, will consist of the following men of well-known ability:

REV. RUSSELL H. CONWELL,
COL. GEO. W. BAIN,
REV. P. S. HENSON, D. D.,
HOWARD MACSHERRY, ESQ.,
REV. J. H. VINCENT, D. D.,
JOHN B. GOUGH,
MAJ. HENRY C. DANE,
MR. H. H. RAGAN.

In addition to the Lectures, a Literary and Musical Entertainment will be given by the

MEIGS UNDERHILL COMBINATION,
a quartette of young ladies and an elocutionist.

Everything in this list is first-class, and we expect one of the best series of entertainments which has ever been given in this place.

We trust that the people of the "*Little Giant Lecture Town of America*" will patronize this season's course as well as they patronized its predecessors.

The first lecture will be given by Rev. Russell H. Conwell on the evening of Nov. 19th.

Tickets good for the entire course will be sold as usual.

R. P. ALLEN,
H. G. GOLDEN,
J. N. SWAN. } Committee.

A CARD OF THANKS.

EDITORS HOLCAD.

Miss Emma E. Alexander wishes, through the columns of your paper, to express to the members of of her Sabbath school class her most sincere and hearty thanks for the very handsome, as well as wisely chosen present she received on Thursday evening.

The present consisted of an elegant plush, satin-lined toilet case of celluloid and plate glass; and a handsome copy of Tennyson's poems (complete). May the great Giver of every perfect gift richly bless your souls until there is no more room to receive, is the prayer of your Sabbath School Teacher.

A STORY WITH A MORAL.

There was once a student, young and unsophisticated in the ways of the world, who came to New Wilmington for the sake of going to college. He had heard many frightful stories of the manner in which students were treated at school, and he was constantly picturing to himself the tortures which he would have to endure. With his mind in this nervous and terrified state, he attended service one Sabbath evening at the 1st church, lest he should get five demerits for breaking a strict and time-honored rule of the faculty. As he entered the church, the sanctity of the place in a measure calmed his fears, and finding an empty pew he sank heavily into it, and gave himself up to the enjoyment of his fancied security. All through the introductory services he sat almost motionless, a delightful feeling of repose stealing over him, and soothing his distracted nerves. The minister was a stranger, an aged man, whose sermons might once have been a terror to evil-doers, but could now be heard by any sinner without alarm. As he announced his text and slid gently out upon his theme, our friend's head gradually dropped lower, and lower, until at last he fell into a profound slumber. Had he been an older and more experienced student, he would not, under any circumstances, have slept during a sermon, but being ignorant of the customs prevalent in a college town, he committed that almost unheard-of offense.

All through the sermon he slept; and as he slept, he dreamed, his fears when awake still keeping possession of his mind in slumber. He thought that he was sitting in his own room, when suddenly, hearing a knock, he opened the door; and lo, there stood Satan himself, accompanied by a number of students who had long been the terror of all good boys.

His first impulse was to scream, but his voice froze in his throat, and he felt the cold chills running all through him. He seemed glued to the spot; but his visitors, nothing daunted by their cool reception, walked boldly in, closed and locked the door, and then distributed themselves in various parts of the room.

One of them, remarking that the evenings were getting cool, pulled the clothes off the bed and wrapped himself in them. Another took a picture down from the wall for the purpose of finding out what one of the old masters had painted it; while a third emptied a case of books on the floor, "Because," said he, "it gives a delightful air of learning to a room, to see books scattered here and there over it." All this time our hero thought that he stood transfixed, his

teeth chattering, and his knees smiting one against the other. He could see all that was done in the room, yet was so overcome with terror that he could not remonstrate.

At length, Satan, who was standing by the mantle, converting a very rank "Toby" into dense clouds of smoke, addressed him. At the sound of his sepulchral voice, our friend thought that he felt his flesh begin to creep, and his blood to freeze in his veins, yet he was compelled to listen, almost breathless, to the following address.

"Sir Innocence, we have long desired an interview with you but thought it best to defer that pleasure until to-night. We knew that you had long been expecting a call from us, and we could not bear to disappoint you. I trust that we shall spend a very pleasant evening together; but before proceeding further with our festivities, allow me to bring a few facts to your notice, and to offer you a little practical advice which may be of use to you in after life.

"You see here these students; all now my faithful servants. They were once like you. They studied day and night; each strove to get higher grades than any one else in the class, and they would not have broken a rule of the college for the price of a farm. In the course of time, however, they met some of my friends here, and were gradually led to see the folly of the course they were pursuing, and eventually joined my fraternity. Now we have jolly times together. Sometimes we sit late over our favorite game of poker; at others, we visit a neighboring hen-roost, and take therefrom a plump fowl; but when we wish to have an extra good time we send to a neighboring town and buy a case of beer, and having invited some of our friends to share it with us, we have a glorious time, and the next morning get some one to report us sick.

"Let me advise you here to give up studying. It never pays. Take the world easy, throw care to the winds, and you will live long and die happy.

"Now it cannot be but that you are anxious to join us, so we will immediately proceed to initiate you into the mysteries of our order."

With that, he darted forward and seized Sir Innocence by the coat, while the students quickly circled round. Surely, thought the youth, it is all over with me now. However, summoning up all his strength, he made a desperate spring to free himself, when lo! he awoke to find that the congregation was rising for the last prayer. Still more asleep than awake, he attempted to rise also, when he found that he was sticking fast to the seat. Had he

been fully awake, or had he known the peculiar adhesive property of the First church pews, he would not have been so much alarmed, but would have known that by a long steady pull he could free himself. However, awaking, as he did, from a frightful dream, and believing himself fastened permanently to the seat, he lost all control of himself and frantically endeavored to get loose. For some time all his efforts were fruitless, but at last he managed to slip out of his coat, and leaving a portion of his remaining garments sticking to the pew, he fled from the church, a raving maniac.

This story is not true. It is not even founded on fact. Nevertheless, the following moral may be drawn from it: Never go to sleep in the First church if you can possibly help it; but if you must sleep, then be sure to spread a handkerchief on the pew before you sit down.

—The following are some of the old-time regulations of Harvard College: "No Freshman shall wear his hat in the college yard unless it rains, hails or snows, provided he be on foot and have not both hands full. Freshmen are to consider all the other classes as their Seniors. No Freshman shall speak to a Senior with his hat on, or have it on in a Senior's chamber, or in his own if a Senior be there. All Freshmen shall be obliged to go on any errand for any of his Seniors, graduates or undergraduates at any time, except in studying hours, or after nine o'clock in the evening."

—The world always judges a man (and rightly too) by his little faults which he shows a hundred times a day, rather than by his great virtues, which he discloses, perhaps, but once in a lifetime.—*Lowell*.

—Harvard University has now one hundred and sixty-seven teachers and twenty-five librarians, professors and other officers, and fifteen hundred and twenty-two students according to the last catalogue.

—Would you call General Butler a cross-grained candidate? It is said of him that, like the ripened grain, he gets threshed every fall. We haven't heard whether he "shells out," or not.

—Nature has written a letter of credit on some men's faces which is honored wherever it is presented.—*Thackeray*.

—The power to do hard work is not talent; it is the best possible substitute for it.—*James A. Garfield*.

COLLEGE AND LOCAL.

—Politics are booming.

—"Why didn't they give Donald a rub, too?"

—Both societies postponed performances last week owing to the political meeting on Friday evening.

—A new student, who will probably enter the class of 1905, has arrived at the home of W. T. McConnell.

—Many of the boys are going home to vote, having received tickets at reduced rates from the different railroads.

—The base ball game two weeks ago between the college and Greenfield nines resulted in favor of the college boys. Score, 14 to 13.

—The Republicans of this place heartily wish that they may not be so badly disappointed, next Tuesday, as they were last Thursday evening.

—The Juniors ate pumpkin pie last Thursday, according to the most approved German methods. Miss Patterson was president of the feast.

"Pumpkin pies in embryo," said Prof. Cummings when he beheld the fine specimens of fruit (?) which were left at the HOLCAD office last Monday evening.

—The music for the Junior performances last Monday evening was furnished by Mr. and Mrs. Brasington, of Mercer, and was of the highest quality.

—The voice of the Junior as he strives to restrain his Demosthenian eloquence within conventional limits may now be heard daily through the Chapel keyhole.

—Since the grand Republican demonstration here on Friday of last week, Harry Moore reluctantly acknowledges that New Wilmington may go for Blaine.

—A drill, walking beam and steam engine are busy at the east end of the gymnasium seeking water for Mr. Koon's family. The well is now fifty feet deep and must be drilled deeper.

—"I saw a crowd of Wilmington girls at Pulaski the other day. They were the slickest set of girls I ever saw," said an enthusiastic New Castle merchant to a HOLCAD advertisement solicitor.

—The HOLCAD is sailing along quite smoothly, but she needs a heavier burden of subscribers. Her friends will please bear in mind that her tonnage in this direction is unlimited and that there is room in

her cabins for many more. You need not hesitate about boarding her as a subscriber, for she is bound to make a successful voyage, and to steer clear of the sand bar of financial embarrassment.

—The first division of the Junior class gave their performances in the chapel Monday evening. Essays were read by Misses Brewster and Caldwell, and orations delivered by Messrs. Adair and Byers.

—Question: Give a history of Sodom and Gomorrah.

Answer by a wise Prep.: Sodom was the son of Rachel and Gomorrah was the son of Rebecca.

—Darkness broods over the face of the college building, owing to the inferior quality of gasoline now on hand. The light is so bad that it is almost impossible to read in the reading room after dark.

—Those who have seen Byers of the Junior class would have appreciated the following remark made by a member of the faculty when the subject of Mr. B's oration was announced: "'Earth's Greatest' by one of her smallest."

—On one of the cars containing the Y. M. C. A. delegates returning from the Meadville convention, a straw vote was taken which resulted as follows: Blaine, 26; Cleveland, 2; St. John, 14; Mrs. Belva Lockwood, 4; total, 46.

—A meeting of Prohibitionists was held in the College Chapel, Thursday evening last. The speakers were Hon. James Black, of Lancaster Co., and Mrs. J. B. Foote, of Cleveland, Ohio. The college band furnished music for the occasion.

—John Boyd's politics: Hello, John, who are you going to vote for this year? Me, Oh I'm goin' to vote for the same kind of a fellow as Will does. I ain't going to vote for such a fellow as Sam. He wanted me to vote for *Lean Down*, and I ain't goin' to do it.

—The Junior orators are reminded that "There's a chiel amang them takin' notes, and faith! he'll print em." The following words were mispronounced in the exercises of Monday evening, Oct. 27: Wandered, God, Alexander, long-lived, sculptor, discern, construed, laugh, sacrifice, aspirant.

—The meeting of the Y. M. C. A. last Tuesday evening was one of special interest. Fifteen minutes were spent in devotional exercises, and the remainder of the hour was occupied with addresses by the delegates to the State Convention. The remarks of the speakers were well chosen, and impressively delivered, and will undoubtedly have the effect of in-

spiring the association with greater energy in its work.

—Democrats and Prohibitionists assisted in illuminating the town for the parade last week. The streets through which the clubs marched were finely lit up with Chinese lanterns and the windows were decorated with red, white and blue. Prof. Graham and others fumigated the marchers with strontium powders.

—New Wilmington is becoming a center of great political activity. On Friday last a large crowd of people assembled on the upper Diamond to witness the raising of a Republican pole. Their expectations were not realized however, for the pole on being raised about half-way up, broke into three pieces and fell to the ground. Fortunately no one was hurt, and after the scare was over a large audience assembled in Lininger's Hall, where they were entertained by addresses from several popular candidates. The demonstration Friday evening was one of the most brilliant that has ever been seen in New Wilmington. Several clubs from neighboring towns were present and took part in the parade. About three hundred torch-bearers were in line. The marching of the Young Men's Club of New Castle was admirable. After the marching ceased the clubs were treated to a bountiful lunch by the ladies of the town. The very best order prevailed all evening, and on the whole the demonstration was a grand success. The Republicans, not disconcerted by the accident of Friday, prepared and raised another pole Saturday evening.

—It is expected that the new building will be occupied at the beginning of next term. Mrs. Samson, of Allegheny, an estimable Christian lady, well fitted for the position, has been selected by the Board as Governess, "whose duty shall be to take charge of the entire building, and exercise full control in every department as a mother in a family." Boarding will be furnished, including a furnished room, light and heat for \$4.00 per week. \$4.75 will be charged those who wish to occupy a room alone.

The rules now in operation in the College for the government of the young ladies will be entrusted to the governess for enforcement. Applications for rooms shall be registered and desirable rooms not engaged by former students will be selected according to the date of register, i. e. the register of the boarding hall.

All bills for boarding, or tuition in music, shall be due one-half at the beginning of the term or within

ten days thereafter, the remainder when the term is half over.

Prof. Austin, formerly instructor in music in Thiel College, now attending the Boston Musical Conservatory, has been chosen as Professor in music.

Vocal classes will be taught in the College building. A circular will be published, shortly, giving terms and further particulars.

PERSONALS.

—S. L. Johnston, '79, was in town last week.

—R. L. Riddle, '82, is studying law in Pittsburgh.

—Rev. W. C. Lawther's address is Northfield, Ohio.

—D. O. McLaughry, '87, is teaching the Mercer school north of town.

—A. J. Robertson, of Pittsburgh, was in town last week visiting friends.

—J. M. Sword, '84, was in town last Friday evening watching the parade.

—Rufe Patterson, of New Castle, called on his friends in town this week.

—Frank Scott writes that he has a very pleasant school in Luzerne county.

—Rumor says that Kistler and Donald will vote the Prohibition ticket. Why?

—Miss Minnie Van Orsdel, of Coalberg, entered the second Prep. class this week.

—Dr. Mehard assisted Rev. W. A. Edie, of Beaver, at communion services last Sabbath.

—Rev. John McNaugher, '80, has been assigned to the Presbytery of West Missouri.

—Prof. Graham was visited last week by his brother and sister, of Wilksburg, Pa.

—Pres. J. B. McMichael, '59, officiated at the dedication of the new church in Topeka, Kansas.

—Mr. McNaugher, of Allegheny, visited his cousin, S. McNaugher, of the Junior class, last week.

—Mr. Brackin, of Brackin and Co., merchant tailors, Greenville, was in town two weeks ago and took seven orders.

—Mrs. Mary S. Fulton, '73, left town last Monday to rejoin her husband, Rev. J. M. Fulton, '71, at Manitou, Colorado.

—Prof. G. E. Carnahan, '81, who is attending the

U. P. Theological Seminary at Allegheny, visited the college last Thursday.

—President Ferguson was absent Wednesday and Thursday of last week, attending a meeting of the Synod of Pittsburgh.

—J. Alex. Van Orsdel served his country in the capacity of marshal at the Republican mass meeting at Pulaski last week.

—Prof. Mitchell promises that he will endeavor to secure an attentive hearing for all temperance petitions sent to Harrisburg next winter.

—W. D. Wallace, '81, is First Lieutenant of the Young Men's Blaine & Logan Club, of New Castle. Will is a very graceful officer, and commands a set of fine looking men.

—On Wednesday evening, Oct. 29, at the residence of the bride's parents, Miss Anna Prather, '79, of this place, and Mr. Alfred Snodgrass, of Jamestown, Pa., were united in marriage. The best wishes of the HOLCAD go with them.

—Mrs. Patterson, of Canonsburg, Pa., visited her sisters-in-law, Misses Oella and Maria Patterson, last week. She returned to her home on Monday, leaving her daughter, Miss Gray Patterson, who has entered the first Prep. class.

—At the meeting of the Synod of Pittsburgh last week, Rev. J. M. Adair, of Big Spring Presbytery, Rev. A. S. Stewart, of Conemaugh Presbytery, and J. P. Hanna, of Pittsburgh, were elected members of the Board of Trustees of Westminster College. Rev. D. S. Littell, of Chartiers Presbytery, was nominated to fill the chair of Biblical Literature in the Allegheny Theological Seminary.

—Rev. Nathan Winegart, '74, was in Chapel Wednesday morning and gave a very interesting address, in which he told the following story, especially appropriate the week before the election: "A minister called at the house of one of his members and found a little boy engaged at his lessons. 'Well, Johnny, studying hard, I suppose,' said the preacher. 'O, no, sir, not very hard,' said Johnny. 'You must study hard, Johnny, or you will never be President,' 'I never expect to be president' said the boy, 'father is a Democrat.'"

—Wisdom does not show itself so much in precept as in life,—in a firmness of mind and a mastery of appetite. It teaches us to do, as well as to talk; and to make our words and actions all of a color.—*Seneca*.

THE HOLCAD.

VOL. I.

NEW WILMINGTON, PA., NOVEMBER 15, 1884.

No. 6.

THE POTTER'S WHEEL.

Turn, turn, my wheel! Turn round and round
Without a pause, without a sound;
So spins the flying world away!
This clay, well mixed with marl and sand,
Follows the motion of my hand;
For some must follow, and some command,
Though all are made of clay!

Turn, turn, my wheel! All things must change
To something new, to something strange;
Nothing that is can pause or stay;
The moon will wax, the moon will wane,
The mist and cloud will turn to rain,
The rain to mist and cloud again,
To-morrow be to-day.

Turn, turn, my wheel! All life is brief;
What now is bud will soon be leaf,
What now is leaf will soon decay;
The wind blows east, the wind blows west;
The blue eggs in the robin's nest
Will soon have wings and beak and breast,
And flutter and fly away.

Turn, turn, my wheel! This earthen jar
A touch can make, a touch can mar;
And shall it to the Potter say,
What makest thou? Thou hast no hand?
As men who think to understand
A world by their Creator planned,
Who wiser is than they.

Turn, turn, my wheel! 'Tis nature's plan
The child should grow into the man,
The man grow wrinkled, old, and gray;
In youth the heart exults and sings,
The pulses leap, the feet have wings;
In age the cricket chirps, and brings
The harvest home of day.

Turn, turn, my wheel! The human race,
Of every tongue, of every place,
Caucasian, Coptic or Malay,
All that inhabit this great earth,
Whatever be their rank or worth,
Are kindred and allied by birth,
And made of the same clay.

Turn, turn, my wheel! What is begun
At daybreak must at dark be done,
To-morrow will be another day;
To-morrow the hot furnace flame
Will search the heart and try the frame,

And stamp with honor or with shame
These vessels made of clay.

Stop, stop, my wheel! Too soon, too soon
The noon will be the afternoon,
Too soon to-day be yesterday;
Behind us in our path we cast
The broken potsherds of the past,
And all are ground to dust at last,
And trodden into clay!

—Longfellow.

THE CAVE OF THE FURIES.

DELIVERED BY J. B. WORK, '82, IN THE ADELPHIC HALL,
FALL OF '78.

Athens had become the school of the nations.
Her citizens spoke with a thrill of pride of Marathon,
Leuctra and Salamis. Her Acropolis was adorned
by a hundred triumphs. Her architects, sculptors,
and painters had worn away their lives in weary toil;
but their souls continued to shine in living colors
and cold marble. The stately steep was flanked by
the schools of science, and crowned with the temples
of the gods. Here might be found a statue of every
hero, an altar to every divinity, a shrine for every
philosophy. It seemed the concentration of human
genius, a statue devoted by immortal minds, with
Athens the pedestal, and the world the base.

Low down in a dark ravine, cut out in nature's
wildest mood, was a dismal cave. An altar of rug-
ged stones, erected by some adventurous hand,
stands at the entrance. No other sign of art, noth-
ing to soften the sternness of its rocky portals. It is
the temple of the great Architect. Here is the altar
of justice; this is "The Cave of the Furies." It com-
municates with the lower world. From hence issues
the spirit of justice to haunt the guilty soul, preying
upon his peace, and filling his dreams with the dance
of demons. Slow indeed may be its vengeance, but
the trembling criminal suffers a thousand tortures in
anticipation of his doom. Sleeping or waking those
burning eyes seem to pierce his very soul. When
he walks abroad the ghostly shadow follows him, re-
lentless as death; and his excited fancy catches the
sound of phantom footsteps always tracking him.
When he mingles with the gay in the halls of revel-
ry, an unseen hand writes his doom in fiery charac-
ters in the plaster over against him. At length he

is overtaken and delivered over to Pluto and the Furies.

Is it strange that the cultured Athenian, with the blood of innocence upon his soul, shuns the cave and the altar as he would the gates of Tartarus? The philosopher, abstracted in thought, his mind struggling with the problem of existence, approaches this sacred place. An indefinable feeling as of a mysterious presence steals over him. He pauses and recognizes the place. Awe-stricken, he slowly shakes his head and moves away. In so much uncertainty, here is one dreadful reality.

Children in careless play, their hearts bounding with joy, seek a hiding-place from their companions. Suddenly they find themselves in this gloomy presence. With chilled heart, and blanched cheek, they hurry away, and remember the place as they do some hideous dream.

A slave draws near. He has been bought and sold in the world's market. Bearing his load of weary care, he longs, yet fears, the only thing that can relieve his misery—death. His eye rests upon the rude altar. He exclaims, in all the world, I have not seen nor heard of an altar to justice. Here let me die and be avenged.

Has the nineteenth century dedicated an altar to justice? Go where despairing cries, from myriads of warm hearts that love and feel, beat the cold Siberian skies. It is Russian justice to those of her citizens who dare to speak for liberty. Go where helpless shrieks ascend to just heaven amid the roaring flames of the Suttee, and the wail of murdered innocence mingles with the mournful song of the Ganges. It is England's boasted work of regeneration. In old Europe herself, the clash of contending armies has scarce died away along the valleys of the Danube. Although the widows and orphans of Sedona and Sedan had not laid aside their garments of weeping and despair," the Russian engages the Turk for territorial aggrandizement, letting loose the bloodhounds of passion upon a land, "fair as the garden of the Lord," while England, with avaricious hand, snatches away the hard-earned prey from the battle-worn rival.

We turn to our own land. We count the cost of her liberties. We ponder the principles to which she is dedicated. Here where busy cities dot the shores; where smiling valleys proclaim peace and plenty; where autumn sun and springtime rains, "kiss the prairies into flowers for the poor man's child;" surely here will be found the seat of justice.

There is a people, their origin clad in mystic shades, their history written in blood, and blackened with

the most revolting injustice that ever cursed a race, the future clouded with impending ruin. The Indian has left us a legacy of names, sublime, immortal. He leaves a mythology, rich with the RIMES of the forest, and brightened by the heroic deeds of those whom the "Great Spirit" loved. But his proud spirit has been broken, his possessions seized, his treaties violated. He has ever been the prey of those who, in their blind lust and insatiate greed, sell their souls for gain. They fade away, nor leave one token of the fiendish injustice that wrought their ruin. The spirit of justice shall avenge their woes.

The leader of a rebel hoard, in defiance of conscience and truth plunged his country into a civil war that cost the blood of patriots, and opened the fountain of a nation's tears. Instead of expiating his crime amid the execrations of an indignant world, he lives to incite his deluded followers, by treasonable utterances, to another revolt. But what shall we say of law-makers and judges bought and sold; of the poor man's right despised, of the needy's complaints spurned.

"Oh why has man the will or power,
To make his fellow mourn."

Notwithstanding the perversions of justice, of which examples are not wanting, a hidden power has been at work and an altar of unseen adamant is erected to *Eumenides*—the well-minded.

Slavery for years remained a seething chasm of fiery passion, threatening to burst forth at any moment, and cover our political heavens with a pall blacker than midnight. But tardy justice has been done, and the stain forever wiped from our escutcheon. Labor-unions, united by a code that respects neither reason nor justice, thinking to kill and burn at will, have found themselves in the strong grasp of the law, and have paid the penalty of their crimes.

A sturdy spirit of justice breathes in the sentiment of the American people. Though the criminal may for a time escape the reward of his deeds, the sleuth-hounds of The Furies pursue him with unrelenting vengeance, haunted by a guilty conscience, death is sweet compared with such a life.

We hail the day when the right shall prevail, and the more glorious time when the sword of justice shall be forever sheathed.

—Professor (to student who writes, not for the masses, but for the educated few): "You should write so that the most ignorant of your audience can understand all you say." Student (puzzled): "What part of my production is not clear to you, sir?"

THE GRADING SYSTEM.

The aim of the HOLCAD is avowedly to instruct and elevate, as well as to give news. Unless its influence has the effect of making the tone of the College healthier, of elevating its morals, its mission is unfulfilled, and it had better be suspended. Its editors wish to take the side of right according to the moral law, entirely regardless of tradition, custom, party and popularity. There is nothing in college life more striking than the force of tradition. A certain routine is established, and it seems impossible to make a change. A custom is handed down from class to class, and becomes as binding as the force of gravitation. It is not that opinions do not change, for within this iron groove there is some freedom of motion. But there seems to be in a college atmosphere a peculiar conservative force that says, "It always has been done, therefore, it must be done." The HOLCAD would take its stand simply for the right and against the wrong; for the old when the old is good; against the old when it is no longer good. It would keep in view the ideal college, though it may never be able to become the perfect ideal.

All this anent the system of college honors. It has been a question with many, Professors and students, whether the system is a good one. Sometimes it seems the best thing to have. But can we not think ourselves into a mental pride and honor that will render grades unnecessary? We believe the Faculty would gladly see the system abolished, provided the desired results could be obtained without it. Can they not be?

Is that a good thing that excites an ambition to excel others; that fosters selfishness to such a degree that the failure of others gives pleasure; that turns the student away from the true aim of study, and makes personal aggrandizement his highest good? Students enter college to prepare themselves for some work in life, usually for a profession. They have no definite plan for preparing themselves, but expect to be able at the end of the year to begin that higher work. They are not very selfish, not very generous, not very firmly rooted in either good or bad. The course is placed before them, and they study, much or little. At the end of the term they are graded. They compare their standing with that of others. They are above them, perhaps. What mental process follows? "I am ahead. The boys know it, and the folks at home know it. I must keep my standing. Perhaps I can make it better." The next term, stimulated by the grade, the student learns more of the books. But is he a better man?

Perhaps he is marked low. The study becomes a hateful thing, for it brings him discredit in the eyes of others. This continues through the course. Grades seem to be the desirable thing. The aim becomes a low one. If he had high aims before, they disappear, for no one seems to recognize them.

Enter the mind of the student during recitation. What is uppermost there? Is he anxious to find out about the subject in hand? Does he become so much interested as to ask questions freely as new thoughts suggest themselves? Students have been known to keep back such questions, simply because the teacher might think they didn't know as much as they ought to know, and would mark them down. Does he investigate beyond the text-book? He will get no credit for it in the grade-book. He dare not *lose himself* in the lesson. He is tied. The teacher, with the necessity laid upon him of confining himself to the lesson, in order that he may grade properly, is tied, too. How can he ask of the student what he has not studied? How can he expect the student to work for that which will not be credited to him? Rarely is a student so conscientious in learning, that he loses sight of his grades. What does the recitation or the examination become? A test of the ability of the student to repeat the opinions of others. Independent investigation is unrecognized; enthusiasm quenched; and love of knowledge dies.

When a man works for honors and gets them, where does he stand? What has he? A certain amount of knowledge—more, perhaps, than he would otherwise have had—, the praise of friends, the envy of competitors, a confirmed tendency to place himself first, and push others back, and the loss of a motive for future action. For at least four years he has, perhaps unconsciously, rejoiced at his own advancement and the failure of others. If he continues to look upon life as a struggle for the first place, his selfishness and ambition continue to grow, and nobler qualities to shrink in proportion. Can he change in a moment his whole habit of thought and work? After years of struggle for self, can he all at once become generous? After years of study for grades, can he study for the sake of knowledge? Is not his principal motive wanting? Is he the *man* he ought to be? If this affected only the one man who reaches the first honor, it would not be so serious. But it influences all students to some degree.

Plans have been suggested to take the place of the grade system, but none seem to have been evolved that do away with the evils, and stimulate

the lazy students. But if evils must be, why not choose the less? Some colleges have tried fixing a certain grade which gives equal honor to all who reach it. The selfishness is thereby removed, but not the temptation to dishonesty. We have been told that Yale has three grades only, the best students ranking in the first, the next best in the second, and the poorest in the third. There is room here for the exercise of generosity. But is it fair? Suppose the lines are drawn at 80 per cent. and 90. Then 89 and 90 stand as far apart in public estimation as 80 and 100.

The chief mischief is not remedied by either plan: the motive for study is not yet the right one. The student does not study that he may learn how to study in the future. He does not study to know the truth.

Suppose the teacher free from the task of grading, with only his subject before him. If he is a teacher at all, he can infuse enthusiasm into students who have only the subject before *them*. They become interested, they forget themselves, they pursue the theme outside of the text-book, and investigate for themselves. More knowledge is gained than before, and, what is better, a love for its pursuit. Original research is placed above parrot repetitions and ability to "get up" examination papers. It may seem to some college men like loosening the foundations of the earth to abolish anything so *old*, but if it would secure better results, why not do it? Are we ready for it? Perhaps not now. But can we not get ready? What do you think? What do the Professors think? Let us have a free expression of opinion.

MARKING BOOKS.

The true book lover is not always best adapted to getting from books the best service. His very fondness for his library often makes him treat it with a certain deference and consideration that interferes with its usefulness; while some rough book-tyrant, who rides rough-shod over his volumes, will wring from them an amount of support and help of which the biographer has neither experience nor conception. The man, for instance, who really respects his books, treating his books as friends, if not superiors, would regard as nothing less than sacrilege the means by which some tough-skinned readers help themselves to the end they desire. It would be as impossible for him to dog-ear the leaves, pencil the margins, break the backs, or to make a scrap-book of the blank pages, as to "peep and botanize on his mother's grave." He could no more deflower with

foul marks the fair white pages of the volume whose guest he became, as it were, by being allowed to peruse it, than he could bring dishonor upon the house of his human entertainer, whose salt he had eaten and whose wine he had drunk. The reader who scores the pages which attract his attention is to him a Goth, a Vandal, or whatever other barbarian may be even worse than these redoubtable destroyers. He sees with a shudder such a one take up a volume, and has for every book in the destroyer's library the same profound pity which the captive man and brother excited in the sensitive soul of the ardent abolitionist.

Without examining the matter from so extreme a standpoint, we still seem to find good and sufficient reasons why the practice of marking books is a needless and senseless one. Allowing that the book was made for use, and that the student must consider himself before he does his books, it may still be granted that, other things being equal, a method of use which defaces the book is not so desirable as one which does not; and for a dozen obvious reasons, if one wishes to make us able references to the books he reads, nothing is so practical, so tidy and so simple as slips arranged like a card index. The student is very little better off for having pencil marks against passages which have pleased him at first reading; he has simply indulged a childish desire to express his gratification, and might just as well clap his hand or stamp his foot as to dab a black scratch down the clean margin of the page before him. Of the hundred people who mark books, it is safe to say that ninety-five per cent. have no purpose in the custom beyond such an outbreak of pleasure or dislike. We are not speaking now of the sentimental young ladies, whose underscorings are so much in the nature of a personal revelation that the novels they read are better fitted to be burned as private diaries than for after circulation, but of really thoughtful and studious men; and of the five per cent., we have excluded, at least half never achieved any practical results from their annotations. They have a vague attention of some time referring to a choice passage, but that is the end of it, especially as it is difficult to see how a pencil mark in some shut book standing among a shelf full of others would help him to find it if he remembers it when the occasion of use presents itself.

There is another point. The use of the crutch produces lameness. The man who treats his books rightly will be rewarded by the growth of a sixth sense in handling them. They will come half way to meet his inquiring intelligence. "Genuine book-

men," to quote John Hill Barton, "like printers, have a sort of instinct, sharpened by training and practice, the power and acuteness of which astonishes the unlearned;" they read with their fingers getting more from simply turning over the pages of a tomb than the ordinary reader could gain by the most laborious study. The wise student will not allow himself to depend upon his pencil, but will cultivate this scholarly instinct; what is worth finding in a volume he will discover by its means, without extraneous aid.—*Pennsylvania Teacher*.

THE LIKENESS OF CHRIST.

BY THE REV. WILLIAM WYE SMITH.

"Show me," says the worldling, "a man who exhibits in his character and conduct a perfect likeness of Jesus Christ, and then I'll believe that there is something else than hypocrisy among professors." My dear friend, you are too exacting. Your own sons do not show all your characteristics; though each of them shows something of the father. All the world, and a great deal more, would not equal God; and it takes all the world, and a great deal more, to image Christ. Yet every Christian (if he is a Christian,) shows *some* feature of his Lord!

We look at some masterpiece of ancient sculpture, and we say, "There is the perfection of the human figure!" But the statue is not a likeness of any one man who ever lived. We may imagine Phidias or Praxiteles, loitering around the Olympian or Isthmian game, taking observations. There the poise of a head would attract him, and draw forth his ready pencil to trace it on some little tablet. There the outline of a bust; there a leg, here a hand; elsewhere, and in detail, the various features of the face; one having the perfection of form in one, another in another. Till at last, by combining all these in one ideal form, he produces what we all recognize as a perfect imitation of a perfect human figure. So in the likeness of Christ among men. You can't find it, or anything nearly approaching it, in any one man, or any one circle of men. But pick out the likeness of Christ, among Christians, feature by feature, and there is more of likeness of the great Master than we imagined!

The sister of a little boy had died. It was before the age of photographs, and no likeness remained of the dear lost one, but in the fond memories of her friends. The little brother was inconsolable. "Couldn't somebody paint a picture of sister?" The parents reasoned, "But you have no little picture, or

anything to show the painter. How could he tell what your sister looked like?" "I could tell him," said the boy. At last, to gratify and console the boy he was sent to Boston on a visit to friends, and authorized to make the attempt to find a painter who could produce the likeness of a girl he had never seen, and of whom no likeness remained. He went to one painter, and then to another. But they shook their heads. At last one, younger perhaps, and more enthusiastic, said to the boy, "Come with me where we will see many pictures of people, and point out one that looks like your sister." They went to a gallery of portraits. "That is like her eyes," he said, pointing to one. "Her hair was just like that," he again exclaimed. "Her mouth was like that." "That is her forehead;" and thus, feature after feature, he pointed out the likeness of his dead sister. And the painter by combining all these in one, made a portrait that all her friends said was a perfect image of the loved and lost.

Are we hypocrites, because, perhaps, we each can show but some one feature of our blessed Lord?

A COLLIER BOY'S NIGHT OF PERIL.

A strange story of an escape was recently told us. A collier lad, going across a heath returned from his "turn" one evening, suddenly slipped into a hole, but by some means managed to grasp the edge, and so held on by his fingers to this treacherous but only safeguard. The evening passed into the dusk, star after star came out, but no moon; hour after hour dragged on, and still the hapless miner gripped the edges of the shaft over which he hung with the tenacity of despair. At last dawn broke slowly, then gray light stole over the heath, breaking through the morning's mist, when he saw a party of his mates passing at a distance. He called loudly for help. Guided by the voice they came. Still more nervously did he cling—in a few moments he might be safe. Then, as two strong arms grasp each of his wrists firmly, he ventures to look down the dreaded depths. One glance is enough; that one look tells him that his feet are within four inches of the bottom. It is to be feared that in his prison the collier lad was not as thankful to Providence as he should have been.—*Leeds (Eng.) Mercury*.

—Professor, to class in surgery: "The right leg of the patient, as you see, is shorter than the left, in consequence of which he limps. Now, what would you do in a case of this kind? Bright student: "Limp too."

THE HOLCAD.

PUBLISHED SEMI-MONTHLY DURING THE COLLEGE YEAR BY THE
STUDENTS OF WESTMINSTER COLLEGE

NEW WILMINGTON, PA., NOV. 15, 1884.

TERMS: \$1.50 PER YEAR. SINGLE COPY, 10 CENTS.

Entered at the postoffice at New Wilmington, Pa., as second-class
mail matter.

EDITORS.

W. HAYES MOORE,	- - -	EDITOR IN-CHIEF.
I. N. MOORE,	- - -	ASSISTANT.
ROB L. HAY,	} - -	LITERARY DEPARTMENT.
H. G. GOLDEN,		
SADIE M. McELREE,		
R. J. LOVE,	} - -	LOCAL AND COLLEGE DEPARTMENT.
J. P. VANCE,		
J. L. SNYDER,	- - -	EXCHANGES.
RALPH P. ALLEN,	- - -	BUSINESS MANAGER.

Information solicited respecting the Alumni and those
who have been in any way connected with the College.

Address all communications to

THE HOLCAD, New Wilmington, Pa.

WE notice, in a Wheeling paper which fell into our hands, a very able opinion on the subject of that city's floating debt. This is of especial interest when we take into account that it was prepared by an alumnus of this college, Mr. William Erskine, of the class of '68. Mr. Erskine after his graduation studied law and located in Wheeling, W. Va. He now holds the office of City Solicitor in virtue of which office he was called upon by the city council for the opinion above referred to.

IT cannot be disputed that the press exerts a great influence on the affairs of the world. In the field of politics is this influence especially felt and in no country is this effect so easily exerted or so noticeable as in our own. Every newspaper has its adherents who will credit all the assertions found in its columns and who are ready to fight, if need be, for its reliability. Hence, almost any theory, however absurd, may find a following and in a popular government like ours may exert a dangerous influence on the affairs of the nation. We do not argue from this that the power of the people to use their influence in controlling national affairs should be curtailed but that newspapers

should be more careful with regard to what sentiments find utterance through their columns. In the present state of suspense into which our people have been thrown by the closeness of the late Presidential contest, especial care should be used to guard against any needless increase of the present high state of excitement. But is this care taken? Hardly a political paper can be scanned without seeing in glaring headlines the cry of fraud and threats of deciding by force what should be decided by ballots of the American citizens. Such cries and threats are not only unnecessary but even dangerous. The tendency is to bring the people up to so high a pitch of excitement that in whatever way it may be decided it will fail of giving satisfaction to all.

In this condition of dissatisfaction but little provocation would be required to kindle the torch of civil war. Of course, among the better class of people such a result is not so imminent but there are always some hot-headed persons in all sections who act first and think afterwards, and especially about our cities there is an element very easily incited to acts of violence. We may be thought unduly fearful and some one may quote the proverb "Do not meet trouble half way." When we consider the mobility of the masses, especially of the ignorant and impetuous who congregate in our large cities and even in our smaller towns, we do not feel that such a result is entirely beyond the range of possibilities. Recall for a moment the Pittsburgh Riot of 1877 or the more recent riot in Cincinnati, and note how utterly uncontrollable such a mob becomes when once excited and how easily excitement may overcome the more sober dictates of reason.

If these views are correct, and that they are we think no one will dispute, surely the current newspapers should be more careful of the public safety and it becomes the loyal citizens of this nation to discountenance all such dangerous tendencies in the papers of to-day.

We believe, however, that there are enough sober, loyal people in this country to place such a result beyond the range of probabilities.

AMONG the many things which deserve every student's careful consideration, none is of more importance than that of a regular, systematic order of work. It can be safely asserted that there is no vocation in life in which punctuality in the performance of every day's duties, according to a fixed plan, does not bring most satisfactory results. Wherever

we find the successful business man, or the successful professional man, we cannot fail to see that he has certain principles with a reference to which he makes all his arrangements and from which he seldom departs. Experience has proved that working by method, punctually and regularly, is one of the very first elements of success and the various examples of men whose lives have been comparatively short, but who have accomplished vastly more than many others whose opportunities were greater and days longer, only further substantiate the fact. To insure success in college work, to derive the greatest possible advantages from college associations and to improve, as they should be, the opportunities for study, reading and obtaining general information and thus fill up the years with far more than the curriculum provides, it is surely best to adopt some fixed plan and to adhere closely to it; indeed, it will be almost, if not wholly, impossible to accomplish these things without it. The longer one is a student, the stronger the conviction grows that he should have a time for everything—a time for study, a time for reading, a time for exercise, and a time for whatever other work he may have—and that he should endeavor, as far as he can, to keep faithfully the rules he may have made. This seems to be the surest and the pleasantest way of making work truly beneficial. And just here it may be pertinent to ask what makes the successful student. It is certainly not he whose whole time is occupied in the daily routine of study and recitation, whose great aim is to fill his mind with facts simply to disgorge at the proper time, and whose only satisfaction is that he secures a high grade and a good standing. Among the first things to be learned upon entering college is that the course of study does not embrace all that is to be known, and that if the student gives his whole attention to this alone he cannot but be disappointed in the end. We do not wish, however, to create the impression that, in our opinion, regular studies should be disregarded or neglected and the student's time given to the acquirement of knowledge by reading, or in any other way which the institution may offer in addition to the prescribed course. We wish by no means to convey such an idea, but simply to emphasize the fact that it is possible and highly profitable for every one to have a regular time for every duty, and to regularly utilize that time for the work he has arranged to do. By following such a plan his study hours are pleasant and the several branches by no means dull as he invariably finds them who spends three times as long as he should in their preparation, and gets from them

one-third as much useful information. He who works according to a well-arranged system hails with delight his hours for reading, and with equal pleasure his hours for exercise or leisure, and he who can, thus, by punctuality and real industry perform with credit the duties required and yet have time to devote to other work, such as has been referred to, which is not only profitable but necessary to the finished scholar, is surely the successful student. The characteristics of the man are seldom more than a fuller development of the characteristics of the youth; and, hence, it is all-important that early habits be carefully guarded and regular. His whole future depends upon himself. No great result is ever achieved by accident and there is "no good time coming" which we are justified in hoping for but that which we must secure for ourselves.

IT is time now for the students to begin to cram their minds full of facts relating to the history of our country and of grammatical rules, exceptions and examples. Soon the first part of Smith's New Testament History will be closely scanned by the anxious student, not for important biblical truths but for unusual and perplexing words, words of difficult orthography and more difficult of remembrance. But why, all this industry? The usual accompaniment of the Thanksgiving Proclamation has gone forth that all the students shall present themselves, on the day preceding that set apart for national thanksgiving, for examination in Grammar, U. S. History and Spelling. From this duty a few only, who by special diligence in years gone by succeeded in reaching a certain standard, are exempt.

The object of these examinations is to give the students a good English education and to give them a thorough review during the latter part of the college course. This object is certainly good, for, while the mind during the latter part of the course is engaged with more abstruse subjects, the knowledge of the common English branches should not be entirely neglected. But is this result reached? Does the drill which the students get in preparation for these examinations result in any permanent good? Under the present method of conducting these a certain part of each subject is designated as a "limit" outside of which he is not required to answer any questions but within which he is expected to answer any question however unpractical. The result of this is that in very many cases no preparation is made until the very eve of examination and then the mind is crammed full of facts which it is thought may be

called for by the examiner but which are forgotten almost as soon as the paper is folded and handed to the professor in charge. The student is not entirely to blame for he feels that he may be called upon to give facts which are of no interest to him and of no practical benefit. It is natural that when a certain number of questions are to be taken from a part of a subject they must involve more of the details than if taken from the whole subject? Does an examination on the details of a subject indicate a student's knowledge of that subject. Certainly not. It merely indicates that he has been able to retain these facts in his memory. It may be said that no one should destroy an existing structure unless he can build a better, that we should not criticise one method without suggesting another. Allow us to suggest that the student's knowledge could be better tested by an examination covering the whole subject but not going so much into detail. Our County Superintendents aim by their annual examinations to discover who have sufficient knowledge of the branches taught in our common schools to impart instruction to those in attendance. Why would not the same method work equally as well here? Give them a searching examination at regular intervals on the general outlines of each of the common branches and in case of failure to reach a fixed standard require a second examination after a thorough review of the subject.

THE PRACTICAL SIDES OF LIFE.

BY J. ALEX. VAN ORSDEL, '85.

The desire and pursuit of happiness are the fundamental principles of human existence. The intellectual giant and the illiterate debauchee seek the same destination.

In the great procession of life, as the countless millions of humanity constantly approach, move by, and disappear, we are confused with their variety of conditions. But where is true happiness to be found? With vision merely as the arbiter, we are deluded by the dazzling splendor and gorgeous adornment of yonder ranks. There are marshalled the millionaires, the intellectual lights, and the crowned heads of the world. Our admiration leads us captive. We imagine that there lies the secret of true happiness. How different you marshalled columns, where eternal poverty, misery, disease, and the vilest forms of depravity are displayed. With abhorrence we turn from the awful sight, as if wealth, honor, and display, were the essentials of happiness. True happiness consists in none of

these. Her shrines are at the feet of the angel of peace. She knows no caste. The millionaire and the pauper, the educated and the illiterate, the monarch and the subject, march onward arm in arm toward the goal of eternal peace. Every phase of life presents the same yearning plea. The vilest wretch, as he rises from the slough of despond, is awakened to a sensuous consciousness of his depraved condition. His hopes and desires are the same as those of the practical man, who moves in a higher sphere. What a contrast! The one, risking his chances for eternity, by sacrificing all for the gratification of sense; and the other preparing for a higher life, by adopting the nobler principles of manhood. The one a slave to, the other free from, those habits that degrade the character, and so disastrously wreck the physical being.

By temperance the largest amount of gratification can be obtained. It insures health, without which it is impossible for one to gain the full development of his powers. No greater element is necessary for success than physical perfection. The slave of appetite is the living monument of both mental and physical weakness. The work savors of the workman. If the writer sickens, his sentences become uninteresting; and every expression is tainted with his own mental inability. At the judgment bar of nature we must appear to answer for every offense committed against the laws of health. Intemperance is the most abominable curse that dominates the world. That staggering inebriate, the image of depravity, tells the awfulness of slavery to strong drink. The poor dyspeptic suffers for the gratification of his appetite. The consumptive is slowly breathing away the last symptoms of vitality as the penalty for violating the laws of health. Whoever yields to temptation debases himself with the calamity of calamities; and he who subjects himself to habit, sips the bitterest dreg in the cup of bitterness.

Habit sings the whole moral being. It drags into voluntary slavery the most independent creature in the universe of God. We admire the grandeur of that character which holds the culture of the soul in absolute supremacy over the pleasures of sense; and we esteem the sublime characteristics of that man who, like Franklin, that consummate master of the great art of living, is willing to feed his body on a roll of bread that divine philosophy may regale his soul.

He who by truth and honesty benefits most his fellow-man, is the master of masters; he has learned the art of arts, the problem of human life. Embel-

lish that earthly tabernacle as you will, adorn that mortal structure with a mantle of Syrian splendor, and it is fit only for the habitation of truth. Truth and honor, the highest characteristics of true manhood, reveal the living principles of a practical life.

Man, the being of spiritual attributes, dwells in a sphere far above that of any other work of creation. Into his hands the mastery of the world has been intrusted. On his very nature is stamped the imprint of immortality. His mind, broad in its research, vast in its deductions, penetrates far into the great machinery of creation. He studies the works of the Divine hand, and contemplates his own true sphere of action. The beauties and resources of nature are made his birth-right. He moves like a skilled master through her vast laboratory. The mountains and the vales, the skirted landscape and the golden sunset, are but finger-boards directing him to a grander and more glorious future. The very elements are subjected to his will. His inventions are almost miraculous. His intellectual vision penetrates far into immeasurable space and grasps the immensity of other worlds. To him the great clockwork of infinity unfolds the workmanship of the master builder. The vast constellations revolving in perfect harmony, are in the words of Addison,—

"Forever singing as they shine,
The hand that made us is Divine."

Nature is a Spectre Queen, alluring the soul of man towards something grander and holier than this world can produce. The desires of the soul cannot be gratified on this sin-cursed planet, but must reach higher, forsake this mortal structure and become one with the great infinite.

The spiritual elements of man are developed and enlightened most by education. The better educated a man is, the more he desires to acquire. There is no such a thing as moving backwards. The boy who carved his name highest on the Natural Bridge found it impossible to retrace his steps. The only door of safety was to climb to the top. So in human life it is either climbing or falling, there is no going down. He who moves forward with a pure purpose will ultimately reach heaven, the summit of the aspirations of time.

Human improvement is due largely to the ideas and influences of youth. Says Whipple, "If we scrutinize the character of human progress, we shall find that the forces which propel society in the direction of improvement, are the forces and ideas of youth." It is the impulses of youth that move the world. It is the bracing influence which the recollections of early years forces upon the young mind,

that inspires it to vigorous, noble, and continued action. The boy Watt standing for hours over the boiling tea-kettle studying the power of steam gave to the world one of the greatest inventions of man.

The first lesson of life is one of suffering. We go to see a friend depart on a long journey, we give him our last benedictions of love and affection. We follow him with communications of encouragement, till he has passed beyond our reach. Not so in human life, no corps of angels guards the youth in his course. Silently he enters the unseen land. The gate admits him to a world of suffering and tears. He girds about him his armor and enters the conflict where principle must be the conqueror, if victory crowns the effort.

OTHER COLLEGES.

—The average salaries of college professors in the U. S., is \$1,530.

—There are 104 college graduates in the present House of Representatives.

—Harvard has 283 Freshmen this year; Cornell, 209; Yale, 125; Amherst, 104.

—The balance in the Treasury of the Harvard Base Ball Association is \$1,054.

—Sixty thousand dollars have been given to endow a chair in the new art department at Princeton.

—Of the 320 colleges and universities in the U. S., but 24 have more than 200 students, and only 17 have more than 20 teachers.

—Harvard has at present 167 teachers, 1520 students. The library contains 200,000 volumes, which are handled by 25 librarians.

—The attendance at Ann Arbor last year was 1554; at Columbia, 1520; at Harvard, 1523; at Oberlin, 1474; at Yale, 1070; at University of Pennsylvania, 1044.

—A class of twenty-four Sophomores are doing voluntary work in Greek literature in Cornell University. A class of fifteen Juniors are doing involuntary work in the same in Westminster College.

—Of eight of the principal colleges, Pennsylvania University is the only one advocating protection. Williams, York, Harvard and Amherst are free-traders, while Columbia and Princeton are on the fence.—*Ariel*.

—"The Cornell Freshmen embrace twenty girls this year."

COLLEGE AND LOCAL.

—The fish-horn is abroad in the land.

—We need the money for your subscription.

—“Oh, that horrid essay” say the Freshman scientists.

—Some body undertook to paint the Prohibitionists red on Friday night.

—Several barrels of apples are stored away in the dormitory, awaiting the ladies.

—The Banner Class—every member of the class of '54, is a subscriber for the HOLCAD.

—Of the nine HOLCAD editors, one is a Democrat, two are Prohibitionists and six Republicans.

—The Lecture Committee distributed announcements for the course at the Junior Orations Monday evening.

—The society young man is now considering whether his prospects will warrant his buying two lecture tickets.

—Prof. Graham tells of an Amherst student who defined a semi-oviparous animal as one that laid half an egg at a time.

—Our friends will please remember that we cannot publish jokes or other articles unless accompanied by name of author.

—The adherents of either political party here would gladly pay the fare of their opponents up Salt River to make sure of getting them there.

—The college Y. M. C. A. is now holding daily prayer-meetings which are well attended. Much interest is being manifested in the work.

—Political uncertainty could not restrain the seething patriotism of the small boy, which found vent in the cremation of St. John on Saturday evening.

—B. G. Northorp, LL. D. formerly secretary of the board of public instruction in Connecticut, lectured in the chapel on Friday evening on “Village Improvements.”

Lost.—A black rubber hair-pin about six inches in length and of great value to the owner. The finder will receive a liberal reward on returning it to the HOLCAD office.

—The music for the Junior performances last Monday evening was furnished by Kirk's orchestra of New Castle, and was of the very highest order.

Mr. Kirk's reputation as a corneter and violinist is widely known, and the Junior class is to be congratulated on its success in securing the services of so fine a musician.

—Prof. Graham assigning seats to a class:

“Miss A. you will please take Mr. B's seat.” Now, as Mr. B. still occupies his own seat, the scene is rather embarrassing.

—The boys are beginning to frequent the gymnasium once more. The ladies of Fort Alexander have introduced the new style of gymnastics, of wheeling one another in wheel-barrows.

—The seniors are launched on the depths of protection and free-trade. If the class had reached this subject before the election, Blaine's majority in Pennsylvania would have been smaller.

—The boys who sold books and maps in New York a year ago last summer, think that if they had remained there and canvassed the State for Blaine, there would be no need for an official count.

—There was a practical illustration of the law that “two bodies cannot occupy the same space at the same time” in Prof. Graham's recitation room last week while the Seniors were being adjusted to position.

—Will Shields thinks that the Hebrew students have greater advantages than any others in the college. For, says he: “Reading Hebrew must give the tongue a rest, as they appear to use the other end of the tongue.”

—Free Bible lectures, without even a collection, in Lininger's Hall on last Sabbath, next Sabbath and the Sabbath after. The world and all that pertains thereto, is at an end and the Millenium with all its glories will arrive in 1914.

—Our lecture course for the coming season will be opened by Col. Russell H. Conwell, of Philadelphia. He will deliver two lectures, one on Wednesday evening, Nov. 19, subject, “Guides;” the other on Friday evening, Nov. 21, subject, “Out of the Desert.” Season tickets for sale by W. R. Mehard at the Postoffice.

—The different classes sent petitions to the faculty on Monday the 3rd, asking that Wednesday be given them as a holiday in which to rejoice or mourn according to the event of the election and their respective political beliefs. The faculty considering the probability of poor lessons on account of the absorbing interest in politics, concluded to grant the request. A wise resolution, but considering the les-

sons on Thursday and Friday, it would have been well to have those days also as holidays.

—One hundred and forty-eight votes were cast in this borough on Nov. 4th. For President the vote stood as follows: Blaine, 101; Cleveland, 15; St. John 29; and Butler, 3. For Judge the vote was: Hazen, 100; Greer, 82; McMichael, 57; Bredin, 21; McJunkin, 2; Professor Mitchell received 43 votes for State Senator, running 50 per cent. ahead of his ticket.

—The following words were mispronounced in the exercises of Monday evening, Nov. 3:

Water, new, thought, mirrors, won, usurpation, confines (noun), persist, sacrifice, path, France, washed. The word bursted was used. In the orations and essays of Monday evening, Nov. 10: Brought, thought, sumach, literature, progress, carried, food.

—The latest thing in pumpkin pie is made from a recipe found in Black & Hay's cook book for Oct., 1884. These pies have many striking qualities. They are a good thing for boarding clubs who wish to practice economy in living. One pie will last a whole family many days and keep them in a good humor all the while. For specimen copies of book, call on Huey and Adair, Sr.

—The following are the names of the Junior performers and their subjects for the last two evenings. November 3rd—S. M. Croen, "A Peculiar People." Maggie Campbell, "Gather out the Stones." Jennie E. Duffield, "Blossoms by the Wayside." C. P. Harrah, "Yorktown and Gettysburg." November 10th—R. L. Hay, "Ages and their Questions."

Annie Elliot, "Human Life."

Carrie Hay, "Thoreau at Walden."

G. A. Hover, "Agriculture."

PERSONALS.

—Rev. H. S. Boyd, '75, was in town last week.

—Rev. H. S. Boyd, '75, visited the College last Monday.

—Rev. J. W. Best, '75, is visiting his father, Mr. T. W. Best.

—Prof. J. B. McClelland, '78, is attending the R. P. Seminary.

—Messrs. Byers and Hay, of the Junior, and W. A. Dunn, of the Sophomore class, will begin their duties as teachers in the public schools of Pulaski town-

ship, on Monday, the 17th. Mr. Hay will teach in the far-famed No. 5 district.

—S. H. Dodds, of Brookville, Pa., entered college last week.

—'Squire Sampson is slowly recovering from his sickness.

—Joe Warden is becoming quite proficient with his new bicycle.

—Hutchinson wants the boardwalk leading to the South side fixed.

—Miss Emma Alexander, '78, is teaching in Mahoning County, O.

—The College library is receiving an addition of about \$350 worth of new books.

—Miss Belle G. Campbell has accepted a position in the Greenville Union School.

—Prof. Wallace left this evening for Wooster, Ohio. He will return on Monday.

—Messrs. Allen, '82, Wick, '82, and Harshaw, '83, were allowed to vote in New York city.

—Rev. John McNaugher, '80, has received a call from the congregation of New Kingston.

—Rev. J. A. Shannon has accepted a call from the U. P. congregation of Richland, Kansas.

—G. W. Hood, Esq., '70, has been elected State Senator for the Indiana-Jefferson district.

—Prof. Wallace has been chosen Assistant Superintendent of the 2nd U. P. Sabbath School.

—Prof. Thompson was absent from his class-room two days attending the Teacher's Institute.

—S. A. Aiken, who was home attending the funeral of his brother, visited town on the 5th.

—C. H. Wilson, '84, favored us with a copy of the *Brunonian*, the paper of Brown University.

—Fritz Patterson now marks the worm for rail fence with a new bicycle which just fits him.

—Mr. Thos. Ashmore has sold his residence on Water street. Mr. R. W. Morris is the purchaser.

—G. W. Douthett, of the Freshman class, went home to vote and remained for a week's vacation.

—Prof. Austin has accepted the professorship of music to which he was elected at the last meeting of the board.

—John McMichael, of the class of '57, and a member the Board, has been elected Judge of the Law-

rence and Butler county District, receiving the highest vote among five candidates.

—W. R. Harshaw, '83, is the writer of an excellent article in the *Midland* of Nov. 6th entitled: "Advice to Parents."

—Rev. and Mrs. J. L. Robertson, of Cooperstown, visited their children who are here at school, on November 5th.

—Married—On Thursday, Nov. 6th, at Xenia, O., by Dr. J. G. Carson, N. L. Heidger, '84, and Miss E. E. Rhodes.

—R. T. Campbell, '86, has been elected Secretary of the second U. P. church, J. Alex. Van Orsdel having resigned.

—Prof. Graham delivered a lecture on "Every-day Chemistry," before the Lawrence Co. Teacher's Institute last week.

—S. S. Mehard, '69, was elected Judge of Mercer County by a majority of 200, running 1200 votes ahead of his ticket.

—Rev. W. M. Milroy, late Professor of Greek in this college, is taking a post-graduate course in Union Seminary, New York.

—Allen, Rankin and McFarland, '82, and Robinson, '83, were present at the late Inter-Seminary Alliance at Princeton.

—Rev. J. W. Witherspoon and Mr. Jos. McNaugher, were in town last week looking after the interests of the College.

—C. S. Park formerly of the class of '85, is bookkeeper for the firm of Anderson, Porter & Boyd, steel manufacturers, Allegheny.

—R. A. Hutchinson, who was a member of the third prep. class here last year, is assistant Business Manager of the Monmouth Collegian.

—R. E. Stewart, 1st Lieut. of the Blaine and Logan marching club, is ready to lead his command to New York to see that Blaine gets fair play.

—Prof. Robertson, who is well known here, and is now attending Xenia Seminary, has been training the students there in elocution and oratory.

—The Misses Bertie Short, of Oakdale, and Ella Heckert, of Pittsburgh, who have been visiting their uncle, Mr. John Hay, returned home last week.

—Prof. J. A. Cooper, Principal of the Edinboro State Normal School, visited our college last Friday. The only time that he was ever here before was in 1863 when Prof. Thompson graduated. Prof. Cooper

has held the position he now occupies for twenty-three years and has succeeded in making his school the best of its kind in the State.

—The friends of the Rev. R. N. Hammond, '74, will be glad to hear that his health has been restored. He has been lately admitted to the New York Presbytery.

—John Shaw, '85, went home to vote and has not yet returned. If John was not a Prohibitionist, we might suspect that his enthusiasm had overcome his prudence.

—Cards are out for the wedding of J. Norman Martin, '81, to Miss Jennie Andrews, daughter of Rev. and Mrs. J. K. Andrews, of Bedford, Pa., on Thursday morning, Nov. 20th.

—Harry McKean, '82, visited his home here last week. Harry took an active part in the late campaign and had the satisfaction of seeing his law-partner, A. L. Hazen, elected Judge.

—We had the pleasure recently of meeting an old friend, Prof. S. R. Thompson, formerly of Lincoln, Nebraska, but now of New Wilmington, Pa., where he has taken up his residence as one of the new members of the faculty of Westminster College, his position being that of Prof. of Physics. A native Pennsylvanian and an alumnus of Westminster, he returns to his "native heath" with the broad and mature experience of one of the leading educators of the great West. We are happy to promise our readers an early opportunity of meeting Prof. Thompson in the columns of the *Teacher*. With his experience as a Pennsylvania County Superintendent, a Nebraska Normal School Principal and State Superintendent he is undoubtedly well qualified to speak on the subject of public education.—*The Pennsylvania Teacher*.

—Two old ladies, evidently from out of town, were walking along the street one day recently, when one of them discovered a bunch of bananas. Stopping to look at them, she adjusted her glasses and exclaimed: "Well, I do declare, if them ain't bigger string beans than I ever saw in my life."

—"Oh! mamma! such a nice young man has been making love to me at the picnic to-day! He is just as handsome as he can be, and a graduate of a musical college, too." "What musical college, child?" "Why, let me see—he told me. Oh, yes, Sing Sing!"—*Exchange*.

THE HOLCAD.

VOL. I.

NEW WILMINGTON, PA., DECEMBER 1, 1884.

No. 7.

CONTACT.

No soul can be quite separate,
However set apart by fate,
However cold, or dull, or shy,
Or shrinking from the public eye.
The world is common to the race,
And nowhere is a hiding place.
Before, behind, on either side,
The surging masses press, divide;
Behind, before, with rhythmic beat,
Is heard the tread of marching feet;
To left, to right, they urge, they fare,
And touch us here, and touch us there,
Hold back your garment as you will,
The crowding world will rub it still.
Then, since each contact needs must be,
What shall it do for you and me?

Shall it be cold and hard alone,
As when a stone doth touch a stone,
Fruitless, unwelcome and unmeant,
Put by as a cold accident,
While we pass onward, deaf and blind,
With no relenting look behind?
Or, as when two round drops of rain,
Let fall upon a window-pane,
Wander, divergent, from their course,
Led by some blind, instinctive force,
Mingle and blend and interfuse,
Their separate shapes and beings lose,
Made one thereafter and the same,
Identical in the end and aim.
Nor brighter gleam, nor faster run,
Because they are not two, but one?

Or shall we meet in warring mood,
The contact of the fire and flood,
Decreed by Nature and by will,
The one to warm, the one to chill,
The one to burn, the one to slake,
To thwart and counteract and make
Each other's wretchedness, and dwell
In hate irreconcilable?
Or, when fierce fire meets frail straw,
And carries out the fatal law
Which makes the weaker thing to be
The prey of strength and tyranny;
A careless touch, half scorn, half mirth,
A brief resistance, little worth;
A little blaze soon quenched and marred
And ashes ever afterward?

No; let us meet, since meet we must,
Not shaking off the common dust,
As if we feared our fellow men,
And fain would walk aloof from them;
Not fruitlessly, as rain meets rain,
To lose ourselves and nothing gain;
Not fiercely, prey to adverse fate,
And not to spoil and desolate.
But, as we meet and touch, each day,
The many travelers on our way,
Let every such brief contact be
A glorious, hopeful ministry;
The contact of the soil and seed,
Each giving to the other's need,
Each helping on the other's best,
And blessing each as well as blest.
—Susan Coolidge, in N. Y. Independent.

THE WATCHWORD OF HEROISM.

Delivered by H. W. Moore, '85, in the Adelphic Hall, November 7, 1884:

All past history is but the biography of her great men and through a succession of individuals we can trace the character and destiny of nations. Down through the dim vista of the past, from the time that written history began to shine forth from the hills of Greece to the present, we find here and there some great mind around whose name clusters sacred memories with the history of ages. "God has written upon every flower that sweetens the morning air; upon every breeze that rocks the flower on its stem; upon every rain-drop that swells the peaceful and placid river into a broad and expanseless sea; upon the mighty ocean that rocks the swimmer in its channel, as well as upon that golden orb which lights the pathway of all his creatures—upon every thing he has written, 'None of us liveth to himself.'" Far back from the time that old Babylon and Nineveh stood in peerless and pyramidal grandeur, we have heard the word duty echoing down the ages through the "corridors of Time" as the watchword of heroism. Roll back the billowy tide of time; view with a searching eye the melancholy mementoes of other ages, and from a thousand battlefields of common glory, we can hear it in its thundering accents more impressive than from the tongue of a Cicero or a Demosthenes, or "more symphonious than from the harp of a Homer." Ask Greece and she still points

to her honored dead. Ask Rome, and she points with a proud finger to the names of Cicero and Scipio. Ask England, and with a still prouder finger she points to the name of Wellington, and above all, to her most beloved son, Admiral Nelson, who on that memorable battle morning, sailed proudly up the classic Nile to the coming battle, and on the topmost mast wafted to the impulse of the battle breeze, not honor, not victory, not courage, but that single word, *duty*, and as the heat of the conflict increased, the wandering vision of the disheartened soldier would catch from thence an inspiration as if gained from that seraphic choir, and with a stouter arm and braver heart win a more magnificent victory, although their hero fell, and was numbered with the dead. And as those mortal mists with their shadowy curtains were fast gathering around that ebbing life, the last floating whisper that escaped his lips were the words which have since become England's watchword—"Thank God! I have done my duty," and to-day the name of Trafalgar has become immortal and the loftiest sons of genius stand upon her hero's ashes and sigh for that inspiration that gave so much beauty to his life.

But far above this gigantic life, overtopping in splendor and magnificence as a life of duty, far above all the heroes and heroines of history, stands that noble, spotless life, the guardian angel of sunny France, the shepherd girl of Domremy—Joan of Arc; who when her countrymen were weeping in despair, when the last glimmer of hope had vanished, when the leaden cloud of battle was putting on a grimmer visage and was being lit up with a more terrific glow, Joan of Arc, then a maid of but sixteen summers, inspired with the idea that on that issue hung the fate of her country, wiped away the tear from her countryman's eye, bade him follow and seizing the banner of the cross, with God as her captain and duty as her watchword, she drove back the English armies from her native land, liberated a down-trodden people, and gave France her rightful King. What! Do I hear you say fanaticism? Was it fanaticism that caused Leonidas with his few hundred immortal braves to drench with their very life's blood the soil of Thermopylae and become martyrs to Grecian liberty? Ah, no! But methinks as twilight deepened into darkness, when the tramp and thud of Xerxes' army had died away, those golden decorating gems, which ever since have lit up the battle-fields of history, shone that evening upon the grandest scene of heroism that the world has ever seen. Was it fanaticism that caused Savonarola to blow with a clarion note the trumpet of Italian

liberty, and in the end become a Christian hero and a Christian martyr? Was it fanaticism that caused Arnold von Winkelried to drive back the Austrian invader from his sacred soil? 'Tis true he died, but, thanks be to God, he saved his country, and to-day the little mountain republic of Europe, like New England of long ago, has become a refuge for those oppressed for conscience' sake. Was it fanaticism that induced Columbus to breast the waves of an angry sea and reveal to the wandering eyes of humanity a hidden world? Ah, no! But as the flag of Spain flaunted in the breezes of the western hemisphere it but proclaimed the crowning triumph of an age. Joan of Arc a fanatic! God forbid. If the ambitious generals and the so-called nobility of the time sneered at her pretensions; if the King for whom she had labored so devotedly to crown, for whom she had spilt the best blood of France on the field of Orleans, if he forgot her, still the Frenchman of yesterday with the Frenchman of to-day remembers her with tender and loving affection. And every year, in the genial and blushing month of May, one vast congregation of admirers bow at her shrine, and do her reverence. And when she died a nation wept as never nation wept before. The vine clad hills of sunny France throbbed with the thunder of her praises and will continue to echo and re-echo them till time shall be no more. War when waged for conquest and kingly supremacy is appallingly grand and thrilling, but when waged for liberty, for freedom, for independence and for God, it is encircled with a halo of glory which makes every soldier a hero and every victim a martyr. Go to the Frenchman to-day and ask him who was Joan of Arc? Then with a tear in his eye, with a throbbing heart, with sorrow and with sadness, he will repeat to you the story of her noble life;

"Oh, build high her monument, her storied bust
Crown with flowers; let childhood with their tender years
Bend with beauty lamenting o'er her dust
And hallow deathless glory with their tears;
Then on the skies this bright inscription read:—
Her noblest monument is a nation freed."

Let the historian and the bard of the ages of the past, the age of the present, and of the ages of the future, let them, I say, deride or villify, eulogize or applaud, the name of the Joan of Arc, it will remain the same, her name will ever shine as the brightest star that glitters in the diadem of the French Republic. Hers was a heroic life, hers was a life of duty. And at the sweet age of eighteen, when everything beamed with beauty and magnificence, and just as the future was opening up with

all her golden promises Joan of Arc suffered martyrdom for her country at yonder stake. Now as never before can we reiterate the sentiment of the poet as he sings—

“But whether on the scaffold high,
Or in the battle’s van,
The fittest place where man can die
Is where he dies for man.”

MEMORIALS.

BY MARY S. ELLIOT, '81.

O time! thou art a ruthless monarch wielding an iron sceptre. Thou dost measure out to kingdoms and to people the span of their existence. Thou dost touch the kingly palace and it crumbles to dust. Thou seemest to delight to destroy man’s proud works, and over the Babylons which they have builded thou delightest to write thy victories in their crumbling ruins. The whole world is thy battle ground, and full of thy victories. Thy warriors are unseen, doing thy bidding at all times, and in all places.

But as to the power of all other monarchs there is a limit; so is there a limit to thine, and here and there do we find some memorial which thy hand has not been able to destroy. All along the dim avenues of time, the greatest and noblest thoughts of human mind have been left to lighten the deepening darkness that would otherwise surround them. They are lights that have lost none of their brightness during the centuries, but even yet are recognized and long after this shall still be recognized among the inherited memorials of the centuries. Many such memorials of the mind’s genius and power do we find in literature. The proud Greek and the haughty Roman have passed away, while Grecian and Roman customs and laws, orations and poetry, live to-day only in their literature. Take their literature away, and their history is a blank—their poetry and eloquence had died with the breath with which they were uttered. Take this away, and that which was the greatest influence in making them what they were is lost. It is, principally, because of the Iliad and the Aeneid; it is because of their historians; it is because of the Odyssey and of Horace, that modern nations have accorded them the first place among the nations of antiquity.

In modern times the devotion to literature has been one of the marked characteristics. Each year many make a pilgrimage to the home of some of the world’s most renowned authors. Each year many a traveler visits the home of Scotia’s Peasant

Bard—the hamlet of Alloway; goes over those fields where many a day was spent in weary toil; stands by that grave which the nations of the world have decked with flowers, and remembers that here lies one who could so well enter into the thoughts and feelings of the common people, and could clothe those peasant thoughts and feelings in immortal verse. Each year Loeh Cathrine, the highlands and the glens of Scotland are traversed, because here were laid the scenes of the “Lady of the Lake,” and “The Lay of the Last Minstrel.” Stratford-on-Avon is visited so often, because this was the birthplace of one who could delight kings and princes. Whatever his master mind touched in this work-a-day world, new thoughts in blended beauty were breathed forth and a world was entranced. These and a hundred other places are of interest because of the thought-memorials, sublime and beautiful, that grace the pages of so many writers’ works, thoughts still cherished in the hearts and minds of humanity. It is the master minds in literature who have set words to the unheard melodies of the soul. It is these who gain entrance into the temple of the beautiful, and it is these who bow to catch nature’s thoughts, and, catching these, breathe them forth in the flowing music of their own souls. It is these who have left gems of the rarest value to be set in the soul caskets of humanity. Honor, love and praise is the tribute which all mankind owe to these; these who have left “thought-flowers” that shall ever bloom in luxuriance.

The many ideas of Christianity that are found in our literature shall be like faithful guards preventing the ruthless hand of time from consigning them to oblivion. If the Iliad and Aeneid have great subjects, the theme of “Milton’s Paradise Lost” far transcends them; for in it the highest conception of a religion is not that which would be given by fickle gods, but it is far beyond this; even that which only an unchangeable God could give. Subtract from English Literature the noble and lofty ideas which the Christian religion has interwoven therein, and you destroy a sacred memorial. The deepest pathos of the human heart is lost, the noblest feelings and sentiments buried. Sent to gladden the weary and careworn; sent to strengthen in weakness; sent to console in sorrow; sent to exalt human life and encourage honest endeavor; sent to childhood and to age; sent to the uneducated and philosopher profound in thought; sent in life and sent at death—the greatest and best memorial of literature—the Bible.

Among the different nations that have existed and

worked out their destinies, sometimes only a few memorials remain. This is true of the Indian nation, of which only a few memorials are left here and there in the name of some river, mountain or valley. The names Potomac, Rappahannock, Adirondack and Shenandoah tell of a nation that is being slowly driven towards the setting sun. They have left here and there a slight memorial of their race in their beautiful legends. All through New England, her rivers, streams, and lakes have suggested to the mind of the savage strange and fanciful stories which his superstitious mind was only too ready to weave into a reality. From the rising mist of a beautiful lake he sees the form of one who had met his death in a tragical manner. And among the evening shades that gather on the river he sees a phantom canoe guided by a departed heroine from the "Island of the Blessed" to take her hero untouched by death to that blessed abode. His religion, too, was a beautiful construction of the imagination—was a legend in itself. Upon many such legendary ideas as these have American poets seized and erected a monument of poetical beauty to this vanquished people. Longfellow's *Hiawatha* had never existed but for their legendary and poetical notions. To his hero, *Hiawatha*, he has given the most noble traits of character, and into his poem he has woven many of their customs and superstitious ideas, and not until this poem has been forgotten will this people have lost one of the greatest memorials erected to their race.

Over the ruins of one nation another rises. The cities of one are buried, and another rises over its tomb. This is the story of history. The aborigines sink into comparative forgetfulness and give place to our own nation whose rise and progress affords ample material for the historian, statesman and orator. The memorials of her achievements have been raised by her own subjects. Not only memorials wrought in marble by a master hand; not only memorials that may crumble to dust by the touch of time, but permanent memorials. And the names of those by whose wisdom, love and patriotism they have been secured, shall always be remembered in the hearts of a grateful people. It is with a feeling akin to awe that is awakened in the mind of the old and tried soldier as he revisits the many battle grounds where, many long years ago, he fought for his country. As he visits these scenes the very ground, where his companion heroes lie buried calls to mind their faces; he seems again to hear the roar of cannon, the discharge of musketry, the command of his leader and the sounds of martial music. What

nation does not delight to recall the deeds of its heroes? What nation does not delight to erect monuments to their bravery and daring?

So as each year of our national life goes by, and the anniversary of some great event in the nation's history is at hand, we again go over that history and vividly is the sacrifice and devotion to country brought to mind; and we come to tell in fitting words the story of how and why our heroes fell.

To-day we view a national structure unsurpassed in grandeur of design by any in the world. Would we learn the story of its erection, we need but cross the boundary line of a century in our backward journey, and as we see the foundation stones laid, on each we see inscribed the word, Independence. This word was the passport to America's honor, and this is a memorial that shall ever commemorate the dawning of our national existence. For this did many a noble patriot bleed and die; for this did he sacrifice and suffer, that the flag of freedom might wave above his home, and his country be free as the air he breathed. The story of Lexington and Concord, of Bunker Hill and Valley Forge is old, yet the fire kindled on the altar of liberty, more than a hundred years ago, by the heroes of the Revolution, shall ever be kept burning by the American people, and each recurring anniversary shall find them faithful to their trust.

Beside the memorial Independence, another memorial stands, that of Freedom from Slavery. How this was secured, let the soldiers of Lookout Mountain, Gettysburg, and a hundred other battle fields tell.

Let the many buried dead on the battle fields, be a silent answer. The wind of the south blows over the grave of many a hero of Northern birth. Let the passers-by tread lightly by their hallowed graves. Let the flowers send out their perfumes as sweet incense to their heroic bravery, for this is holy ground where the nation's martyrs lie wrapped in death, and their noble deeds and grand achievements shall remain immortal memorials in the nation's history, "rendering the nation what it once had been, to a greater extent than ever before, the favorite home of the brave and the free, the refuge of the oppressed of every land, the terror of tyrants of every land, the impregnable citadel of true liberty, the blooming paradise of the world."

—"What is the worst thing about riches?" asked a Sabbath-school teacher. "That they take unto themselves wings and fly away," promptly replied a boy at the foot of the class.

RUSSELL H. CONWELL

Was born in the town of Worthington, Hampshire County, Massachusetts, February 15th, 1813, and spent his early days upon a small farm situated in the most sterile and mountainous portion of that region. Very early in his boyhood he was compelled to earn his own living, and unassisted secured the position which he now holds as a "self-made man." He kept along with his classes in the district school by studying evenings, while working at manual labor during school hours, and earned by daily labor his meagre supply of food and clothing while at the academy in Wilbraham, Mass. In 1860 he entered upon the law and academic course together at Yale College—the latter under a tutor so as to economize time and reduce expenses. But the war of the Rebellion interrupted his studies in 1862, and took him to the field as a captain of infantry. He afterwards served in the artillery branch of the service and as a staff officer. He was wounded twice.

At the close of the war he went to Minnesota, and began the practice of law, he having completed his course by private study while in the army. In 1867 he represented the State of Minnesota as its Emigration Agent to Germany, and became the foreign correspondent of his own newspaper. In 1868 he was engaged as the correspondent of the *New York Tribune*, and in the year following as the traveling correspondent also of the *Boston Traveller*. In 1870 he was sent to the different countries of Asia and Europe by the *New York Tribune* and *Boston Traveller*, and made the entire circuit of the globe, filling at that time many important lecture engagements in England. He afterwards visited England exclusively on a lecture tour through the important cities of that country. In 1870 he published his first book, "Why and How the Chinese Emigrate." It has been followed by many others of a historical and biographical character. He was a friend and travelling companion of Bayard Taylor, and his biography of that poet and traveller had a very extended sale. For eight years he practiced law in Boston, pursuing industriously in all leisure hours his literary studies, and lecturing evenings. He reads and writes eight different languages, and has an especial fondness for the historical and theological works of Germany and Italy. His lectures are lively and humorous, yet earnestly instructive, and cover a wide range of experience and study. He is engaged to lecture for 1884 in cities where he has been heard once in each year for thirteen successive years.

The universal testimony of the press in this country and in England shows that his popularity is well merited.

Col. Conwell, as stated above, is the author of many popular books, including "Why and How the Chinese Emigrate," "Women and the Law," "The Great Fire in Boston," "The Great Fire in St. John," "Biography of Bayard Taylor," "Life of President Hayes," "Life of Gen. James A. Garfield," "Lives of the Presidents," "Life of James G. Blaine," and several smaller works. The Baptist Publication Society of Phila., will in a few days publish a new book by Mr. Conwell, entitled "Granavello, the Waldensian Jew."

In 1877 Col. Conwell left the profession of law with a lucrative practice and entered the Baptist ministry, after a theological course at Newton, Mass. He is now pastor of Grace Church, Philadelphia.

MUSICAL CONSERVATORY.

Prof. T. M. Austin has been selected as Professor of Music. He comes highly recommended by those who know him as a man of excellent character and professional ability. He served Thiel College for a year as instructor in Music, and President Roth gives this decided testimony:—

"He loves his profession and awakens enthusiasm in his pupils. * * He specially excels in vocal instruction."

He is now in attendance at the New England Conservatory of Music in Boston, and Dr. Tourjee writes recently:—

"Mr. T. M. Austin has successfully studied voice, piano and harmony, and by his intelligence, perseverance and fidelity has won the respect and esteem of officers and teachers. He seems to have the instinct of the teacher, and with his qualifications and christian character, there should be nothing in the way of his success. I do not hesitate to commend him cordially for any position which he would consent to undertake."

He has accepted the position and will be here at the beginning of session to take charge of the department.

TERMS:

The Piano or organ, two lessons a week:

FIRST SESSION.....	\$18.00
SECOND "	15.00
THIRD "	15.00

For rent of instrument \$4.00 for first session and \$3.00 for each of the two remaining sessions.

Vocal Music will be taught, 3 lessons a week, two individually and one in class on the following terms:

FIRST SESSION.....	\$18.00
SECOND AND THIRD SESSIONS, each.....	15.00

Vocal classes in the College building will be taught at the rate of \$2.00 for first session and \$1.00 for every succeeding session for one lesson a week.

THE HOLCAD.

PUBLISHED SEMI-MONTHLY DURING THE COLLEGE YEAR BY THE
STUDENTS OF WESTMINSTER COLLEGE.

NEW WILMINGTON, PA., DEC. 1, 1884.

TERMS: \$1.50 PER YEAR. SINGLE COPY, 10 CENTS.

Entered at the postoffice at New Wilmington, Pa., as second-class
mail matter.

EDITORS.

W. HAYES MOORE,	- - -	EDITOR IN-CHIEF.
I. N. MOORE,	- - -	ASSISTANT.
ROB L. HAY,	} - -	LITERARY DEPARTMENT.
H. G. GOLDEN,		
SADIE M. McELREE,		
R. J. LOVE,	} - -	LOCAL AND COLLEGE DEPARTMENT.
J. P. VANCE,		
J. L. SNYDER,	- - -	EXCHANGES.
RALPH P. ALLEN,	- - -	BUSINESS MANAGER.

Information solicited respecting the Alumni and those
who have been in any way connected with the College.

Address all communications to

THE HOLCAD, New Wilmington, Pa.

WE publish in this issue a brief sketch of the life of Col. Russell H. Conwell which will, doubtless, be read with great interest by his many friends in this vicinity. The students of Westminster, and the citizens of New Wilmington no longer look upon the distinguished gentleman as a stranger when he comes among them, but as an old and honored friend whose return is annually expected and looked forward to with no little pleasure. During the last five or six years, in which time he has delivered here no less than seven or eight of his popular and instructive lectures, he has steadily grown in favor. No one who has once listened to him can fail to be impressed with his intense earnestness and his sincere desire to say and do something in the way to accomplish the greatest good to the greatest number. He puts into words thoughts that carry with them lessons to be studied with profit and never to be forgotten. His last lectures here were unusually interesting and instructive and the impressions made will long be remembered.

IT is perhaps not amiss at this time to call attention to the improvements made during the summer which afford increased facilities for thorough work in the department of chemistry. The building in the

north-eastern corner of the campus formerly used as a gymnasium has been remodeled, a part being finished for the janitor's residence, a part fitted up as a chemical laboratory and recitation room while the remaining portion is left as before. In the chemical department especially is the improvement noticeable. Heretofore the work in this department has been hindered by lack of room. The laboratory is supplied with gas and water throughout and besides the regular recitation room which is furnished with a complete set of apparatus for illustrative experiments ample provision has been made for those who may wish to prosecute further the study of this branch during the Senior year. Separate tables have been arranged and fully furnished with apparatus for all who wish to undertake the study of Analytical Chemistry and Mineralogy. With such provision the college can now offer as great facilities for the study of this subject as can be found in any of our neighboring colleges.

THE question which most perplexes the young man, especially during his College course is, probably, what choice to make for his life work or, rather, what foundation to lay upon which to build a successful career. No more important question arises and no one, perhaps, more difficult of decision. He sees about him men who have riches, men who have learning, men who have fame, men who lead lives of tranquillity and ease, men of integrity and true character; but he knows there are none whose fortune or privilege it is to possess all these things. In the great market place of the world, he sees these various commodities exposed to view and knows full well that to secure any one he must spend his time, labor and ingenuity. Riches are inviting. Shall he purchase them and enjoy all the blessings they will bring him? There are many examples of men who, from small beginnings, by patience, diligence and by the closest attention, have become rich. And so can he. It requires no great man, no giant intellect to amass a fortune, when he sacrifices all else to secure it. But his very wealth makes him restless, suspicious and parsimonious and, it may well be doubted whether his integrity, a kind of course honesty, is what it should be. He becomes a slave and his life a drudgery. But learning may be a "pearl of price." This, too, may be acquired by diligence and patience and long hours of hard study and reflection, but the only reward he can feel sure of is that of a well-disciplined, well-informed mind capable of grasping difficulties and enjoying pleasures which come only to the literary worker. But should he not be content

to allow the man of wealth his dross while he himself reaps a reward so great? And so whatever be the object desired, by a proper exertion of the faculties it can be attained. The choice should be made deliberately, carefully and wisely and should bring satisfaction and not regret.

ANOTHER year has rolled around, another Thanksgiving come and gone. Perhaps the thought has occurred to all that in many instances Thanksgiving Day is not observed as it should be. The object of the day as a national custom is that as a people we may render thanks to God for his blessings vouchsafed to us as a nation. It is one mark which distinguishes us as a christian nation, and as such the day thus set apart should be sacredly observed. In many places, however, the day is devoted to rioting and lawlessness. Its proclamation as a day for the cessation from labor is taken as a license for all kinds of dissipation. Its use for such purposes is an insult to the christian people of this land; and those who participate in such an observance of the day should be made to feel that the stringency of our just laws is not in the least relaxed. To observe it as a day of rejoicing is very fitting for joy and thanks-giving are in perfect harmony.

It is said that this custom originated in New England during her colonial existence. At a time of famine when their provisions were almost exhausted a day of fasting and prayer was proclaimed by the Governor. On the very eve of the day thus set apart a vessel arrived from England bringing supplies for their relief. With their characteristic Puritan faith in an over-ruling Providence a second proclamation was issued changing the day to one of thanksgiving for their almost miraculous relief. It is almost certain that the day would be observed with rejoicing and gladness but it is not at all probable that it would be made an occasion for the utter disregard of all law human and divine.

When we became a nation it seemed fitting that we should perpetuate this custom by devoting one day each year to returning thanks for the year's mercies. The good people of this land should effectually frown down all disposition to make the day one of lawlessness.

The average standing of the forty-eight girls in the annex is higher than that of the men in the University.—*Harvard Advocate*.

THE above is surely encouraging to those who advocate the admission of ladies to our colleges on equal terms with gentlemen, affording them the

opportunity of direct competition. We are glad to see that the ladies are able to compete so successfully with their more highly favored brothers who are admitted to the full enjoyment of the privileges of one of the oldest of our colleges. We hope that the time may soon come when ladies and gentlemen shall be admitted to all our colleges on an equal footing.

Experience has shown that they are fully as competent to cope with and master the more abstruse subjects which are contained in a college course as are the male students and that in many cases they even excel the gentlemen in keenness of insight and in breadth of comprehension. That their physical constitution is able to stand the mental strain imposed upon it by an advanced college course is fully established both scientifically and by experience. Since it has been so clearly shown that woman has the ability both physically and mentally to tread with man the path of knowledge, why do our colleges persist in closing their doors against her? Is it because she does not need an education as extensive as that afforded man? Is it because the world does not need an educated womankind? No one can study the history of the past, noting the influence of woman in shaping the affairs of the world, and yet deny that woman has been a mighty power either for good or evil. In the clash of contending forces throughout the world to-day, woman is compelled to bear her part, to stand on equal footing with man in the arena of action. In social life, in business pursuits, in literature and even in political circles the influence of woman is being recognized more and more as an important factor with each succeeding year. The world demands for woman an education that will turn this influence toward the right. Woman demands for herself an education that will enable her to fight successfully the battle of life. The time is fast passing away when woman's field of effort is bounded by "narrow kitchen walls." Her sphere of action is widening and will soon be limited only by her abilities and her inclinations. New avenues of usefulness are opening up before her each year and to meet these new demands upon her a more liberal education is necessary. If we demand of her duties equal to those of man we should not deny her the opportunity of obtaining an education equal to that by which he may qualify himself for life's work.

It may be said, however, that woman has exclusive access to institutions where she may obtain as high an education as at any of the colleges open to gentlemen. We do not deny that, but since in after

life the two sexes mingle in social as well as business relations, why need we separate them during the time of preparation for those activities? It cannot be denied that woman exerts a refining influence in society and we think that her influence in the circle of college society has the same refining and elevating effect.

EXCHANGES.

THE difficulties of Prohibition are well set forth in an article in the *Muskingum Organ*. This paper though of rather an inferior size is well edited and presents a very neat appearance.

THE November number of the *Delaware College Review* contains little interesting reading matter, excepting, of course, Belva Lockwood's lecture. This paper has in the past sustained a very good reputation, but the present editors should furnish something of more interest or it will lose its high standing among college journals.

FROM Frederickton, N. B., comes the *University Monthly*. The print is clear and the paper is of the best quality. But why so much unprinted space at the bottom of each page? Oh! excuse us, perhaps this space is reserved for advertisements. But fill it up and you will be hundreds better off at the close of the year.

THE *University Press* is a weekly journal, published by the students of Wisconsin University. The editorials are interesting and suggestive, reflecting much credit on their author. Some editors think it a hard task to write a few short articles once a month, others groan when the time comes around every two weeks, but the editors of the *Press* stand the shock every week, and still are happy.

THE November number of the *Wooster Collegian* contains several good literary articles. It also contains an editorial worthy of note, on the co-education of the sexes. Perhaps the lady editors were present when this article was written. Anything to keep peace in the family.

WE are glad to welcome to our table *The Lawrentian* of Lawrence University, Appleton, Wisconsin. Though not wearing a "coat of many colors," it has many features worthy of imitation. The editorials are short and to the point. It contains a very interesting sketch of Miss Francis E. Willard.

OUR table contains many other interesting college journals, but space will not permit their mention.

OTHER COLLEGES.

—A University is to be opened in Iceland in September, 1885.

—Warnings are being given the Yale Juniors on account of low standing.

—The school property in the South is valued at \$6,000,000 against \$188,000,000 in the North.—*Ex.*

—At Harvard there are thirty candidates for the degree of Ph. D., eleven for A. M., and five for S. D.

—The University of Madras has graduated 899 students of whom not one has been a Christian.—*Ex.*

—Harvard University has adopted the liberal plan of giving its professors one year in every seven for private study.

—The Latin salutatory at Yale has been such a failure for the past two years that it has been decided to discontinue it.—*Ex.* How about the Greek salutatory at Westminster.

—In the new Oriental College, in England, affairs are arranged in such a manner, that whether a student is a Hindo or Musselman, he can live in his own way, as though at home in India.—*Ex.*

—There are 144 theological schools in the United States, with 634 instructors, and 4,793 students. The number of law schools is 46; professors, 229; students, 3,227. Medical schools, 126; professors, 1,749; students, 14,536.—*Ex.*

—Miss Irving, niece of Washington Irving, has offered to the class of '85 at Princeton, for their Class Ivy, a slip planted by the famous author's own hand. The original plant came from Sir Walter Scott's home at Abbotsford.

—The average annual expenses of a student at Harvard are \$800; Amherst, \$500; Columbia, \$800; Lafayette, \$400; Princeton, \$600; Yale, \$800; and Williams, \$500. The average expense of the college course for the Senior class at Brown is \$1,769.70.—*Ex.*

—It is said that President McCosh of Princeton, President Barnard of Columbia and Professor Wilson of Cornell, are the only three men in the United States who have received the three degrees of Doctor of Divinity, Doctor of Laws and Doctor of Literature.—*Ex.*

—Princeton College has a new grading system to go into effect next term. There are three classes: First, magnum laudi; second, cum laudi; third and

passed; the magnum laudi composes the honor men or one-fifth of the class; the cum laudi two-fifths of the class, and passed two fifths of the class. Each man now will know in what class he stands in each study, and also his average standing.

—At Yale College, in 1762, the graduating class had but one member. In 1785 there were 70; but in 1800 there were only 36. Since then, taking the decades together, the average size of the classes has steadily increased, though not in proportion to the development of the country. The size of entering classes decreases with hard times, not immediately, but from one to three years afterward, reducing the size of the graduating class in from five to seven years. Sometimes the tables show great variations, without any apparent cause. The fluctuations are not regular, the only steady change being a slow increase, though the present four classes, '85 to '88, are each of them smaller than '83 or '84, at the same year in the course. The present Freshmen class numbers 39, the smallest since 1875.

ENGLISH EXAMINATIONS.

GRAMMAR.

SUGGESTIONS—Write on only one side of your paper, and leave an inch of space at the top. Place your name on the upper right hand corner of every sheet, and number the sheets in order. Write the answers only, and number them to correspond with the questions or topics on this sheet. Write plainly, and remember that the general appearance of your papers will be considered in making up your standing.

Those taking 90 per cent. on 2nd, 4th, 5th, 8th, 9th and last five topics, will be excused from further examinations in Grammar, provided the same grade is taken on the unlimited questions in other English branches. Those taking 85 per cent. on the first ten topics in all English branches will be excused for one year.

1. Define (a) Syntax, (b) Indirect discourse, (c) Subordinate element, (d) Independent element, (e) and Connective.
2. Correct all errors in the following, and give reasons: (a) Let every *one* answer for themselves. (b) He is the same person *who* I took him to be. (c) *Tell* them to set still. (d) "Spare Hours" were written by Dr. John Brown. (e) Forest after *forest* fall before the axe of the white man.
3. (a) After a pleasant two *hours* sail we went *ashore* to *bunch*. (b) His explanations sounded harshly. (c) No one gave his *opinion* as modestly as *he*. (d) That boy is not careful with his books. (e) Each day, each hour bring their temptations.

4. Write a formal letter to a clergyman in some city, asking his advice in regard to an edition of the Bible suitable for a present to a Sabbath School teacher.

(N. B. This letter should be on a separate sheet, complete in all respects, signed with your own name, folded, and the direction placed on the back.)

5. Give the construction of all the italicized words in Nos. 2 and 3.

6. Construct sentences containing the following words correctly used: whom, whose, that, yet, though, but, one, till, only, alone.

7. Punctuate the following:
the fourth reached out his eager hand
and felt about the knee
what most this wondrous beast is like
is very plain quoth he
'tis clear enough the elephant
is very like a tree

8. Punctuate the following:
MARCELLUS you sir what trade are you
2ND CITIZEN truly sir in respect of a fine work-
man i am but as you would say a cobbler
MAR but what trade art thou answer me direct-
ly

9. Analyze or diagram the stanza in No. 7.

10. State the usual position in the sentence of the following: (a) the article and the noun to which it belongs; (b) the adverb and the word it modifies; (c) the subject and predicate; (d) the relative pronoun; (e) a transitive verb and its object.

11. Parse the italicized words in the following:

*'Tis morn and scarce you lurid sun
Can pierce the war-clouds, rolling dun,*

12. Distinguish by stating both resemblances and differences, the following: Relative and personal pronouns; participles, verbs and adjectives.

13. Write the plural of the following: Folio, octavo, theory, die, hoof, fife, penny, focus, vortex, money.

14. Write the possessive plural of the following: Man, boy, deer, ally, hero, valley.

15. Define pronominal adjective, auxiliary verb, present perfect tense, and give one example of each.

HISTORY.

Those answering the 2d, 4th, 6th, 8th, 10th and last five questions of this paper, and taking an average grade of 90 per cent on the specified questions of all papers, will be excused from future examinations in the English branches.

1. When was the first legislative body called in Virginia? Of whom did it consist? What powers did it have? Why was Virginia made a royal province?
2. What was the Navigation Act? Give a brief account of the acts of religious intolerance committed by the Massachusetts colony.
3. What induced William Penn to form a colony? Give three important events in its history.

4. What was the condition of New York under the Dutch governors? What cause of discontent during Stuyvesant's administration?
5. Describe the movements of Washington's army during 1776, including the name and result of each engagement with the enemy.
6. Name in their order the principal military movements of 1781.
7. Name the commander of each division of the U. S. army in the war with Mexico, and tell briefly what was accomplished by each.
8. What important event occurred on the 1st of January, 1863? What advantages did the North gain by Grant's operations on the Mississippi during this year?
9. What led to the battle of Gettysburg? Date of it? Effect of it upon the North? Upon the South?
10. What points did the South gain in 1863? Name the generals that commanded in the battles of this year: (a) in the North. (b) in the South, naming the battles in which each was engaged.
11. Describe the government of Virginia under the 1st charter. What change in the government made by the 2d charter? What by the 3d? When did Virginia cease to be a charter government? Why?
12. Name in their order the Presidents of the United States, giving the date of the inauguration of each and the name of the political party by which each was elected.
13. What was the "Nullification Ordinance?" Date of it? What was the doctrine of "State Rights?" Who were its prominent advocates?
14. Describe the affair of Mason and Slidell. Date of it.
15. (a) Name one event of National importance in the life of each of the following: (1) Stephen A. Douglass. (2) Gen. William Hull. (3) Gen. Gadsden. (4) David Wilmot. (5) Anson Burlingame.
(b) Name five important events of Johnston's administration.

LIST OF WORDS FOR SPELLING.

Resurrection, anniversary, diffusion, resistance, fortified, maritime, independence, massacre, purveyor, kindred, decoyed, cruelties, obeying, revenged, protracted, rebellion, proceeded, occasion, original, exaggeration, unconquerable, preceded, significant, submitted, misinterpreted, compelled, fugitives, capitulated, conspiracy, defense, besiegers, alienated, sepulchre, guardianship, paramount, prototype, alliance, guerrilla, submission, terrified, extirpate, literature, sovereignty, retribution, eulogy, martyrs, profanation, incensed, foreign, perpetual, enterprise, intercession, harangue, prisoners, profiting, identical, rivals, parallel, descendant, conferred, fertilizing, intrigues, limited, cloisters, glimpses, destined, occurrence, acquiesce, transferred, architecture, reference, sanguinary, trophies, coalitions, seized, magnificence, scourged, typical, unattackable, crucified, conciliation, causeway, suspension, horrors, parapet, maintained, dying, fanaticism, concerned, characteristics, allegiance, feuds, marriage, expiring, separates, embalmed, irresistible, relief, impossible, fulfill.

COLLEGE AND LOCAL.

- Beautiful snow.
- ✓—The ladies have selected their rooms in the boarding hall.
- Tempus fugit* and examinations will begin in three weeks.
- The first grammar question was out of the limit, so say the boys.
- Such a thanksgiving is rough on rabbits, turkeys and sleighbells.
- Professor: Who was the first father, of Mr. Cotton, the system of protection?
- The Freshmen had a taffy pulling at the Miss Shontz', Thanksgiving evening.
- The Shields Fort had a reunion and oyster supper on the evening of November 26.
- The Freshman class at a meeting on Nov. 21st, elected J. M. Robertson Class Historian.
- Col. Bain will lecture on Thursday evening, on "Our Boys and Girls, Nice and Naughty."
- Oysters made their appearance for the first time this season among the Seniors last Monday.
- Cornell has followed the example of Westminster and forbidden smoking in the college campus.
- Who ever heard of a college student wheeling a young lady on a wheelbarrow in order that he might court her favor?
- The Faculty have decided that the day after Thanksgiving shall be a holiday. Many of the students visited their homes at that time.
- The Y. M. C. A. has decided to have a social in the chapel, on Tuesday evening, Dec. 2nd. Come one, come all, and have a pleasant time.
- Those who have waded through the mud *en route* to the station, will appreciate the act of Mr. Samuel Elliot and others in paving the lower end of Water street.
- The fourth question in the examination in Grammar may perhaps be accounted for by the fact that most of the professors are teachers in the Sabbath School.
- The Adelpic Literary Society have sold their chairs to the board and have ordered five dozen new ones. The board will seat Prof. Wallace's room with the chairs they bought.
- Col. Conwell's address in the chapel last Thurs-

day morning was, as usual, highly appreciated by the students. A number of the citizens of the town were present to hear him.

—We would like to call the attention of that member of the faculty who prepared the grammar questions to the fact that the limit began on page 204, and did not include all of rhetoric.

—The music for Junior orations Nov. 17th was furnished by Brassington, of Mercer, and on Nov. 24th, by Kirk, of New Castle. The class furnish their audience with the best music obtainable, to say nothing of their orations.

—At a meeting of the Reading Room Association last Tuesday evening, the following officers were elected: Corresponding Secretary, F. B. Davis; Treasurer, T. B. Gormley. J. W. Hutchinson was elected to fill the vacancy in the Executive Committee.

—The season of English examination reminds us of an answer given by A. B. Stevenson, '82, alias "Big Steve." It was a geography examination and the question was, "Name 10 animals of the Arctic Zone?" The answer which the faculty accepted as correct was, "Five white bears and five walruses."

—The Presidential contest is now decided, and the next momentous problem which demands our attention is: "Who will be our next postmaster?" Three Democratic candidates are in the field, John Elliott, Hugh Wilson and J. M. C. Anderson. The probabilities, however, are that W. R. Mehard will continue to sell stamps.

—The gas lights went out during the Junior orations on the evening of November 17th. The janitor fearing this had fortunately hung a lighted chandelier in front of the platform. This wise precaution probably saved us from—well, an embarrassing situation at least, as the chapel was filled to its utmost capacity with old and young, especially the young.

—The present Senior class is very proficient in Political Economy, doing a great deal of independent thinking outside of the text-book and often in advance of the lesson. This was illustrated one day when the professor after the hour was nearly finished remarked, "We are almost through with the lesson are we not?" One of the class remarked that they were to take to page 504. "Why that is where I began" said the professor. The class had recited intelligently ten pages in advance not knowing they were beyond the lesson.

—Col. Conwell's lectures on Wednesday and Fri-

day evenings of last week were well attended and very highly appreciated. The subject of the lecture Wednesday evening was "Guides." The subject announced for Friday evening was "Out on the Desert," but by special request the lecturer gave "Acres of Diamonds." This lecture, although delivered here once before, was listened to on Friday evening with an attention which shows how much Col. Conwell's hearers appreciate him.

—The Democrats of New Wilmington and vicinity had a grand rally in town last Thursday evening over the result of the election. Owing to the failure of their speakers to put in an appearance, the programme as announced was not fully carried out. This we believe will be the last political demonstration of the season; and now that the contest is over, and both parties have settled down quietly, the stillness of the night will no longer be broken by the sound of martial music and the hurrahs for the respective candidates. Let us have peace.

—It is a well-known characteristic of the small boy to play "me big Injun," for several days after the annual Indian show. A story told by Col. Conwell had a similar influence on some of the students. Accordingly a dozen of them entered a room, filled their pipes, and began smoking. Their host put on a good fire, retired to the windows and let his guests have the benefit of it. The smoking proceeded to the apparent satisfaction of everyone except two or three whose pipes had the advantage of them in age and strength. It was time for the "what is it?" to be introduced, but as there was no change in scenery and no apparent preparation, the act was not expected, but suddenly a stream burst in at the window, extinguishing pipes and causing a feeling of dampness in certain quarters. A general panic ensued and some of the boys scrambled head-first out of the window. The remainder were induced to stay and enjoy the cleared atmosphere and see the play through.

The next performance was not in Conwell's story, but was improvised by the stage manager. He introduced it as the "slat act." As a result of this act one of smokers probably ate his breakfast the next morning from the mantle.

Having tested one of Conwell's theories the smokers vote, that as a suggester, Conwell is a complete failure.

N. B. Three pants buttons and a collar button have been left at the HOLCAD office, and can be had by proving property.

PERSONALS.

—Jas. Sword, '84, is teaching at Mahoningtown.

—Miss Zina Snyder, '84, spent her Thanksgiving vacation in town.

—J. Cal. Adair would make a good soldier. He can stand smoke.

—W. H. Moore and Perry Coon have formed a postoffice combination.

—Rev. S. J. Crowe has resigned the pastorate of the Brooklyn R. P. church.

—S. P. Baraekman left on Saturday for Mt. Jackson, where he will teach this winter.

—Rev. J. A. Shannon, '77, was installed pastor of the Richland, Kan., U. P. congregation.

—Prof. Jas. P. Whitla, '83, of Emlenton Academy, spent his Thanksgiving with his parents.

—Rev. R. G. Furguson conducted the Union Thanksgiving exercises in the First church.

—Miss Emma Alexander, '78, has received the offer of a position in the Wilkesburgh schools.

—Prof. A. C. McClelland visited town last Wednesday, and remained for the lecture the same evening.

—J. D. Runkin, '82, has received appointments for preaching this month from Allegheny Presbytery.

—Miss Annie Froggart, of Youngstown, spent a few days last week with her friend, Miss Mary Campbell.

—Rev. J. Q. A. McDowell, '78, has offered his resignation of the pastorate of the North Church, Philadelphia.

—Miss Jeaneatte McKee, the well-known vocalist, has returned to Boston, where she expects to remain all winter.

—Miss Nannie Speneer, of the Freshman class, is visiting her aunt, Mrs. Young, '64, of Excelsior, Minnesota.

—Rev. D. R. Miller, at one time a Westminster student, was married on Thanksgiving to Miss Nattie Wylie.

—Miss Callie Forrest, Principal of the Mercer High Schools, spent Thanksgiving with Prof. Thompson.

—Professors J. R. Millin, '84, and Telford, his assistant, visited town Nov. 17th. Prof. Telford is a brother of Miss Telford of Freshman class. The

gentleman had just finished a very successful term at their academy at Connoquenessing, Butler county, Pa.

—Profs. T. F. Cummings and J. A. Alexander spent their Thanksgiving at home. Teaching agrees with the boys.

—Mrs. McNall, of Imperial, Pa., last week visited her sons, J. M. and Elmer McNall, who are attending college here.

—G. B. Findley, '88, who is at present teaching near Freeport, spent a few days among his friends here last week.

—Miss Belle G. Campbell, '80, who is teaching at Greenville, and Miss Mary Campbell, who teaches at Youngstown, spent their Thanksgiving at home.

—Miss Patterson ate turkey, or rather turkeys, Thanksgiving. One was presented by the Freshman class. We did not learn who was the donor of the other.

—J. S. McIntosh and J. A. McNaugher, of Pittsburgh, both former members of the class of '84, were in town last Monday evening attending the Junior performanees.

—W. F. Johnson, of Andrew, Iowa, a student of the Allegheny Theological Seminary, was the guest of his cousins, Misses Edith and Hattie Shontz, Thanksgiving.

—J. McC. Stephens, formerly of the class of '86, has entered the R. P. Theological Seminary in Philadelphia as a student. May he become a successful theologian is the wish of the HOLCAD.

—The Rev. J. W. Witherspoon, Sec'y., and Joseph McNaugher, Esq., Treas., of the Board of Trustees, were in town on Monday, arranging matters for the opening of the Musieal Conservatory.

—Miss Ella Smith, '79, is the author of an able article published in last week's *United Presbyterian*, on the proposition of the Board of Foreign Missions, that the women of the church should support the lady missionaries and girls' schools in the foreign field.

—Junior orations, November 17. J. C. Kistler—"The Impending Crisis." Sadie McEire—"The Mediterranean and its Memories." Mina McElwee—"Only a Woman." J. W. McClung—"The Guiding Hand."

Nov. 24th. Sam McNaugher—"Savonarola." Mary McElwee—"A Golden Thread among the Dross." Jennie McKean—"Monumental Literature." W. A. Moore—"America's Problem."

THE HOLCAD.

VOL. I.

NEW WILMINGTON, PA., DECEMBER 15, 1884.

No. 8.

MITHRIDATES AT CHIOS.*

Know'st thou, O slave-cursed land !
How, when Chian's cup of guilt
Was full to overflow, there came
God's justice in the sword of flame
That, red with slaughter to its hilt,
Blazed in the Cappadocian victor's hand ?

The heavens are still and far ;
But, not unheard of awful Jove,
The sighing of the island slave
Was answered when the Aegean wave
The keels of Mithridates clove
And the vines shrivelled in the breath of war.

"Robbers of Chios ! hark,"
The victor cried, "to Heaven's decree !
Pluck your last cluster from the vine,
Drain your last cup of chian wine.
Slaves of your slaves, your doom shall be,
In Colchian mines by Phasis rolling dark."

Then rose the long lament
From the hoar sea-god's dusky caves :
The priestess rent her hair and cried
"Woe ! woe ! The gods are sleepless-eyed !"
And, chained and scourged the slaves of slaves,
The lords of Chios into exile went.

"The gods at last pay well,"
So Hell has sung her tauntless song,
"The fisher in his net is caught,
The chian hath his master bought ;"
And isle from isle, with laughter long,
Looked up and sped the mocking parable.

Once more the slow, dumb years
Bring their avenging cycle round,
And, more than Hellas taught of old,
Our wiser lesson must be told,
Of slaves uprising, freedom-crowned,
To break, not wield, the scourage wet with their
blood and tears.

—J. G. WHITTIER.

* It is recorded that the Chians, when subjugated by Mithridates of Cappadocia, were delivered up to their own slaves, to be carried away captive to Colchis. Athenians considers this a just punishment for their wickedness in first introducing the slave-trade into Greece. From this ancient villiany of the Chians the proverb arose : "The Chian hath bought himself a master."

—"Heed not the skeptic's puny hands
While near the school the church spire stands ;
Nor fear the blinded bigot's rule
While near the church spire stands the school."

WISHING.

When I reflect how little I have done,
And add to that, how little I have seen,
Then furthermore how little I have won,
Of joy, or good, how little known or been ;
I long for other life more full, more keen,
And yearn to change with such as well have run—
Yet reason mocks me—nay, the soul, I ween,
Granted her choice would dare to change with none—
No, not to feel, as Blondel when his lay
Pierced the strong tower and Richard answered it—
No not to do, as Eustace on the day
He left fair Calais to her weeping fit—
No, not to be—Columbus, waked from sleep
When his new world rose from the charmed deep.

JEAN INGELow.

James Russell Lowell pays Wendell Phillips the following tribute :

He stood upon the world's broad threshold, wide
The din of battle and of slaughter rose ;
He saw God stand upon the weaker side,
That sank in seeming loss before its foes.
Many there are who made great haste and sold
Unto their cunning enemy their swords.
He scorned their gifts of fame, and power and gold,
And underneath their soft and flowery words
Heard the cold serpent hiss, therefore he went
And humbly joined him to the weaker part.
Fanatic named and fool, yet well content
So he could be the nearer to God's heart,
And feel its solemn pulses sending blood
Through all the wide spread veins of endless good.

—Life ! I know not what thou art,
But know that you and I must part ;
And how, or when, or where we met,
I own to me's a secret yet.

Life, we've been long together
Through pleasant and through cloudy weather ;
'Tis hard to part when friends are dear,
Perhaps 't will cost a sigh, a tear ;
Then steal away, give live warning, close thine
own time ;
Say not Good Night, but in some brighter clime
Bid me Good Morning.

—ANNA L. BARBAULD.

EARLY HOME OF SHAKSPEARE.

WRITTEN FOR THE HOLCAD.

During our two weeks' stay in London we were busy in seeing its great points of interest, the Tower, Westminster Abbey, Parliament buildings, etc., and hearing its great preachers. When our visit here terminated, we left our temporary home in Wild's Temperance Hotel, on Ludgate Hill under the shadow of St. Paul's, and by one of the system of unperground railways, we went to Paddington station a distance of about six miles but still within the city. From this point we began our journey to Glasgow. Two points of interest had determined us to choose this route in preference to that by the eastern counties, or the Midland, railways. One was Oxford, the other Stratford-upon-Avon, the birth-place and sepulcher of the "chief literary glory of England"—

WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE.

The distance from London to Oxford is 62½ miles, in which our train did not make a single stop. At Slough we espied to the south of us the famous Windsor Castle, distinguished no less as the place where the brother Herschells made their celebrated astronomical observations and discoveries, than as one of the residences of Queen Victoria. A lady and her daughter assured us that this was the famous castle. But another passenger, an old gentleman, seemed oblivious to all the scenes of royalty and of nature through which we were passing, absorbed in thoughts of his own; so soon as he discovered that we were Americans, he at once began to inquire respecting the financial status of the railways and other enterprises in our trans-Atlantic countries. He had invested money in a railway between Vera Cruz and the city of Mexico, and was apprehensive lest his stock might dip below par. He seemed to have encountered many reverses which had left him sadly out of harmony with his environment. But he was not the typical Englishman as we found him. We met with so many generous men and women who were ever ready to show us kindness that we have a higher estimate of our English cousins than ever before. They outrank many, if not all, other European nationalities in the solid and less showy virtues. And whilst Shakspeare's life will not in all respects endure criticism, and parts of his writings are disfigured with a license peculiar to his times, his great human sympathy, his many sided and far-reaching mind mark him out as an Englishman every way typical and that too, in the brightest period of English literature.

That we might be in a position to appreciate the immediate scenes of Shakspeare's early life we chose Leamington, a beautiful town in the centre of Warwickshire, as the point of departure and return in all our explorations. We visited Kenilworth where still stands the remains of the old castle made famous by the historic romance of Sir Walter Scott. Here we lingered for many hours surveying its storied walls, battlements, dungeons, and saloons, and heard a man, who seemed to have familiarized his mind with its history, discourse upon certain particulars as linked with these crumbling ruins. For the time we seemed transported into those stormy days of three centuries ago. There we saw artists with pencil and camera intent upon preserving what yet remains of the genuine architecture of the Elisabethan age. Here Robert Dudley gave a rich banquet to Queen Elisabeth when Shakspeare still lived at Stratford but a short distance away. Next we visit Warwick where there is a castle of note still kept in good repair. These and other points have their attractions, but all seemed to yield the palm to the quiet little town of

STRATFORD-UPON-AVON.

Were Shakspeare now to return, he would see the face of things once familiar changed. Means of travel, methods of cultivating the soil, the style of houses, the costumes of the people and to some extent their language itself have suffered a revolution. Yet his immortal writings remain the most perfect of their kind in any language. German critics were the first fully to appreciate them, and now, it is said, Americans are the most frequent visitors at this the scene of his early life and of his death.

When we arrived by train at Stratford we found it a holy-day, and its citizens out in its streets, and gathered upon the banks of the Avon to witness a boat-race which was one of the entertainments of the occasion. As we stood upon its banks, near to the church where reposes the dust of the great poet, I tried to realize what must have been the scene in which he once moved. Here ran the same stream, trees of the same kind still grew upon it, yonder stood the same old church where he and his friends were accustomed to worship, and not far from us were the old home of the Shakspeares, and also the house in which he died. Yet time has changed the place beyond recognition. Foreigners cut their names upon the walls and windows of the room where it is said he was born and cherish all the relics there gathered with a kind of religious veneration. Yet neither in play nor poem has he celebrated his native place, or his connection with it. Even its

name does not appear. Even the remote allusions which some critics discover to certain persons are not flattering. Can it be that the irregularities of his early life, or the obscurity of the place, made him thus consign it to silence? He makes London, Paris, Venice, Verona, Troy, Athens, and an enchanted island, the scene of his plays, but passes by Kenilworth and Warwick without ever a reference. Blackfriars on the Thames in London, was more closely associated with his literary labor than the little hamlet on the banks of the Avon.

The chancel in the old church is a most interesting spot. The poet's bust, taken it is said from life, is seen to the left in a niche in the wall. His right hand resting on a cushion holds a pen. Underneath is this inscription:

"Judicio Pylium, genio Socratem, arte Maronem,
Terra tegit, populus moeret, Olympus habet."
"Stay Passenger, why goest thou by so fast?
Read if thou canst, whom envious death hath plast,
Within this Monument, Shakspeare with whome
Quick nature dide: whose name doth deck this
tombe
Far more than cost. Sich all that he hath writt,
Leaves l'ving art but page to serve his wit..
Obiit ano doi 1616. .Etatis 53. Die 23 Ap."

The grave itself is just below covered with a flat stone on which is inscribed this verse, which he wrote a short time before his death:

"Good friend for Jesus' sake forbear,
To dig the dust enclosed here:
Blest be the man that spares these stones,
And curst be he that moves my bones."

Tradition says that his wife and daughter desired to be buried in the same grave with him but no one would touch his gravestone because of the above imprecation. The sexton told us that many now, through curiosity, would like to dig into the grave to see what might be found, but it is not allowed. Many would like to remove his dust to Westminster Abbey, where so many illustrious dead are gathered. This his desire to have his body rest in his native town, expresses something of attachment for it and makes some amends for its want of mention in his plays.

Wolf, in Germany, has thrown doubt upon the writings of Homer. And one critic has, with much pains attempted to show that it is quite probable that Lord Bacon wrote the plays of Shakspeare. But we think that the writer who answered this effort by another in which he upheld the probability that Shakspeare not only wrote his own plays, but also *Novum Organon* and the other works of Bacon held ground at least equally defensible. That Shakspeare was an actual person and that his works are pervaded by a unifying spirit of a strongly personal character seem to be the conviction of so

many, that we need not fear that he will be soon dislodged from the lofty place of authorship which he now holds. In the vigor and finish of his tragedies and comedies he resembles Sophocles among the Greeks perhaps more than any other, and is supposed to have made the Greek dramatists his model. And we should remember that language and not science have ever been the great conservators of all that is true and beautiful and good in human thought.

Near Stratford lie Shottery where the poet found his wife, Bilford and Charlote, which are, by tradition, connected with his boyhood. Many things unite, here, to impress one with the conviction that he was a real and not a mythical personage.—*Prof. R. B. Taggart.*

MODERN SCIENCE.

LECTURE DELIVERED BEFORE THE STUDENTS OF BEN. FRANKLIN UNIVERSITY BY PROF. KEENEYE.

After much hesitation on my part, and considerable persuasion on yours, I have at length decided to accept your invitation to deliver a course of scientific lectures before you. I take special pleasure in doing this, inasmuch as I am aware of the interest you take in such subjects, and of the immense importance of a start in the right direction.

Besides giving you an impulse in the proper course, I hope in this first lecture to point out to you many of the snares and dangers which beset the path of the student of science, and to place you on your guard against theories, which, if they were not too absurd to be true, would overturn to the very foundation the structure of scientific investigation. Be skeptical until you are convinced by the most undoubted proofs; and take reason as your guide—reason, the beacon light of all true investigation, by whose rays the dark immensity of an unknown past is lighted up, and before which the heavens are unrolled and gods must bow. Take this, I say, as your guide, and with the present as a standpoint, let us look back through the fogs of uncertainty, to the first moving spirit of creation.

Before starting out in our search for truth, however, I am led naturally and unavoidably to a consideration of the subject of modern science, its character and its effects, and my first lecture will consist of a short discussion of this theme.

No other branch of human knowledge has advanced so far and with such rapid strides within the last few years as science. It is comparatively but a short time since it was almost the universal opinion

that the earth was at most but a few thousand years old, that the work of creation lasted only about five or six days, and that man with all other living creatures was placed upon this earth in the same form, and as fully developed as we of to-day. These theories are so absurd as scarcely to merit any notice, and yet I am told that even in this day of advanced thought, there are some who still cling to this old and worn-out belief, and follow blindly the teachings of that old and very dangerous book, the Bible. What folly to hold out against the flood of modern investigation and cling to beliefs which, it would seem, even the most ignorant and benighted would scarcely hold. One might with far more reason believe that the earth is flat and supported on the head of a huge snake, than believe the old theory of the creation.

The world, according to my latest investigations, is without doubt eight thousand billion years old, and has all this time been growing. All animal life has developed in the same way, and will continue to develop until the friction of the tides stop the earth, when one side of it will undoubtedly be badly blistered by the sun, and thus besides destroying all animal life, the earth by being stopped in her course, will not be able to keep out of the path of wandering planets, one of which will sometime strike it, shivering it to pieces. I am as yet unable to tell the exact date of this terrible catastrophe, but I expect by this time next year to have a theory at least concerning it.

There is another theory concerning the destruction of the earth which is held by many scientists, but, I think with very little show of reason. However, I believe that the date is about right. At least, I can take very little exception to that. The theory is that in about one hundred and forty million years the sun will burn out, and the earth as a consequence will be frozen to the very center. The water contained in the earth, expanding by the intense cold, will then split the earth in two, and spoil it for all practical purposes.

It is true that other scientists may have theories which differ from these in some respects, and they may place the date several million years earlier or later, but what, I ask, does that amount to in the development of such grand theories.

Now how could these magnificent results have been obtained had it not been for modern science? When would the imagination of ordinary mortals ever have soared to such sublime heights if they had not been assisted by the scientific men of the present?

Nor is it in one branch alone that the scientist is great. You can trace him in almost every department of life. In the sphere of astronomy his voice is supreme. He discovers a man in the moon one day, and on the next, assures you that there is a terrific thunder storm then in operation in Mars. He is positive that the sun is composed mostly of fire, and can tell approximately how long it would take the fastest express on the Sharpsville railroad to reach the nearest fixed star, allowing for stoppages. He is able to tell exactly what would be the effect should the earth come in contact with a comet, or to measure the length of its tail as it passes by.

Look at his inventions too. Only the other day a flying machine was invented which will soon revolutionize modern travel, and it may be confidently expected that ere long we can propel ourselves through the air with the swiftness of lightning, pluming ourselves for flights which would shame the Royal Eagle. Yes, I do not hesitate to affirm that before the sun has set on the nineteenth century, we can wing our flight through the immensity of space, soaring from planet to planet and even daring to perch on the fixed stars. I believe that the common picnic grounds of the next century will be in the moon, and students of this college instead of going to Neshannock Falls, or Trout Island will trip the "light fantastic" around the crater of some extinct volcano in fair Luna.

You may think this very improbable, visionary, perhaps, but I tell you there is no limit to the achievements of science. No, if I were to leave these probabilities, which I see passing before my eyes like a panorama, you would then think that these prophecies may indeed come true.

But let us pause for a moment in this dream of the future, this flight among the moon and stars, and come again to the earth, on which, perhaps, after all, you feel more at home. It is not so with the old scientist. He delights to soar. He discovers a new process of making a world, or peoples a planet with as much ease as he can prophesy concerning the weather. Although astronomy and geology give him a greater field for the development of his faculties than almost anything else, he by no means neglects the more common departments of knowledge. A scientist can tell more about agriculture in fifteen minutes than an old farmer has learned by an experience of forty years. He discovers in two minutes an improved process of boiling eggs which some diligent housewife has been seeking after for many years. In this manner he is making himself useful to all classes of society.

It is having its effect in raising the world in intellectual culture and refinement, and by increasing the general happiness of all. I would that I could dwell longer on this delightful subject but lest there may be already more than you can comprehend I must refrain, and must deny myself the pleasure of entering deeper into a study, the beauties of which, I trust you will some day more fully perceive. I shall make my lectures short in order that they may be comprehended by minds not yet versed in all the laws of science.

In our next lecture we will treat of the creation of the world, together with the rest of the universe, and lest some point may escape you, I request that you bring notebooks and pencils, and come prepared to absorb as many of my theories as possible.

A HEROIC KING OF THE NINETEENTH CENTURY.

Humbert IV., present king of Italy, is said to be one of the most popular monarchs of Europe, although it is not because he is a great statesman or a brave general, though he may be both, for he has had considerable experience both in statesmanship and war. He is the eldest son of Victor Immanuel, and was born in 1844. When he was fifteen years of age he took part in the movement for the unification of Italy. It proved successful, and in 1861 his father was made king of United Italy. This gave the son an opportunity to become well versed in diplomacy and all State affairs, for he was engaged to reorganize the two Sicilies. He was also associated with Garibaldi, and shared his popularity at the time when he was most popular.

He distinguished himself with marked bravery at the battle of Custoza, in the war between Prussia and Austria in 1866. He was married in 1868 to Princess Marguerite of Savoy, by whom he has had one child. With his wife and child he took up his residence in Rome, after the French withdrew their forces, on the opening of the war between France and Germany in 1870, but at the death of his father in 1878, succeeded him on the throne of Italy.

He has had to complete the solution of a difficult problem during his reign, which had been almost wrought out by his father. It was the problem of abolishing the temporal power of the Pope, while at the same time preserving his spiritual sovereignty and civil honor. For the person of the Pope is now sacred and inviolable, like that of the king. But that problem may not have been more difficult than is the connected one of how to suppress ignorance and superstition while the Roman Catholic church is

permitted to maintain such a powerful hold upon the people as at present.

When the cholera broke out in Naples recently, that city became the scene of the wildest confusion. Priests deserted their parishes, and men left their wives and children to meet as best they might the terrible foes—famine and cholera—which had come among them. In the poorer and more squalid portions of the city, each tenement, with its rags and filth, became a pestilential hot-bed of disease. The poor ignorant people rose against the physicians and all who came to minister to them, and declared that they were the source of the pestilence which was among them. They said the doctors visited them to kill them, not to cure them. Factories closed, labor ceased, homes were pillaged, the streets were crowded with idlers, hungry and dying; the madness of despair was taking possession of the masses.

And learning of all this, the young king resolved to visit Naples. He kissed his wife and boy, and went from his palace at Mouza to share the poverty and disease of his subjects in Naples. And among the first of the pitiful sights which greeted him was a woman heading a crowd of other wretched and famished women and children, crying out: "O, your majesty! O, Father! give us something to eat! Before this we lived upon figs; but now we have nothing."

The king went to work with a will, like the Howards and the Nightingales, to relieve his suffering subjects. He did much good by inaugurating important measures for their relief; but his presence among them did more than all the measures he attempted. Grace Greenwood, writing of the moral effect of his presence, says: "I believe it averted frightful misfortune and disorder—an anarchy of despair, a riot of wretchedness, such a 'Dance of Death' as has not been known for centuries. The calm authority of the king's mein, the pity of his eye, the sympathy of his sad smile, the overflow of his gracious humanity in kind and fitting words; and, above all, the courage, which is his noblest royal inheritance, quieted, comforted and reassured the turbulent, half distracted people. They felt that he was with them; almost of them; doing, daring, suffering for them; and thousands who on his coming might have cried like the gladiators in the old Roman arena, 'We who are about to die salute thee!' lived to shout *vivas* along his way when he was departing."

Ah, that was an hour of solemn triumph such as no mere warrior ever knew! It was a sublime moment when the people cried, "God save our Savior," "God save our king and father!"

When on his way to Naples he was invited to attend the races at Pordenone, and his reply was: "At Pordenone they make merry, at Naples they die: I go to Naples." Surely the king who could utter and act out such heroic sentiments must have received into his soul something of the spirit of Him who long ago mingled with the multitude, ministering to their wants, and breathing peace and courage into the hearts of the sorrowing and weak!—*Christian Nation*.

THE HOLCAD.

PUBLISHED SEMI-MONTHLY DURING THE COLLEGE YEAR BY THE
STUDENTS OF WESTMINSTER COLLEGE.

NEW WILMINGTON, PA., DEC. 15, 1884

TERMS: \$1.50 PER YEAR. SINGLE COPY, 10 CENTS.

Entered at the postoffice at New Wilmington, Pa., as second-class
mail matter.

EDITORS.

W. HAYES MOORE,	- - -	EDITOR-IN-CHIEF.
I. N. MOORE,	- - -	ASSISTANT.
ROB L. HAY,	} - -	LITERARY DEPARTMENT.
H. G. GOLDEN,		
SADIE M. McELREE,	} - -	LOCAL AND COLLEGE DEPARTMENT.
R. J. LOVE,		
J. P. VANCE,		
J. L. SNYDER,	- - -	EXCHANGES.
RALPH P. ALLEN,	- - -	BUSINESS MANAGER.

Information solicited respecting the Alumni and those
who have been in any way connected with the College.

Address all communications to

THE HOLCAD, New Wilmington, Pa.

NOW that the Junior Orations for this year are past, we may say of them as a whole that they have come fully up to the average of other classes. Though many of the subjects and themes were old, yet most of them were well treated and the performers may be pardoned for selecting themes used before when we reflect that where from forty to fifty orations and essays are given each year it is very difficult to find a line of thought entirely new. That the performances were appreciated by the public was shown by the large audiences which greeted the performers each evening. The class deserve praise also for the very excellent music which they provided for the occasion.

The change spoken of some time ago by which competition for a position on "Junior contest" was thrown open to the ladies of the class has been productive of good results. The ladies proved themselves in no degree inferior to the gentlemen in literary ability. The essays were, we think, fully equal as an average, to the orations.

The list of those chosen by the faculty to compete in the Junior contest will be found elsewhere in our columns and from our knowledge of their ability we can safely promise an interesting performance. The Faculty have a difficult task to perform in making

choice of the best six or seven, as were chosen this year, performances from those of the whole class, and they will, doubtless, be subjected to some criticism by persons more competent(?) to decide on the merits of a literary production. Every one should see that it would be almost impossible for such an influence as favoritism to determine who shall be placed on the list even if any member of the Faculty were base enough to attempt doing so.

Since the ticket is so nearly equally made up of ladies and gentlemen, and since it is acknowledged to be very difficult to decide on the merits of an essay as compared with an oration, would it not be better to assign one prize to the ladies to be competed for by them and the other to the gentlemen? This would, of course, virtually make two contests but it would obviate the difficulty of comparing an essay and an oration.

Let it be distinctly understood that these are the sentiments of one in no way connected with the class.

THE social of the Young Men's Christian Association on Tuesday evening of last week was a very pleasant affair and more than met the expectations of those who had it in charge. The general good feeling which pervaded the whole company and the enjoyment which was seen in every countenance, made it evident that such gatherings, where all connected with the College, meet to pass a few hours together in social pleasures, cannot but bring good results. There should be in every body of persons, working toward a common end, a unity of feeling and a harmony of action, and in no way can such a result be reached as well as by cultivating each other's acquaintance and making good all opportunities for social intercourse. There is no place perhaps, where the bare formalities which are observed in society generally, can be disregarded with such positive advantage as at college. Here students coming from different communities should not feel bound by mere conventionalities. There should always be an aim and desire to know each other personally and thoroughly, and an effort to make this acquaintanceship overcome the embarrassment which is so often noticeable. All feel better, and-better work is accomplished, when every one seems at home and believes he is really among friends who enjoy his company and not among those who stand aloof and, though well acquainted and, probably, members of the same class, hesitate to make any advance, because, indeed, the formality of an introduction has never been gone through with. Such over-exactness

should certainly be condemned especially among college students, who should, by all means, be at least, on speaking terms with each other. To a new student, the one thing which, more than any other, makes him feel that he is among strangers, even though daily mingling with them in college work, is the tardiness with which he becomes acquainted. And this, it may be said, is particularly chargeable to those who have for some time been members of the college. It is their duty to make proper advances and welcome heartily, in a way that cannot be mistaken, those who come among them.

It is difficult to say whether such a diffidence prevails in all similar institutions, but almost every new student of Westminster can testify that it exists to some extent, at least, here. It is possible that all may have noticed it, and have felt it at their entrance. This can and should be obviated and every student should regard it a duty to make the surroundings of those who enter from time to time pleasant. Much can be done by individual effort, and much more by such friendly intercourse as a "social" affords. It would be well, then, to have the students come together more frequently in such a way, since the results cannot but be for good. We would suggest that a social be held at the beginning of next term, on Tuesday or Wednesday evening, before regular work begins, or at some time early in the session. And it would be better still, if one could be held which would bring together not only the students of the College, but the citizens of New Wilmington as well, as there does not seem to be that sociability between students and citizens that should be, to make Westminster seem like home to all. Every one is happiest when among those known to be friends. These suggestions are offered in the hope that they may be thought worthy of consideration, and that, hereafter, there may be less reserve and more hearty social enjoyment among all the students.

IT must be no small gratification to one who has labored long in a good cause to receive, when he has finished his work, the hearty approbation of all who have been engaged with him and to know that through his instrumentality much good has been accomplished. Surely no man can desire more than this. By being so engaged the fondest hopes of the good man are realized and his truest greatness is attained. It was certainly a pleasure to the friends of Mr. J. A. McLaughry to show as they did a few evenings ago their appreciation of his services as a Sabbath School worker and an earnest, consistent

Christian, and it was, no doubt, to the worthy gentleman a happy moment. The aged have always been looked to with a great respect and around those whose works remain as worthy examples there has always clustered a peculiar veneration. Young men regard them with a feeling that influences, to a great extent, their own lives and men in middle age, profit by the simple, silent, significant course of life which the good old man pursues. No one can estimate the good results that follow duty well done and a life well lived. The many friends of Mr. McLaughry join in wishing him many happy days in his declining years, free from the cares and anxieties and pains that age is often heir to, and crowned with such blessing as cannot but follow one who has lived so long and well.

THE new boarding hall is now almost completed and will be ready for occupation by the first of next term. The papers have been so full of matters pertaining to it during the summer that it seems almost like a repetition to speak of it again. And yet there are a few things to which attention may be called, we think, with advantage at this time. The building, though not so large, perhaps, as it might have been, is, we think, large enough for the present. Should the department of music prove a success, another hall can be erected. It would perhaps be better anyway to have the instruments for practice in a separate building.

The Hall is well finished in the latest style and with all the modern improvements. It is lighted with gas and heated with steam throughout and will, doubtless, be a very pleasant place to room.

But there is another side to the picture, one which has not been so thoroughly canvassed through the columns of our church papers. Westminster College was founded for the purpose of affording an opportunity to the youth of our church of obtaining an education at a small cost. Such arrangements were made as would place a good education within the reach of all. Thus far she has made a good record. Her course is as high as that of any of the neighboring colleges and the necessary expenses of her students lower than at most other. Do you ask what connection this has with the Boarding Hall? Simply this. The decree has gone forth that all ladies coming here to attend college must board in the Hall and the price is fixed at a minimum of four dollars per week. It is known to all that there are many who would like to send their children to school, many, perhaps, who have contributed what they could to the support of the College hoping there-

by to be able to give their children the advantage of an education, but who are unable to pay so large a sum for their support while in college. The effect of this will be that the advantages of the College, which was founded for all, will be limited to the wealthier class, while those in poorer circumstances will be compelled to seek an education elsewhere. We think it is not denied that boarding can be obtained in private families at a much lower rate, but it is urged in defence of the new order of things that the better accommodations to be found in the Hall make boarding there worth more than in a private family. This may be true and doubtless is, but are accommodations to be weighed against an education? If a lady wishes to come here who is willing to forego the better accommodations for the sake of obtaining an education should she be excluded from the College because she is unable to pay for these conveniences? Would it not better further the cause of education, would it not better carry out the object for which the College was founded, to let those who wish to do so, and are able to do so, board in the Hall, and those unable, seek a place where they can obtain boarding within their means? To the Board of Trustees has been committed the carrying on of the affairs of the College in such a way as to accomplish the greatest good, and to them we offer these suggestions with the earnest hope that such changes will be made as to keep the privileges of the College within the reach of all.

EXCHANGES.

THE *Owl* is the name of a neat little paper published by the Freshman Class of Allegheny College. The paper is undoubtedly well named. It appears to delight in recounting hideous night scenes, describing "How a new student was taken from his bed, stripped, ducked and tied to a tree," etc. If half of the story is true the boy is to be pitied.

It also contains some good advice to new students. These "Douts" were first published by the University Press, and were hints to freshmen, but as this paper is published by that class, they make it "to new students."

* *

WE very gladly welcome to our table the *Washington Jeffersonian*. We feel more than an ordinary interest in this paper, as it comes from the Alma Mater of our President and also his predecessor. It is neatly gotten up and presents a fine appearance. It contains four pages of editorials. This is much more space than is usually given to that

department. In our opinion, editorials should be short and should not occupy more than two and one-half pages of a fourteen-page paper.

* *

AMONG our exchanges we find the *College Echo* to be one of the best edited and most interesting journals. The design on the cover is very appropriate and suggestive. The literary department contains two good articles. The subject of one is, "The Freshman and His Horse." The other is an excellent sketch of the great novelist, George Elliott.

OTHER COLLEGES.

—Ninety new students entered Vassar this fall.

—There is but one periodical published by the students of Germany.

—A new college building is being erected at Thiel College, Greenville, Pa.

—Of eight two-hundred dollar scholarships recently awarded at Cornell, four went to ladies.

—Columbia has graduated 85,000 students and the number of books in the library is 62,913.

—It is estimated that nine-tenths of the college men in the United States are Republicans.

—Of the 365 colleges and universities in the United States, there are about 150 that publish papers.

—Ann Arbor has more students in attendance than any other college in the country. Their number is 1554.

—In Harvard, work on the college papers is taken as a substitute for the regular literary work in the University.

—Science Hall of the University of Wisconsin, Madison, was burnt Dec. 1st. The whole loss is estimated at two hundred thousand dollars.

—There are 181 Young Men's Christian Associations, containing 9,716 members. Of these, 7,527 are active members, and 2,189 are associate.

—The *New Haven Register* of Oct. says: "Two car-loads of cigarettes and a bundle of text-books were switched off on a side-track at the depot yesterday; college begins to-day."

—President White, of Cornell, recently declared that his thermometer of hope fell pretty rapidly whenever he saw a young man with a cigarette in his mouth.—*University Press*.

COLLEGE AND LOCAL.

—The dormitory is now completed and ready to be furnished.

—New walk from east college door to Prof. Graham's room. Good.

—A complete set of the Waverly Novels have been received at the library.

—In the study of ethics next term the Senior class will use Gregory's text-book.

—Rev. W. A. Crabbe, '65, has resigned the pastorate of the Buffalo congregation.

—The members of the Senior class have been assigned subjects for class essays next term.

—THOSE OF OUR PATRONS WHO HAVE NOT YET PAID THEIR SUBSCRIPTION WILL PLEASE DO SO SOON.

—The Board of Trustees has purchased Mrs. Cox's property lying north of the new dormitory.

—If we can't have ice to skate on this winter, we will nevertheless skate as we have two skating-rinks in town.

—The music for the Junior performance last Monday evening was furnished by Mr. Brassington and wife, of Mercer.

—Examinations will begin on Friday next, and will end on the Monday afternoon or Tuesday forenoon following.

—Students wishing reduced rates over the P. & L. E. during the holidays will leave their orders with Prof. Mitchell.

—Many of the students are not satisfied with the decision of the Faculty in regard to some of the Junior contestants.

—The occupants of Fort Shafer are happy. Edmundson's mouth-organ has given out, and Dodd has bought a new violin.

—The Freshmen have become tired and usher no more on Sabbath evenings. Brace up, boys. You must not become weary so early in your course.

—Mr. Jos. McNaugher, Treasurer of the Board, has the contract for grading the yard around the new hall, and has a large force now engaged at the work.

—There was a larger number in attendance the last evening of the Junior orations than at any previous time. The entertainments have been heartily appreciated by the public, and the class have re-

ceived much merited praise. Their performances have been good throughout and the music the best that has been provided by any class for some time.

—The anxious Sophomore is now racking his brain with the all-important question. "How can I best gain the favor of the matron of the ladies' dormitory?"

—The faculty appear to have some desperate project on hand. One of them in our room a few days since accidentally displayed a large butcher-knife which was intended to be concealed.

—The following contestants were selected from the Junior class: Misses Sadie M. McElree, Mina McElwee and Mattie Poppino; Messrs J. L. Snyder, W. H. Moore, J. C. Kistler and R. L. Hay.

—The Adelphics received their new chairs in time for their meeting on the evening of Dec. 5th. The chairs add greatly to the appearance of the hall. A large number of lady visitors were present to help occupy them.

—Quite a panic was created among our town-folk who have rooms to rent, by the rumor that the board in order to fill the hall would allow boys to room on the third floor. This would be a grand scheme but the report lacks confirmation.

—Junior orations are ended for this season, and the voice of the orator practicing in the chapel no longer echoes through the HOLCAD room, and cheers and strengthens the editors in the path of duty. We never appreciate our opportunities till they are gone.

—The third lecture of the course was delivered in the First Church, Thursday evening, December 4th, by Col. G. W. Bain, the Kentucky orator. Subject: "Our Boys and Girls; Nice and Naughty." The next lecture will be given Monday evening, Dec. 15th, by Howard McSherry. Subject: "National Follies."

—Junior orators and essayists and subjects, for last two evenings:

December 1.—W. H. Moore: "The Present Demand, and How to Meet it." Mattie Poppino: "The Gifts of the Centuries." J. N. Swan: "The Light of Asia." J. L. Snyder: "The Revolution in Hayti."

December 8.—J. H. Webster: "John Bunyan." Etta Reed: "This or That." Estella McMillan: "A Nation's Conservator." Geo. L. Ham: "The Siege of Jerusalem."

—Since the students are required to attend service every Sabbath evening, without regard to the condition of the weather or roads, they would be greatly

obliged if the college authorities would place a few lamps around the campus for their guidance on these wet, dark evenings. After one has strayed from the campus side-walk, wandered for some time among the campus shrubbery, run over several campus trees, and lost his overshoes in the campus mud, he is not generally in a frame of mind to enjoy chapel services.

—The latest bean story comes from Mercer county. A gentleman there planted seven beans, which grew up and vined thirty feet on poles ten feet high, producing beans varying in size from a banana to a man's fist.

—Sophomore; "I tell you what we got it good on them fellows in our club about that Turkey Thanksgiving, so we did, he he!" Senior: "Him! Yes, but who ate the chickens?"

—The question sent by the Philo to the Adelphe Literary Society for contest debate is, "Resolved that under the present circumstances, protective tariff is sound national policy for the United States."

—The members of the Junior class will celebrate the birthday of the poet Whittier on December 17th. We anticipate in this a very pleasant entertainment. The exercises will consist of readings and recitations from the poet's work, each of which has been chosen to illustrate some prominent characteristic of the author or to show for what, and of what he has written. The class extend a hearty invitation to all. Admission, ten cents.

—The Y. M. C. A. social last Tuesday evening was a complete success. The members of the Association met in the chapel at half-past six o'clock, and after devotional exercises repaired to Philo Hall where they spent two or three hours in social enjoyment. Besides the students many friends of the Association and of the college were present, among whom were several members of Mercer Presbytery, which had held a meeting during the day in the First church. The music for the occasion was furnished by the college orchestra, and was of the finest quality. Altogether the social was one of the pleasantest the Association has ever held, and will long be remembered by those who were present.

—After the orations last Monday evening a company composed of Sabbath school teachers, together with a few friends, repaired to the house of Mr. J. A. McLaughry, their former superintendent, and presented him with a very pretty, mounted cushioned rocker. The presentation address given by Rev. Mr. Kennedy was very appropriate, and rightly express-

ed the esteem and honor in which Mr. McLaughry is held by his associate workers and friends. Completely surprised, Mr. McLaughry arose and touchingly expressed his gratitude for the gift and the love by which it was prompted. The bountiful lunch which followed showed that the surprise was not universal among the members of Mr. McLaughry's family. After some music by the young folks, and a solo, "The Old Piano," by Rev. Mr. Kennedy, the company dispersed leaving behind them many well-wishes for the future of their aged friend.

—Was it a burglary? If not, what was it? Passing by a certain house, located on the street forming the Southern boundary of the campus, one might have seen, on the night of December 4th, at a late hour, a well-dressed young man with a black mustache making his exit from one of the parlor windows. Getting out of a house in that manner at that time of night is, to say the least, rather a peculiar *modus operandi*, and it is no wonder that our suspicions were aroused. But since the occurrence of the affair we have heard something which causes us to think that perhaps no burglary was committed and that the young man may have been there for another purpose than that of stealing. Nothing was missed from the house except the key to the front door. It is quite evident that the young man with the black mustache did not have it, for had it been in his possession he would have used it, no doubt, and gone out at the door instead of crawling out, on his hands and knees, at a window.

—The funeral services of W. H. Clark were held in the Lutheran church at Fayette. The remains were enclosed in a neat casket, ornamented with a single wreath. After the singing of hymn 329, Rev. Mealy led in prayer. Taking for his text Lamentations 3:31-33, Rev. Sahma the pastor delivered a very earnest discourse and at the close, reminded the sorrowing friends that the Lord had not promised joy always to his people and it was not for any one of us to arraign the dealings of the Almighty disposer of all events, yet they might rest assured of His promise "that all things work together for good to them that love God, to them who are the called according to his purpose."

He was followed by Pres. Ferguson who in a few well chosen remarks spoke of the fact of so many friends being present to mingle their tears with those of the sorrowing, and yet how unable any one was to enter into the feelings of the bereaved. But he reminded them that there is One "who has borne our griefs and carried our sorrows" and to Him the

mourner could look for sympathy and help in the hour of affliction.

Prof. Taggart spoke of the character of the young man while a member of his class. He had always found him an apt student, willing to do all that was required of him, respectful to his teacher, and highly esteemed by his classmates.

The interment took place in Fair Oaks Cemetery and was attended by many friends and acquaintances from the surrounding district.

WHEREAS God, in his all-wise Providence, has called from among us, our friend and class-mate, Wm. H. Clark, we, the members of the Third Preparatory and Freshman classes, do solemnly adopt the following resolutions:

Resolved, That we recognize the hand of God in this just visitation.

Resolved, That we accept this dispensation of Providence as a solemn warning for us to remember the uncertainty of life, and to watch; "for at an hour when we think not, the Son of man cometh."

Resolved, That we tender to the relatives and friends of the deceased our warmest sympathies, as well as our expression of confidence that their and our loss, is his eternal gain; and we also commend them to "One who loveth those whom he chasteneth and scourgeth every son whom he receiveth."

R. W. DONALD,	AGNES MCHENRY,	} Com.
OLIVE PORTER,	R. C. POLLOCK,	
J. D. BURROWS,		

Resolutions adopted by the Adelpic Literary Society.

Recognizing the inscrutable wisdom of God in the recent dispensation of Providence by which Mr. W. H. Clark has been removed from our midst, therefore

Resolved, That, while we bow in humble submission to the Divine will, we sincerely mourn his untimely death;

Resolved, That we hereby express our appreciation of his earnestness and faithfulness in the discharge of duty, and that we hold in grateful remembrance the many other amiable qualities which gained for him the respect of his associates;

Resolved, That we extend to the sorrowing friends our heartfelt sympathy in this their sore affliction;

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be sent to the bereaved family, that they be printed in the town and College papers and that they be recorded in the minutes of Society.

I. N. MOORE,	} Committee.
C. P. HARRAH,	
W. H. MOORE,	

PERSONALS.

—I. N. Moore's motto now is "I Kant."

—Rev. S. H. Moore, '75, was in town last week.

—Harry McKean, '82, spent Sabbath, Dec. 7th, in town.

—Cochran has decided to let his beard grow until vacation.

—Prof. Austin visited the College and town last Tuesday.

—Miss Lottie Barmen, is studying music at Omaha, Nebraska.

—H. B. Bowser, Esq., '74, of Mercer, visited his old home here Dec. 4.

—Miss Lizzie Neal, has been absent from town for two weeks visiting friends.

—Jos. McNaugher, Esq., was in town last Monday, attending to college affairs.

—Prof. N. M. Crowe, '83, has entered the Allegheny Theological Seminary.

—W. J. Shields, '85, has been ill and not able to attend class during the last week.

—Mrs. Alfred Snodgrass, *nee* Annie Prather, visited her parents here two weeks ago.

—Rev. J. C. Hunter, '76, has taken a vacation and gone to Colorado on account of ill health.

—Rev. J. L. Grove, '69, has accepted a call to the Cove congregation, Big Spring Presbytery.

—A. L. Davidson will please take notice that his subject for Senior essay is *Dr. Thomas Reid*.

—Rev. J. L. Whitla, '56, has been lately bereft of his wife, Mrs. Mary M. Whitla, who died Nov. 24.

—Pres. Ferguson and Prof. Taggart became members of Mercer Presbytery, at its late meeting here.

—Mr. J. S. French, druggist of Mercer and formerly a student here, expects to locate in Cleveland soon.

—Prof. J. B. Cummings is a delegate from Mercer Presbytery to the U. P. General Assembly at Topeka, Kansas.

—Prof. Graham's brother who visited here last fall, met with a severe accident recently. He was

on the top of a building, and suddenly slipping, fell to the ground breaking his leg in two places. His injuries though painful it is to be hoped are not serious.

—W. S. Welsh, formerly of '85, states that he will accomplish his life-work in the capacity of a U. P. preacher.

—J. S. Crawford, '84, made, during the summer, a visit to Jerusalem and other interesting places in the Holy Land.

—Sam McMillan was in town Nov. 8th, the evening his sister, Miss Estella McMillan, of the Junior class, read her essay.

—Mrs. W. T. Burns, *nee* Emma McKinney, was in town week before last, accompanied by her young son, visiting friends.

—Sam McKinney has recovered from his sickness and is clerking in his father's store at North Liberty. He will not return to college.

—The Rev. E. D. Campbell has resigned the pastorate of the Putman congregation, and has gone to Syracuse, N. Y., to seek rest.

—H. D. Gordon, '87, who is at present teaching near Richmond, Ohio, expresses himself as being well pleased with his employment.

—Mrs. Mary Harshaw, who spent the summer with her mother, Mrs. Hezlep, has rejoined her husband, Rev. A. H. Harshaw, of St. Louis.

—F. A. Blackston, Esq., '81, was in chapel Monday last but would neither conduct the services nor make a speech. What is the matter with Frank?

—Willie Sample, formerly a member of the class of '83, has been elected Superintendent of the public schools of Rush Co., Kan., where he now resides.

—Rsv. Jos. McKelvey, '63, has received calls from and has removed to take charge of the congregations of Oakland and King's Creek, Frankfort Presbytery.

—John Shaw, '85, who has been absent from college since the election, was brought back by his father last Monday evening. Evidently, John is yet under parental restraint.

—Miss Euwer, of near Pittsburgh, was in town week before last, endeavoring to organize a class in brachygraphy, an improved method of short-hand

writing. If a class is organized Miss Euwer will take charge of it the first of next term. This is a matter in which the students should take an interest, as a knowledge of this would be a great advantage to any one entering a learned profession.

—Messrs. Kyle and Moffat of the Allegheny Seminary were the guests of the Rev. Mr. and Mrs. McVey, last week. Mr. Kyle preached in the First church last Sabbath morning.

—Rev. J. Mc. Farrar has been very successful in his new charge in Philadelphia. The attendance at his congregation has doubled since he assumed charge of it a few months ago.

—President Ferguson was called to Chambersburg, Pa., last week to see his father who is very ill. He returned home Saturday evening, bringing the intelligence that his father is recovering slowly.

—The 1st prize in class A, Phila. Girl's Normal School, and diploma of the Franklin Institute were awarded to Miss Ella M. Mitchell, sister of Prof. Mitchell, for an essay describing a visit to the Electrical Exhibition in Philadelphia. There are nine hundred young ladies in the school, eight of whom received prizes.

—"Alas! 'tis not the creed that makes the man:
It is the man that justifies the creed:
And each must save his own soul as he can,
Since each is burthened with a different need.
Round each the bawdy passions lurk; and, fast
And furious, swarmed to strip the pilgrim bare,
Then, oft, in lonely places unaware,
Fall on him and do murder him at last."

—MEDERITH.

—"Is your chum a close student?" wrote a father to his son in college. "You bet he is, father," was the reply. "You couldn't borrow a V of him if you were in the last stages of starvation."

JOSEPH GILLOTT'S
STEEL PENS
RECEIVED THE GOLD MEDAL,
Paris Exposition, 1878.
His Celebrated Numbers,
303-404-170-351-332,
and his other styles may be had of all
dealers throughout the world.
JOSEPH GILLOTT & SONS, **New York.**

THE HOLCAD.

VOL. I.

NEW WILMINGTON, PA., JANUARY 1, 1885.

No. 9.

MY BIRTHDAY.

Beneath the moonlight and the snow
Lies dead my latest year;
The winter winds are wailing low
Its dirges in my ear.

I grieve not with the moaning wind
As if a loss befel;
Before me, even as behind,
God is, and all is well!

His light shines on me from above,
His low voice speaks within,—
The patience of immortal love
Outwearying mortal sin.

Not mindless of the growing years
Of care and loss and pain;
My eyes are wet with thankful tears
For blessings which remain.

If dim the gold of life has grown,
I will not count it dross,
Nor turn from treasure still my own
To sigh for lack and loss.

The years no charm from nature take;
As sweet her voices call,
As beautiful her mornings break,
As fair her evenings fall.

Love watches over my quiet ways,
Kind voices speak my name,
And lips that find it hard to praise
Are slow, at least, to blame.

How slowly ebb the tides of will!
How fields, once lost or won,
Now lie behind me green and still
Beneath a level sun!

How hushed the hiss of party hate,
The clamor of the throng!
How old, harsh voices of debate
Flow into rhythmic song!

methinks the spirit's temper grows
Too soft in this still air;
Somewhat the restless heart foregoes
Of needed watch and prayer.

The bark by tempest vainly tossed
May founder in the ealm,
And he who braved the polar frost
Faint by the isles of balm.

Better than self-indulgent years

The outflung heart of youth,
Than pleasant songs in idle years
The tumult of the truth.

Rest for the weary hands is good,
And love for hearts that pine,
But let the manly habitude
Of upright hearts be mine.

Let winds that blow from heaven refresh,
Dear Lord, the languid air;
And let the weakness of the flesh
Thy strength of spirit share.

And, if the eye must fail of light,
The ear forget to hear;
Make clearer still the spirit's sight,
More fine the inward ear.

Be near me in mine hour of need
To soothe, or cheer, or warn,
And down these slopes of sunset lead
As up the hills of morn.

—J. G. WHITTIER.

HINDOO FESTIVALS.

The Hindoo race knows no days such as the Christian world terms holidays. Their holidays, if we may so use the word, are days fixed by their religious books as sacred to the worship of some particular idol. The times of most of these festive days are fixed by astronomical facts, and consequently they occur at all seasons of the year. They are, for the most part, appointed for the worship of the deities which have special control over the elements. Other days are established to commemorate some memorable incident in the history of their Gods. Again, others are held in honor of some sacred place, some celebrated temple or some act of any of their famous saints. These festivals although originally instituted for a religious purpose, are not entirely religious in their character. Indeed, with respect to many of them the religious ceremonies form a comparatively small part of the observance of the day. The devout Hindoo adheres strictly to the observance of the ceremonial worship, especially if it is the particular day for the worship of their guardian deity. But for the greater part of the multitudes who assemble at these festivals, it is a time for amusement or relaxation from labor, since they enjoy no Sabbath rest.

As space will not permit an extended description

of these eastern festivals, the writer will describe but two of these. The first more particularly a religious festival and the other a mela or fair.

The first, a noted religious festival is held annually at Hardwār, the name of the place where the sacred Ganga, or Ganges, escapes from the Himalaya mountains into the plain. This spot is considered by all Hindoos as a very holy place and, according to their belief, those bathing in the river at this place are freed from all sin. So holy is the water of this river considered to be that it is carried hundreds of miles by the returning pilgrims and kept in their houses for medicinal purposes or for use in religious worship. The reason of the so great sacredness of this river is given in the religious scriptures of the Hindoos. Their mythology teaches that the goddess Ganga fell from heaven to the earth and was the source of this sacred stream. At the time of the year when this festival occurs thousands of Hindoos are seen hastening toward Hardwār from all over India. They come in vast multitudes from the far South, from distant Bengal, from the Punjab, the Scindh and the mountain valleys of the Himalayas. In many instances they carry with them the bones and ashes of their dead in order that they may mingle them with the waters of the sacred stream, and thus insure salvation to those who have died far from this healing river. At the time appointed for bathing, the vast crowds surge to and fro as each pilgrim endeavors to seize the auspicious moment for ablution. However, at a distance from the bathing place the scene presents little of the aspect of a religious festival. Merchants, traders, acrobates going through their wonderful performances, and female dancers surrounded by lascivious crowds. Near the city of Sealkote in the Punjab district there is a ber-tree under which Guroo Nanick, the founder of the Sikh religion, once sat down to rest. Since that time the place has been sacred.

The tree, whether an original one or not, is not certainly known, is carefully preserved and is an object of worship. A temple is built in this place with a high wall surrounding the sacred space. At a fixed time of each year, a mela or fair is held here, and multitudes of people come from all parts of the surrounding country to offer sacrifices to their gods. On the morning of the day on which the mela is held, the roads leading to the place of concourse are thronged with crowds of people whose greatest desire seems to be to make all the noise possible beating their native drums and playing on bamboo flutes. At one of these melas, the noise is almost deafening. In one place you will see a dozen or

more men engaged in the wild dance of the Punjabi, as hideous in its character as the war dance of the Sioux Indians. In another place professional wrestlers will be engaged in a trial of strength and skill surrounded by admiring crowds. In a word here will be seen every rude means of amusement fitted to give pleasure to some and to bring profit to others. In the midst of the people, will also be seen the missionaries with their little bands of native Christians, preaching the Word of Life to an ignorant and perishing race. Such are some of the recollections of an Indian holiday.

THE PORTLAND VASE.

Perhaps but few of your readers have ever heard of what is called the Portland Vase, which is preserved with great care in the British Museum. This vase or urn is about ten inches high, and is fashioned in the shape of a human heart. Its history is interesting. It is of Etruscan manufacture and records the custom of that ancient people of preserving in costly and beautiful urns the ashes of their dead. During the third century it was removed from its long resting place and came into the possession of the Emperor of Rome, Alexander Severus, who robbed it of its sacred trust, replacing the ashes of some ancient Etruscan by those of one of his own family. There is in this act something strangely striking. Roman pride and splendor took the place of the more rude Etruscan habits and now after the lapse of centuries the ashes of, perhaps, some Etruscan noble are displaced by those of a Roman of the royal race. With its new trust it was sealed up in a magnificent sarcophagus and placed in the Monte del Grano as the sacred guardian of Roman ashes. But it is not yet permitted to keep undisturbed its precious contents. Roman power declined and the center of civilization moved from Rome to England. As if endowed by its maker with some mystic power, by which it should ever follow advancing civilization and enlightenment, the hidden vase was again discovered in the sixteenth century and brought to England. It was purchased by the Duchess of Portland for a thousand guineas and placed in the British Museum, where it has ever since been guarded with tender care. In spite, however, of the care with which it was guarded, the vase was broken in 1845 by a drunken man who threw at it a rock specimen lying near it. The fragments were collected with almost reverential care and were fastened together with cement, the shape being preserved and the fractures

concealed as much as possible. The vase is composed of a dark blue glass overlaid with a thin coating of transparent enamel cut away like a cameo, so as to represent the marriage of Peleus and Thetis. In workmanship alone it is worthy of highest admiration; but when we consider that it is a relic of a nation now extinct and of a civilization wholly of the past, our admiration rises almost to reverence. It is when in the presence of such remains of ancient art that the past exerts its mightiest influence over us. Fancy bids defiance to time and we see before us the hum of industry among a people long since dead. The vision passes and we again become aware of the reality of the present; but the past is more closely linked to the present than before. Our feelings are awakened in behalf of those nations which have perished. Our ideas are broadened until they comprehend the whole human race, not of the present only, but of the mist-enshrouded past. It is a strange co-incidence that this funeral urn, designed to guard from prying eyes the ashes sealed therein, should be the very means of reviving the recollections of those who sought in it to let their ashes rest in endless peace.

THOUGHTS ON LIFE.

A storm had descended upon a southern sea. Lightning and thunder and wind filled the heavens with fire and tumult, and the earth shook with fear. The sea rocked and groaned with rage. Its foam-crested billows rose and leaped against its shores as if, fretting with its boundaries, it would beat back its rocky walls. But see! A ship rides the angry flood. Like a great bird which stops a moment in his flight upon a mountain crag and then is gone, it sits upon the crest and disappears.

The ship, sacred with human life, is the play of storm and tide. The crew and passengers, white with fear, wonder why the gods have thus determined upon their destruction. What offence and whose has so invited their wrath?—The lot falls upon a stranger. He is cast off, and the sea is calm.

Oh Ninevah! must thou perish without warning? Where is the messenger, sent to tell thee of thy doom? He fled his post and is in disgrace. "Am I my brother's keeper?" In the presence of supposed danger he forgets his mission, would dodge his obligation; and wind and sea rise to avenge the wrong done to his fellow. Is man's relation to man so sacred that inanimate nature is disturbed by his disrespect of it? What is life? The miser says, to save gold; the prodigal, amusement; the politician,

to climb into place. These are selfish. The loafer whittles away his existence on a box. The dude, upon the corner, is satisfied with being mistaken for a wax advertisement. These are useful only in exciting the grace of pity. Did Gulliver travel on another planet when he found his man with a heart? Happiness is the goal. And what a scramble! Unlike the roads in Italy, the ways to happiness lead in every direction. Were every man's definition of life written in a book, they would be as irrelevant as the lines of a dictionary. The murderer, skulking through the damp and darkness, his knife whet for his victim; the Christian benefactor, whose heart beats with sympathy and generous feeling;—each pursues his ideal.

Life is a strange fact. Like the weaver's shuttle, man among the actors, moves across the stage, and is gone. But in that short time he has touched his fellows with the serpent's slime, or inspired them to work for humanity and Heaven. Man as a social being is rather a helper than a charge. Beneficence is of a man; robbery of a monster. The man who lives for himself is not paid for his time. To make men better, to inspire worthier motives and grander aims—this is virtue, this is life. "Tis only noble to be good," appears as well in fact as in poetry. Curtius, dying, closed the fatal chasm. The ship pilot burns at the wheel. Florence Nightingale invaded the dominion of blight and plague to bless her race. This is duty.—J. R. MILLIN.

FIVE ARAB MAXIMS—READ THEM IF YOU CAN.

Never	All	For he who	Every-thing	Often	More than
Tell	You may know	Tells	He knows	Tells	He knows
Attempt	You can do	Attempts	He can do	Attempts	He can do
Believe	You may hear	Believes	He hears	Believes	He hears
Lay out	You can afford	Lays out	He can afford	Lays out	He can afford

—Out of a population of twenty-five millions England sends only twenty-five thousand students to her two universities; Scotland, with a population of four millions, has twenty-two thousand five hundred in her various universities; the New England States send four thousand students to their eighteen colleges and universities.—*Harvard Crimson*.

THE LECTURER AND HIS AUDIENCES.

There have, doubtless, been many amusing incidents in the life of every person, but no one, perhaps, has had a more varied and interesting experience than the modern lecturer. Going from place to place, he comes in contact with people of every class and condition, and he must be variously impressed with their different tastes and the different judgments passed upon him. And, indeed, it would be no small gratification to the people, oftentimes, to know just what his opinion is of himself, and of them. Few, however, of our best and most popular lecturers make this known to us, and still a fewer number do it a way so pleasing as does Oliver Wendell Holmes. What the Autocrat himself thinks of these lecturing tours through the country, we have in his own words:

"I have played the part of 'Poor Gentlemen' before many audiences—more, I trust, than I shall ever face again. I did not wear a stage costume, nor a wig, nor mustaches of burnt cork; but I was placarded and announced as a public performer, and at the proper hour I came forward with the ballet-dancer's smile upon my countenance, and made a bow and acted my part. I have seen my name stuck up in letters so big that I was ashamed to show myself in the place by daylight. I have gone to a town with a sober literary essay in my pocket and seen myself everywhere announced as the most desperate of *buff-fos*. I have been through as many hardships as Ulysses in the exercise of my histrionic vocation. I have sometimes felt as if I were a wandering spirit, and this great, unchanging multivertebate which I faced night after night was an ever listening animal, which writhed along after me wherever I fled, and coiled at my feet every evening turning up to me the same sleepless eyes which I thought had closed with my last drowsy incantation."

Of his audiences he speaks as follows: "Two lyceum assemblies, of five hundred each, are so nearly alike, that they are absolutely indistinguishable in many cases by any definite mark, and there is nothing but the place and time by which one can tell the 'remarkably intelligent audience' of a town in New York or Ohio from one in any New England town of a similar size. Of course, if any principle of selection has come in, as in those special associations of young men which are common in cities, it deranges the uniformity of the assemblage. But let there be no such interfering circumstances, and one knows pretty well even the look the audience will have, before he goes in. Front seats, a few old folks

—shiny-headed—slant up the best ear towards the speaker—drop off asleep after a while, when the air begins to get a little narcotic with carbonic acid. Bright women's faces, young and middle-aged, a little behind these, but toward the front—(pick out the best and lecture mainly to that.) Here and there a countenance, sharp and scholarlike, and a dozen, pretty female ones sprinkled about. An indefinite number of pairs of young people—happy, but not always very attentive. Boys in the back ground more or less quiet. Dull faces here and there—in how many places! I don't say dull *people* but faces without a ray of sympathy or a movement of expression. They are what kill the lecturer. These negative faces with their vacuous eyes and stony lineaments pump and suck the warm soul out of him; that is the chief reason why lecturers grow so pale before the season is over. Out of all of these inevitable elements the audience is generated—a great compound vertebate, as much like fifty others you have seen as any two mammals of the same species are like each other."

A CHRISTMAS CARMEN.

I.

Sound over all waters, reach out from all lands,
The chorus of voices, the clasping of hands;
Sing hymns that were sung by the stars of the morn,
Sing songs of the angels when Jesus was born!

With glad jubilations

Bring hope to the nations!

The dark night is ending and dawn is begun:
Rise, hope of the ages, arise like the sun,
All speech flow to music, all hearts beat as one!

II.

Sing the bridal of nations! with chorals of love,
Sing out the war-vulture and sing in the dove;
Till the hearts of the peoples keep time in accord,
And the voice of the world is the voice of the Lord!

Clasp hands of the nations

In strong gratulations:

The dark night is ending and dawn has begun;
Rise, hope of the ages, arise like the sun,
All speech flow to music, all hearts beat as one!

III.

Blow, bugles of battles, the marches of peace;
East, west, north and south let the long quarrel cease;
Sing the song of great joy that the angels began,
Sing of glory to God and of good-will of man!

Hark! joining in chorus

The angels bend o'er us!

The dark night is ending and day has begun;
Rise, hope of the nations, arise like the sun,
All speech flow to music, all hearts beat as one!

—J. G. WHITTIER.

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER.

It is said that Mr. Whittier is averse to having anything printed about his personal history. But it is just this extreme modesty that helps to make him worth reading about. When a man likes to see himself in print, and have the color of his eyes and the length of his nose discussed, he is pretty sure to be a man whose eyes and nose have very little interest for the public. But when Mr. Whittier persists in writing poems that people will read, and keeps it up for half a century, when he is so faithful a voice of the nation, that a thorough understanding of his poems in their order is equivalent to a knowledge of the history of the United States, then he must expect that people will want to know as much about him as they can. It is one of the penalties that fame brings with it.

We have no scruples about violating the courtesies of a personal intercourse. There are none. Mr. Underwood's welcome biography must assume the entire responsibility, and if the HOLCAD spreads the account of his life from Maine to California, wafts it to European shores, sets the whole world talking about it, and is quoted in every paper that comes to Mr. Whittier for the next year, we can simply say, "Francis H. Underwood did it."

Mr. Whittier has never known what a good friend he has in the HOLCAD. It has never sent a request for his autograph for its album, for his photograph to hang up in the office, for a poem specially for its pages, and it must be content with knowing that virtue brings its own reward.

The first of the Whittier family in this country, Thomas Whittier, who came over from Southampton, England, in 1638, was not a Quaker, but was in fellowship with the church in Haverhill, Mass. He sympathized with the Quakers, and his youngest son, the poet's great-grandfather, married a Quaker. In this marriage, we recognize one of the influences which led the Whittiers to the new faith and made them Quakers from that time forward. It is a remarkable fact that the poet's ancestors from Thomas Whittier have been almost continuously the younger sons of the family, so that there were but four lives from 1620 to 1807. It is a common opinion that the older members of a family are the stronger and healthier, while the younger possess greater mental activity and are more inclined to intellectual pursuits. And, indeed, observation seems to confirm this opinion; for who does not recall how forcibly he has been impressed with this fact in his study of the lives of the world's most brilliant and gifted

men? Many have been the youngest and most delicate sons in their families. And, perhaps, in this we may see a partial explanation, at least, of Mr. Whittier's extreme sensitiveness and nervous disposition as well as his delicate health. It is only because he has always taken the best of care of himself, and been regular in his habits, that he has attained the good old age of seventy-seven. His parents lived in Haverhill, Mass., and here on Dec. 17th, 1807, the poet was born. From the Bachelors, or Batchelders, through his mother he is supposed to have inherited his broad and massive forehead, his swarthy complexion, and his bright, expressive eye. The resemblance between Whittier and Webster, which was long ago observed, is due to their relationship, the Bachelors having been ancestors of them both. Sarah Greenleaf was his paternal grandmother, hence his name John Greenleaf Whittier.

The poet has himself most beautifully described for us his early home and its surroundings. The house, built probably about the year 1688, has been somewhat altered without of late years. New doors and windows of more modern style and freshly-painted, have made it wear a less antique appearance. But within it is the same substantially as it was at the time of which "Snow Bound" relates. This poem, certainly one of his very best, and one which every one reads and re-reads with increasing pleasure, gives a pleasant picture of the homestead and the happy family circle. "If readers can recall parts of this description, and look upon this old farm house from a proper point without, it will be seen that if there were one more a garden in front and sheds in the rear, and if the oaks on every side were renewed—sturdier, thicker, nearer,—the place would be once more as it was when Whittier was a boy." It may not be called beautiful in the artistic sense; "but sweet and tender memories render our eyes misty as we look upon it; and with such associations there comes a feeling which the artist of mere beauty can never create. The scene is quiet, unmodernized, near to aboriginal nature, and suggestive of a calm simplicity that asks for no admiration—as if a segment of another century had survived the changes of time."

The members of the family are spoken of in the same poem with much tenderness and feeling. The uncle, the beloved companion of the children, was "a simple, guileless, childlike man;" and the aunt whose "smile of cheer" is still seen, was the "sweetest woman" to whom "perverse fate ever denied a household mate." The father "a prompt, decisive

man" is remembered and his early adventurous life; and the mother turning her wheel and pleasantly recalling "the story of her early days." We see also where,

"As one who held herself apart
Of all she saw, and let her heart
Against the household bosom lean,
Upon a motley braided mat,
Our youngest and our dearest sat,
Lifting her large, sweet, asking eyes
Now bathed within the fadeless green
And holy place of Paradise "

His eldest sister, "truthful and almost sternly just," is recalled, and the remaining child, his brother Matthew, who died in Boston, Jan. 7, 1883, is thus addressed in another place:

"Ah, brother, only I and thou
Are left of that circle now "

But we must not yield to the temptation to quote at length. Space will not permit it. The early advantages of the poet for acquiring an education were few indeed. He attended a private school near his home; but a pupil at one of the public schools of to-day would learn more in two years, than Whittier had opportunity to acquire during the whole period of his youth. He had little chance to read, there being only about twenty volumes in the house and these by no means interesting. His poetic feelings were first aroused by hearing Burns' "Bonnie Doon" and "Highland Mary" sung by an old wanderer or tramp who chanced to stop one night at his father's house. This seems to have stirred his tuneful nature and the next few years brought great changes. "His own feelings began to shape themselves in rhyme, and he was encouraged by his elder sister. How with his poor outfit he learned the mastery of verse is one of the mysteries of genius." What is believed to be his first printed poem, "The Deity," appeared in the "Poet's Corner" of the Newburyport *Free Press* about the year 1826. This was a paper that had been started but a short time before by Wm. Lloyd Garrison. Other followed this and finally Garrison, who saw that the author of the verses was possessed of talents that should be improved, paid him a friendly visit. Whittier at this time was actually a barefoot boy and, when Garrison drove up, was hoeing in the cornfield.

The young poet was warmly praised and encouraged. An interview was had with the father and though he remonstrated against "putting notions into his son's head," steps were taken, chiefly, however, by the boy himself, to enable him to attend the

academy at Haverhill. Here he spent six months pursuing the ordinary English studies and taking lessons in French. During his stay here, he more than once surprised the master by the superior excellence and originality of his compositions.

From this time on, Mr. Whittier wrote assiduously. He rapidly grew in popular favor and soon became the friend of the literary men of that period. In 1830, while he was yet in his twenty-third year, he became editor of the "New England Review," taking the place of Mr. George D. Prentice who retired, paying a high tribute to Mr. Whittier as a man of "powerful energies" and "purity and sweetness of character." He conducted this periodical with characteristic ability and remarkable success.

Garrison now began his work against slavery, and Whittier worked earnestly with him. His poems began to be directed particularly towards this great social evil, and he wrote with an energy and zeal that could not be misinterpreted. We cannot now speak of the indignities to which Whittier, Garrison, and their friends were exposed. "Outrages were continually perpetrated by the opponents of the anti-slavery cause. An abolitionist was not only 'fanatic named and fool,' but was pelted by way of rejoinder to his argument. Grand juries were urged to indict him. The sworn conservators of the peace found the care of him a trouble; for he was outside of the pale of humanity and there was then no society for the prevention of cruelty to animals. His appearance on the platform was the signal for brutal insult. Not one of the twelve Apostles would have been more sure of provoking riots." This spirit was manifested with great virulence in Salem, Haverhill and Concord.

He became the editor, in 1838, of the Pennsylvania "Freeman" in which he continued the publication of his fierce anti-slavery philippics. But the building in which was his office, was fired by the mob and burned to the ground, and all the property destroyed. The publication was continued, however, after a short delay, but Mr. Whittier, on account of ill health, after a year gave up the enterprise and returned to Massachusetts. Of the poems which appeared during this time, all of which are collected under the title of "Voices of Freedom," perhaps the most stirring are "Massachusetts to Virginia," "The Christian Slave," "Lines on the Adoption of Pinckney's Resolution," "Farewell of a Slave Mother to her Children" and "The Branded Hand."

In the *National Era* of May 2nd, 1850, the poem "Ichabod," or "Glory Has Departed," appeared.

Daniel Webster had made a speech apparently to conciliate the pro-slavery party, and "Whittier thus expressed the almost inutterable regret of Northern men in stanzas of painful significance." This poem should be read in connection with "The Last Occasion," which appeared in the *Atlantic Monthly*, April, 1880. The latter poem, although it does not retract a syllable of the former, seems to show more of pity and regret. "Randolph of Roanoke" is, perhaps, the best specimen of Whittier's charity for all men, though he shows it everywhere. As some of his more cheerful poems may be mentioned the "Songs of Labor," etc. .

Perhaps the poem to be read the oftenest, "to be kept and used," as Holmes says, "like a meerschaum or a violin," is "The Last Walk in Autumn." The following stanza may be quoted as the guiding principle of his life,—that which makes his life such a beautiful one:

"And I will trust that he who heeds
The life that hides in mead and wold,
Who hangs yon alder's crimson beads,
And stains these mosses green and gold,
Will still, as he hath done, incline
His gracious care to me and mine;
Grant what we ask aright; from wrong debar,
And as the earth grows dark make brighter every star!"

With this poem might also be classed "My Soul and I" and "My Psalm." His horror of intolerance and persecution, especially of the Quakers, is plainly seen in such poems as "Cassandra Southwick." Although as a Quaker, Mr. Whittier detested war, his poems served to sustain and uphold the Unionists in the struggle. His soldiery spirit during the days of the war came more prominently to the surface. As some one has said of him: "He was born a soldier and made over into a Quaker, and the soldier knocks the Quaker down now and then." He did with his pen what it took many to do with the sword. We might mention "To Fremont," and "Ein Feste Burg ist Unser Gott," from "In War Times," as of special excellence. Another famous series is "The Tent on the Beach," in which the poet and his two friends, Bayard Taylor and James T. Fields, while camping out on the coast of New Hampshire, tell their tales and enjoy the beauties of earth and sea around them. It would seem that Whittier himself liked best of all "Abraham Davenport," because of its last line—

"That simple duty hath no place for fear."

The most popular of his poems are "Barbara Fritchie," "The Prisoner for Debt," "In School Days," "The Bare-foot Boy," and "Maud Muller." In an-

other column "My Birthday"—a poem universally admired—will be found. Whittier had little opportunity for display of humor, although in intercourse with friends he always shows a keen enjoyment of it. "The Demon of the Study" gives a comically exaggerated picture of the annoyances to which writers are subjected.

The subject of this article is a true poet—"a spontaneous, natural singer, to whom the Muse came early in youth unsought. Among eminent modern poets he is the one who has had the fewest natural advantages of culture and travel and has made the least show of scholarship." He is a plain, modest man who has done what he believed to be his duty conscientiously and courageously, and he has won the respect of his own countrymen and of the world. The celebration of his birthday as often as it comes attests the people's love for him, and the respect with which he is everywhere treated shows that he has attained man's true greatness. We sincerely trust that he may yet see many happy birthdays, and that the same Providence in whom he has always so implicitly confided, may be near "to soothe and cheer" him and to lead him as lovingly "down the slopes of sunset" as He has "up the hills of morn."

SCRIPTURE AND SHAKESPEARE.

There are some curious parallel passages which show that "the Bard of Avon" was familiar with the Scriptures and drew from them many of his ideas. For instance:

Othello—"Rude am I in my speech."

Bible—"But though I be rude in my speech."—2 Cor. xi, 6.

Witches in Macbeth—"Show his eyes and grieve his heart."

Bible—"Consume thine eyes and grieve thine heart."—1 Sam. ii, 33.

Macbeth—"Life's but a walking shadow."

Bible—"Man walketh in a vain show."—Psalm xxxix, 6.

Banquo—"Woe to the land that is governed by a child."

Bible—"Woe to thee, O land, when thy king is a child."—Eccles. x 15.

Timon of Athens—"Who can call him his friend that dips in the same dish?"

Bible—"He that dippeth his hand with me in the dish, the same shall betray me."—Matt. xxvi, 23.

Macbeth—"We will die with harness on our back."

Apocrypha—"Nicanor lay dead in his harness."—2 Mac. xv. 28.—*Oxford Press.*

THE HOLCAD.

PUBLISHED SEMI-MONTHLY DURING THE COLLEGE YEAR BY THE
STUDENTS OF WESTMINSTER COLLEGE.

NEW WILMINGTON, PA., JAN. 1, 1885.

TERMS: \$1.50 PER YEAR. SINGLE COPY, 10 CENTS.

Entered at the postoffice at New Wilmington, Pa., as second-class
mail matter.

EDITORS.

W. HAYES MOORE,	- - -	EDITOR-IN-CHIEF.
I. N. MOORE,	- - - - -	ASSISTANT.
ROB L. HAY,	} - -	LITERARY DEPARTMENT.
H. G. GOLDEN,		
SADIE M. McELREE,		
R. J. LOVE,	} - -	LOCAL AND COLLEGE DEPARTMENT.
J. P. VANCE,		
J. L. SNYDER,	- - - - -	EXCHANGES.
RALPH P. ALLEN,	- - - - -	BUSINESS MANAGER.

Information solicited respecting the Alumni and those
who have been in any way connected with the College.

Address all communications to

THE HOLCAD, New Wilmington, Pa.

THIS issue of the HOLCAD, it will be noticed, contains four extra pages of reading matter. These pages may be considered a holiday addition, although, strictly speaking, they do not contain holiday articles. We trust, however, that our readers will find them interesting. Our enterprise has so far been very successful, but there is much yet that can be done by the alumni and friends of Westminster to make it still more so. We know full well that we fail if the paper is uninteresting to those who remember, with pleasure, their days here, and are still attached to the College and the town, and this is why we want all to work with us. There are often happenings which we have no means of knowing, but which would be of no little interest to many of our readers. It will be a great favor, therefore, if every one will send us, whenever he can, whatever news he may know; and, furthermore, urge every alumnus, whom he may meet and who is not a subscriber, to send us his subscription and thus encourage the work. The paper, if properly conducted, can not but be a benefit to us all, and the College as well.

AS we read from day to day of the achievements of science, we are almost convinced that there are no heights beyond her power to attain.

One of the latest freaks of those who make science subject to their sway is that of starting the machinery of the New Orleans Exposition by an electrical impulse borne over telegraphic wires from President Arthur's office in Washington City. Present appearances seem to indicate that electricity will be the magic wand of wonder-working power in the near future. Through its agency, we can transmit our messages with the swiftness of thought and reproduce the accent and very tone of the speaker. By it the darkness of midnight is made like the brightness of noonday. Its power we have utilized and made it to bear our burdens. What yet may be accomplished by the ingenuity of man in this line can only be guessed, but if the next fifty years witness as great progress as those just past we may laugh at impossibilities.

THE best of our colleges and institutions of learning, if not all of them, still follow the old custom of closing every term's work with examinations, covering all that has been studied, during that time, in the various branches. It may be questioned whether this is the best possible way of testing the student's knowledge of the different subjects and of fixing his standing in his class. The examinations are regularly expected, and every one knows full well that, by a few hours of extra work, he can fill his mind with facts, and at the proper time can pass with credit. But how many of these facts, crowded into his mind for this particular purpose, are retained and become of practical benefit? Are they not forgotten almost as soon as they have accomplished the object for which they were gathered? The examination which best tests a student's familiarity with his subject is one of which he has no knowledge previous to his entering the class-room, and one which he is expected to attempt without having made any special preparation for it. Only those whose work has been well done can pass creditably such a test, and by such means a juster estimate can be made of what each student has acquired that will be remembered. More of his faculties are brought into exercise. He is compelled to think, because, not having previously prepared himself, he cannot so readily bring the whole subject before him. He acquires the power of concentrating his mind upon his work, and of reasoning out for himself what should result from certain fixed principles or facts; and thus a mental discipline is given which, if repeated at proper intervals, becomes almost invaluable. According to the present plan, there is

not enough independent thinking. There is too much blind reliance upon the words of the text-book. It is too often regarded as embracing all that is to be known of the subject and not as a guide to further investigation. The work of the school is not to fill up but to lead out into private research, and to show what is to be known and how, by a proper exertion of his own faculties, he who really desires may know it. We think that the custom of holding final examinations, or any examinations for which special preparation has been made, is no longer a good one but that it fails to bring about the desired result. Would it not only be advisable but beneficial to discontinue them, and substitute for them such as will lead the student to exercise more self-reliance and independent thinking?

THE work of another term has just been finished. Examinations are ended and the student's mind is again at ease. The suspense which he has known for the last few weeks is over and he welcomes most heartily his days of rest and enjoyment. The session just closed has been a long one—almost sixteen weeks—and perhaps there is no one who needs recreation more or deserves it more than the student who has done honest, faithful work throughout the term, and who, possibly, has taken special pains to prepare himself to pass creditably the final examinations. Such work should be followed by something of a different nature. Indeed, books should be laid aside and should receive the least possible attention during the short two weeks of vacation. It should be remembered that the brain—the mind as well as the body—requires some time to recruit after a period of active exercise, and, unless this is recognized, it is useless to expect the best results. There are amusements and diversions of various kinds which can make vacation a time of enjoyment, and yet bring that rest which is desired, and enable every one to return to college duties with a real pleasure. This should be the reason for taking vacation and, if the student begins his work with reluctance or unwillingness, his vacation has done him little good. Let it be the purpose of all to spend the days pleasantly and profitably, and to resume the studies of the coming term with an interest and earnestness that cannot but make their college life a period of pleasant memory.

SOME time ago it was rumored among the students that Prof. William Blakie, of New York City, would deliver here one of his popular and in-

structive lectures on physical training, showing how, by the simplest means, to develop the man as successfully as the mind, and how the development of the one assists the development of the other. It is certainly to be regretted that he was not secured. There is no class of persons who need to be enlightened more on the subject of exercising the body than do students; and, probably, no students to whom the advice can be more appropriately given than the students of Westminster. It is very well known that our gymnasium is seldom visited by any of the students, even though they are convinced of the fact that regular exercise there would be great benefit to them. There should be an effort made to have all the students consider carefully how much is to be gained by training body and mind together, and we know of no better way than to have Prof. Blakie give one or more of his lectures. His instructions are simple and easily followed. We read in some of our exchanges of his having been at other colleges, and that their students have profited by what he said to them. Why can not the same good be accomplished here by the same means? This is a matter which, we trust, will receive some consideration, and that as soon as possible.

“ALWAYS think for yourself,” is a good maxim for everyone. There is perhaps no time in life when there is so strong a tendency toward the entire absence of individuality as when a young man is attending school. In the pursuit of his studies, the text-book used is considered good authority, and its assertions are received unquestioningly. The text-book has been chosen by one able to decide on its merits, and why should he dispute the truth of its contents? Many, perhaps, unconsciously do the same thing. A lesson is assigned and they prepare it for recitation by committing what is contained therein, without bestowing on the subject one original thought. Thus the students, instead of developing their power of original thought, contract a habit of dependence on others for their ideas and their opinions. Education consists not so much in filling the mind with facts and theories as in strengthening its powers and enabling it to evolve its own theories and test its own conclusions.

Not only in the intellectual but also in the moral field is this tendency apparent. The young man is placed under the care of the college authorities, and the rules which he is expected to obey are made known to him. He understands that infraction of those rules will be punished. He obeys the rules,

perhaps through fear of punishment, and too seldom thinks of the right or wrong connected with the matter. Is his standard of morality raised by such an obedience? Are his moral powers strengthened? We think not. The result is that the idea creeps into his mind and finds a lodgment there, that if he can break the rules without detection, no wrong is done, and higher considerations are lost sight of. That this is too often true, the experience of the best educators of our land bears witness, and to avoid it some colleges are trying other plans of government. In several institutions no rules are imposed and the students are made, in one sense, their own judges of what is right and consistent with their obligations to their fellow students and to the college authorities. Whether this plan proves a success is yet to be decided, but it is hoped that some form of government will be found to control the students of our academies and colleges, which will remove the temptation to obey through fear of punishment, and yet foster in them those principles of morality necessary to make them true men and women.

CHRISTMAS time has come again. The festival of "peace and good will" has returned and brought with it many joyous associations, many pleasant and sacred memories. Men, everywhere, are commemorating the birth of the Savior of the world and giving praise to God, in gratitude and love, for the countless blessings the year has brought them. The Christian's heart beats high as he recalls the privileges that have been his and how an unseen hand has led him safely all the way; and even he who knows not such a joy feels now that he has much for which to thank the God he does not serve. It is but true that, with all the joys the season brings, this is the time when man reflects most thoughtfully upon the past, and looks with most solicitude into the future.

The year which has just closed has brought much joy and happiness to many a family circle, and but little that has been disastrous to any nation or people. Only here and there throughout the world has the noise of battle been heard and the carnage and suffering of war been seen, that the barbarism of Africa might yield to the civilization of England, and the progress of superstition and error among the Mongolians be retarded by contact with the enlightenment of the French. History shows that the Gospel has followed many times only when the sword has led the way, and may we not find assurance in these events that even these benighted peoples may yet

hear the glad news of salvation and rejoice in a knowledge of the Word of Life? Let not, then, the Christian or the philanthropist lament that the closing year has witnessed havoc and bloodshed in Africa and China, if thereby these lands shall be turned from their idolatry and be made to feel the benign influence of the Cross.

Our own nation has been signally favored. There has been peace and concord at home and friendly intercourse abroad. Much progress has been made in every field of labor and many important enterprises have been carried on to successful issues. Business interests have prospered, the land has been filled with plenty, and the people have been happy and contented. But what shall this year bring us? Shall we receive better things than we have known before? Who can tell? Shall pestilence, grim and deadly, invade our land and decimate our population, as it did the fair fields and flourishing cities of sunny Italy and France? Let us hope not. But with a firm faith in that Providence who rules alike the affairs of men and nations, let us go forward to our work and know that all will be well.

There are many hopeful signs for the future. Our advance in education, our philanthropic reforms, and our constant endeavor to disseminate truth and find for the Gospel a more general acceptance, all indicate brighter days to come. The past has brought us blessings, and so long as we remain true to the trust reposed in us, they will continue.

EXCHANGES.

The *Indiana Student* is a neat little paper. The literary department contains a very interesting of Wyandotte Cave, of Crawford county, Indiana.

.

The *Illi* comes from the University of Illinois. This paper presents a very neat appearance. Its editorials are not only interesting to the students of that college but to all who will read them. The literary department is somewhat limited. The article, "We are Remembered by our Deeds," however is well worth reading.

.

The literary department of the *Blair Hall Literary Magazine* contains several good selections. The editorials are well written and to the point; but why persist in speaking of your paper as the *Lit*. It neither looks nor sounds well, and seems to us to be in bad taste. If the name is too long, would it not be well to change it for something shorter? The

magazine makes a very neat appearance and is one of the best edited of our exchanges.

* *

"Macaulay as an essayist," is the subject of an interesting article in the *Simpsonian*. The writer says that Macaulay's mind was too broad and comprehensive to be hampered in his thoughts by the narrow and exacting demands of party or creed. Hence, he recognized superiority wherever discovered and was ready to praise excellence wherever found. We think the *Simpsonian* would find it an advantage to add an exchange column.

* *

The *Irving Literary Gazette* comes to us from Westminster, Md. This paper is published in the common newspaper style. It would be more attractive and also more convenient were it in journal form. We notice several articles worthy of note. The editorials are suggestive, and as vacation is now at hand and an opportunity afforded the students of Westminster for doing good work, we quote the following trusting that all will put it into practice: "We should speak a word in favor of our college whenever an opportunity affords. If we know of any one who intends going off to school, we should not be afraid to speak of the advantages of our own institution."

* *

It gives us much pleasure to welcome the *Sybil* of Elmira College to our table. It is the only journal on our exchange list that comes from a female college—hence our interest in it. The editorials lack nothing of the spice and energy which characterizes the best college papers. The editors of the literary department deserve special commendation for their labor in writing their own articles. This plan, we think, much better than to cull long, dry selections from some prosy author, whom people are tired of or care nothing about.

* *

We welcome the *College Olio*, from Marietta, Ohio. It is journal of ordinary size and of more than ordinary merit. Its editorial on the importance of devoting a column exclusively to the Alumni deserves consideration. Every college paper depends principally on the Alumni for its support and their interests should be, particularly, noticed in its columns. We believe that soon many will follow the *Olio's* example. The article in the literary department on "Romanism" is well written. The author attributes to the Roman church much of the success of the American colonies.

WESTMINSTER'S WOMEN.

We have had the privilege of carefully perusing three numbers of the HOLCAD. We are well pleased with it. One note-worthy feature is, that one of the editors has been chosen from among Westminster's women. There should have been two more selected.

During former years little attention was given to the intellectual powers of women in this institution. To many it seemed a matter of indifference whether a woman took a low or a high grade in the class-room. It was a matter of indifference whether she pursued a classical or scientific course. A woman had but little encouragement to attempt great things. Times are changing. Westminster is changing. Let there be still more change until brains shall be recognized whether possessed by a man or woman.

Women themselves are to blame for some of this indifference as to thorough education. Learned men must bear some of this blame. Above all, parents and brothers must bear a portion of this blame. The time will come when women will call themselves women, when professors will demand of every student the same, when parents and brothers will demand that daughters and sisters receive the same considerations and no more than they receive at home;—*absolute equality*.

The time will come when a female seminary, or a girls' boarding school will be considered a relief of barbaric ages, and the Bible that says: "So God created man in his own image, in the image of God created he him, male and female created he them," will be read with new interest.

1. To meet the demands of the age, as well as the purposes of God, women should take a classical course as a thorough scientific one equal in the number of years of study to the classical. (There should be no other kind of a scientific course in any college.)

If there is such a thing as broad culture let the women have it. If there be such a thing as a well disciplined mind let women be in possession of it. Until it be shown that a classical course does not give these let that course be taken by the women of Westminster. Think of a man striving to get through this world on accomplishments. Think of a man giving one-fourth of his time to society, one-fourth to light reading, another fourth to mantua-maker, and another one-fourth to the music teacher. How could he be expected to mark out life's mission. Let the women stand side by side with the young men of the college in every department and be their

peers in every study. Then when college is done if your tastes and circumstances point you to a profession enter it, even though you should starve while breaking down the prejudices of the people against you. A few martyrs in this century will make the way easy for the women of the next.

2. Besides these women should have a thorough religious education. A pure heart as well as a clear head. There is no place on earth for an unchristian woman. Christianity is her personal protection as well as the power that opens every avenue before her. An unbelieving man can be endured even pitied because of his coarser nature and lordly disposition. But a woman whose success in life depends upon purity of heart, and whose opportunities depend upon the religion of Christ being known can be neither excused nor pitied while walking in rebellion against Christ. A pure heart, a right spirit, faith in God.

3. Physical culture should also receive special attention. Here a volume might be written to both young men and women. If there is one thing that causes me to knit my brows and think evil of Westminster, it is that she had no gymnasium in my day neither did she encourage any regular exercise.

I say deliberately, that a student that would habitually neglect physical culture should be suspended from college. It is as creditable to an institution to graduate *ninnies* as *weaklings*.

Women need to give special attention to physical culture. If the new dormitory has a good gymnasium, well and good, use it as your books. If it has no gymnasium, it is a great blunder. If I had to take my choice between pianos and a gymnasium, and have but one, I would away with the piano and keep the gymnasium.

I speak earnestly to the students of Westminster on this subject. I know men and women, once with fine forms and excellent health, who are to-day without strength for any work because they have neglected physical culture. May all the students give *equal* attention to brain, heart and body.

JAS. M. FULTON,
Colorado Springs, Col.

OTHER COLLEGES.

—The standard of Mathematics at Hobart is to be raised.

—An American college is to be established at Shanghai, China.

—Lawrence has become the educational center of

the West. It has the University, Business College, Idiot Asylum and Indian school. You pay your money and take your choice.—*Ex.*

—Twenty-five per cent of the students in German Universities are Americans.

—Cornell has received a gift of \$50,000 for the endowment of a chair of Moral Philosophy.

—The average attendance at the colleges throughout our country is less than for a number of years.

—The Freshman class at Wittenberg University has selected, among his other officers, a class chaplain.

—The New York *Evening Post* has regular correspondents at Harvard, Princeton, Amherst, Yale and Cornell.

—The average weight of the rush line of Freshmen team at Princeton is 180 lbs., at University of Michigan 161 lbs.

—Amherst is soon to dedicate the finest gymnasium in the world. It has cost with all its equipments over \$68,000.

—Vassar College has graduated 596 students. Of that number 188 are married—about one in three. Wonder if they play foot-ball there?

—Charles L. Colby has given a million dollars to establish a new university in Wisconsin. His father endowed Colby College at Waterville, Me.

—A lady has recently received the title of Doctor and Master of Arts from the University of London. This is the first woman to be thus honored.

—At the University of Virginia there is no regular prescribed course of study, no entrance examinations, and no vacation except the summer one.

—The most heavily endowed institutions in the country are Girard, \$10,000,000; Columbia, \$5,000,000; Johns Hopkins, \$4,000,000; Harvard, \$3,000,000; Princeton, \$2,500,000; Lehigh, \$1,800,000; Cornell, \$1,400,000.

—In the last eleven years Yale has graduated nine hundred and sixteen free-traders and but thirty protectionists. The majority of its alumni are protectionists; however, if President white, of Cornell, speaks truly, when he says that four years in business would convert three fourths of the free trade college graduates to protections.—*Ex.*

COLLEGE AND LOCAL.

—The Sabbath evening exercises in the chapel will be continued through vacation.

—The ladies attending College selected their rooms in the new boarding hall last Saturday.

—Final examinations closed on Monday, the 22nd, and a number of the students started home the same evening.

—R. T. Campbell, '86, entertained very pleasantly a number of his friends on Monday evening after examinations.

—Wonder if there won't be a Grand Social given in the new Boarding Hall sometime early in the coming term? What do you think?

—The furniture for the new Boarding Hall has arrived, and everything is being put in readiness for occupation at the beginning of next term.

—We heard some of the students during the last days of the term talking about picnics. Wonder what they meant? It has certainly been too cold for picnics.

—We are sorry that by some mistake Mr. E. F. Wilson's name and subject, "Political Agitations," were omitted in our notice of the Junior orations in our last issue.

—Dr. Alex. Allen, '68, was taken sick from an attack of pneumonia while on a visit to Pittsburg some two weeks ago. He is yet confined to his bed and, we are sorry to say, very slowly recovering.

—Miss Patterson was sick on the afternoon of examination Monday, ergo the Sophs. had no examination in Anglo-Saxon. Prof. Taggart let them off from Greek History, and they were happy.

—The Junior class gave an entertainment consisting of select readings from Whittier on the evening of the poet's birthday, Dec. 17th. The entertainment which was arranged and conducted by Miss Patterson was entertaining and instructive.

—Professors Wallace and Austen, and Jim Hutchinson, will board at Mrs. Alexander's next term. The Board acted wisely in moving our ladies to so secure a place as the new Hall, but their work is only half done, while these two bachelors and Jim room so near.

—The lecture given by Howard MacSherry was not exactly a grand success. It was to have been

comic, but a portion of the comic element was ancient, and a portion flat. The Lecture Bureau sent Mr. MacSherry here under the condition of satisfaction or no fee. Under these circumstances the lecture committee, having ascertained that a great majority of the audience were not satisfied with the lecture, decided to withhold his pay.

—We notice in the December number of the *Pennsylvania Teacher*, a very ably written article by Prof. Thompson, in answer to the question, "Are children kept in school too large a part of the time?" The Professor is well prepared to answer such questions, as is evident from the reading of the article.

—Rev. W. A. Campbell speaking of the new dormitory says in last week's *United Presbyterian*: "If I were sending a daughter away from home to school I know of no place, considering all its advantages—beauty and health of location, facilities for study and thorough instruction, and its social and religious society to which I would rather send my daughter."

—Town is supposed to be rather dry when the students leave, yet at this season there is a compensation in the presence of so many alumni and old students, who have been raised in or near New Wilmington and come to spend their holidays at their old home. When we see so many professional laborers who have gone to their work from this place, we feel proud of our town.

—At a written examination on English Grammar in one of the rooms of our public school the question, "What is a dead language?" was answered by one pupil, "Thee and thou," and by another, "Moaning and groaning." The last answer, doubtless, indicates language appropriate to funeral occasions. The first is supposed to have been suggested by the statement of the text-book, "Thee and Thou are read in the grave style."

—The Whittier birthday celebration on the evening of December 17th passed off very pleasantly. The audience, though not very large was an appreciative one and was composed of those who admire the poet and his works. There was no music. The entertainment consisted of the reading of selections from the poets works. A short account of his life and of the poems read was given by Miss Patterson. Parts of "Snow Bound," "The Barefoot Boy," "The Demon of the Study," "My Birthday," "Ichabod" "Randolph of Roanoke," "Massachusetts to Virginia" were among the poems read. Mr. Whittier has here many admirers and friends and though, perhaps, un-

known to him, their wishes for him are the best, knowing the good man he is and the good work he has done. May his days yet be many and peaceful.

PERSONALS.

—Miss Patterson is visiting friends in New Brighton.

—Prof. Wallace will eat turkey with "the old folks at home."

—R. E. Stewart, '85, will spend his vacation in Pittsburgh.

—Prof. Milroy and sister spent Christmas with Mrs. Alexander.

—S. S. Johnson, Esq., '79, spent Christmas with his parents near town.

—Miss Maggie Brown, of the Senior class, will spend her vacation in town.

—A. B. Stevenson, '82, was admitted to the Pittsburgh bar a short time since.

—Mr. John O. McConnell, '83, is studying law at Cannonsburg, Washington Co.

—Prof. Mitchell has moved to his newly erected residence on New Castle street.

—Miss Maggie McLaughry, '79, was sick at her father's here during the holidays.

—S. B. Patton, formerly of the class of '87, spent a day among his classmates last week.

—Prof. W. H. Dodds, '82, Principal of the Allegheny High School, was in town Dec. 13th.

—S. P. Barackman, '87, did not secure the school he expected and will be in college next term.

—Professors J. P. Whitla and J. A. McLaughry, of Emlenton Academy, are home for vacation.

—Miss Aggie Irons who is teaching in the New Castle public schools, is home for the holidays.

—Rev. A. G. Lindsay of the M. E. church conducted the chapel exercises last Thursday morning.

—Rev. J. Q. A. McDowell's, '78, address is changed from Philadelphia to Mill Brook, Mercer Co., Pa.

—The Rev. H. C. Marshall, '75, was in town last Saturday attending the funeral of his brother David Marshall. Mr. Marshall attended services in the

First church Sabbath morning, and chapel services in the evening.

—Rev. R. N. Hammond, '74, has been preaching in Thompsonsville, New York, for several weeks.

—Miss Clara A. Williams of Huntingdon is spending the holidays with her friend, Miss Belle G. Campbell.

—Miss Hattie Black, '85, is spending her vacation visiting her friend, Miss Mame Taylor, '83, of Wilkinsburg, Pa.

—Rev. James Dodds, '68, was installed pastor of Leechburg congregation, Westmoreland presbytery, December 15th.

—The Rev. Nathan Winegart, '74, has resigned the pastoral charge of the Franklin congregation, Lake presbytery.

—Messrs R. L. Hay, '86, O. A. Byers, '86, and W. A. Dunn, '87, dismissed their schools and attended their class examinations.

—Rev. J. M. Fulton, '73, is at present at Colorado Springs. He hopes to be able to take charge of his congregation next spring.

—Rev. W. J. Graham, '80, was installed pastor of Salmeville congregation at the meeting of Steubenville presbytery on December 16th.

—I. N. Moore, '85, and J. L. Snyder, '86, take part in the exercises of the "Shakspeare Debating Club" to be held at Grove City, Jan. 5th, 1885.

—L. W. Bigham, formerly of '84, here, and a graduate of last year's class at Princeton, is reading law with Judge S. S. Mehard, '69, of Mercer.

—At the late meeting of Westmoreland presbytery, J. B. McIlvaine, '83, presented a specimen of progress which was approved by presbytery.

—Miss Emma Alexander, '78, and her brother J. A. Alexander formerly a member of the class of, '85, have returned home for a week's vacation.

—John Shaffer, Esq., formerly professor of Greek here, and Press. Shaffer, M. D., both of Pittsburgh, spent Christmas with their mother, Mrs. M. Shaffer.

—John Mattox, '83, who is principal of the public schools of Pleasantville, spent Christmas in town. John is as hearty and happy as in the days of yore.

—R. K. Wick, '82, T. W. Swan, '84, C. H. Wilson, '84, of Union Seminary, New York, and Will Zim-

merman, who is teaching in Brooklyn, came home to spend their holiday vacation. That is they all came home except Tom. Don't know whether he considered that he came home or not.

—The following named students who live abroad are staying in town during vacation: Miss Brown and Messrs. Aiken, Webster, McClung, Huey, Pollock, Robertson and Thompson.

—G. E. Carnahan, '81, of Allegheny Theological Seminary, writes that the students there are enjoying a very interesting course of lectures by some of the best ministers in the U. P. Church.

—W. P. Stevenson, '82, started on Monday for the New Orleans exposition. The readers of the HOLCAD will be pleased to know that he will furnish us with a series of letters of description of his trip.

—Mr. J. S. Wilson, one of the editors of the *Geneva Cabinet*, called at the office of the HOLCAD a short time ago. Sorry his stay was so short but hope he may find it pleasant to call again and stay longer.

—C. H. Wilson, '83, has put on a social appearance with his full beard. Clarence thinks that Union Seminary is a splendid place to obtain theology, and advises all prospective theologues to pay particular attention to their Hebrew.

—D. R. McDonald, '81, and C. H. Robinson, '83, are both engaged in mission work in Allegheny city. The former in Lombard Street mission, under the Fourth Church, the latter in the Fifth Ward mission school, under care of the Third church.

—Dave C. Marshall, at one time a member of the class of '84, died two weeks ago at New Castle, where he has been for the past two years. Mr. Marshall had many friends both among the students who are now here and those who attended some years since.

ORDINATION AND INSTALLATION OF PROF. J. K. McCLURKIN.

The Philadelphia Presbytery of the R. P. Church, met in the Second Church, Philadelphia, on Thursday, Oct. 9th, at 2 p. m. The ordination of Prof. J. K. McClurkin and his installation as pastor of the Second Church, was the principal business before the Presbytery. The candidate was examined in theology by Prof. Sproull, in church history by Rev. J. J. McClurkin, in Greek by Rev. T. P. Stevenson, and in Hebrew by Rev. R. C. Montgomery. The lecture and sermon delivered by Prof. McClurkin were of

more than ordinary merit, and were listened to with close attention by the large congregation assembled to hear them. The examination and discourses not only displayed rare attainments in scholarship, on the part of the candidate, but ability to use them most effectively in the Master's service, and gave abundant evidence of his fitness for the work of the ministry. In the evening the church was filled to its utmost capacity. The ordination sermon was preached by the moderator, Rev. T. P. Stevenson, from Exodus 3:10. The members of the congregation gave a cordial and hearty greeting to their new pastor at the conclusion of the services.—*Reformed Presbyterian and Covenanter*.

—At a college examination, a professor asked: "Does my question embarrass you?", "Not at all, sir," replied the student—"not at all. It is quite clear. It is the answer to it that bothers me."

—Prof. Flagg, of Cornell, in a book recently published, severely condemns the use of "ponies" in translating the classics. Eminent men differ in respect to "trots" among college students.

Prof. in Ethics: "Has a man a right to sell or give himself into servitude?" Young lady: "Yes, sir." Prof.: "Have you a right to give yourself away?" Class smiles audibly.

—Love is blind. That is why so many young people like to court in the dark.

NO POCKET IN A SHROUD.

You must leave your many millions,
And the gay and festive crowd;
Though you roll in royal billions
There's no pocket in a shroud.

Whether pauper, prince or peasant,
Whether rich or poor or proud—
Remember that there isn't
Any pocket in a shroud.

You'll have all this world of glory,
With a record long and loud,
And a place in song and story,
But no pocket in your shroud.

So be lavish of your riches,
Neither vain nor cold nor proud,
And you'll gain the golden niches
In a clime without a cloud!

A COBRA'S BITE.

A recent English writer gives the following thrilling description of the effects produced by the bite of the deadly cobra:—

"Among many instances of snake-bite poisoning I seen, was a strong young Brahmin of twenty, well known to me, who had been bitten during the night, while watching his maize-crop. Ere I knew of it, they had brought him into my compound, in front of the bungalow. As yet he walked quite steadily, only leaning slightly on the arm of another man. There was that peculiar drowsy look in his eyes, however, as from a strong narcotic, which indicated his having been bitten for some time, and left but little room for hope now. He could still clearly tell me the particulars.

"He had been bitten, he said, on putting his foot to the ground, while moving off his charpoy in the dark, but, thinking the bite was that of a non-poisonous snake, had given no more heed to the matter, and gone to sleep again, till he was awoken by his friends coming in search of him." With some difficulty I was able to find the bite,—very faint, no larger than the prick from a pin, but still the unmistakable double mark of the poison-fangs. He felt the poison, he said, gradually ascending the limb, and pointed to a part just above the knee, where he felt it had already reached; the limb below that being, he said, benumbed, and painless to the touch, like the foot when 'asleep.' I gave him the usual remedies, and kept him walking to and fro; but gradually his limbs seemed to be losing their power of voluntary motion, and his head was beginning to droop from the overpowering drowsiness that was surely gathering over him.

At intervals he pointed out the poison-line steadily rising higher, and was able to answer questions clearly on being roused. At length it seemed to be of no use torturing him further by moving him about and he was allowed to remain at rest. Shortly after this, while being supported in a sitting position, all at once, without any premonitory sign, he gave one or two long sighs, and life ceased,—about an hour after he had himself walked into the compound. There was something terribly real in that faculty of pointing out each stage of the ascending poison (as the snake-bitten patient always can) that was gradually bringing him nearer and nearer to death, with the prospect of only another hour or half-hour of life remaining to him. And yet the patient does not seem to realize this with the keen-

ness that an on-looker does, probably from the poison benumbing at the same time the powers of the mind as well as of the body."

—"I will give you my head," exclaimed a person to Montesquieu, "if every word of the story I have related be not true." "I accept the offer," replied the philosopher; "presents of small value strengthen the bonds of friendship and should never be refused."

—Dr. Ott has learned that the rattle-snake's tail makes sixty vibrations per second. It is a shocking waste of energy on the part of the snake, as ten vibrations would scare a man just as much.

—Prince Bismarck never uses any pens save those made of goose-quills, and dries his writing with blue sand. Steel pens and blotting paper he deems inventions of the enemy.

—Washington has "comet parties." "A good idea, by Jupiter, says young Spinks, "for the boys can now planet to get the girls away from their Mars."

—Any coward can fight a battle when he's sure of winning; but give me the man who has pluck to fight when he is sure of loosing.

—A Cedar Rapids' editor wants any young lady who "jumps at conclusions" to consider him a "conclusion." An orphan is preferred.

—Nothing depresses a man's spirit more completely than a self-conviction of self-conceit.—*Beaconsfield.*

JOSEPH GILLOTT'S
STEEL PENS
RECEIVED THE GOLD MEDAL,
 Paris Exposition, 1878.
His Celebrated Numbers,
303-401-170-351-332,
and his other styles may be had of all
dealers throughout the world.
JOSEPH GILLOTT & SONS, **New York.**

THE HOLCAD.

VOL. I.

NEW WILMINGTON, PA., JANUARY 15, 1885.

No. 10.

"CARPE DIEM."

To-morrow is a day too far
To trust, whate'er the day be.
We know a little what we are,
But who knows what he may be.

The oak that on the mountain grows
A goodly ship may be,
Next year; but it as well (who knows)
May be a gallows-tree.

'Tis God made man, no doubt, not chance;
He made us, great and small;
But being made, 'tis circumstance
That finishes us all.

The Author of this world's great plan
The same results will draw
From human life, however man
May keep, or break, His law.

The Artist to his Art doth look;
And arts great laws exact
That those portrayed in Nature's Book,
Should fully move and act.

The moral of the work unchanged
Endures eternally,
Howe'er by human wills arranged
The work's details may be.

"Give us this day our daily bread;
The morrow shall take heed
Unto itself." The master said
No more. No more we need.

To-morrow cannot make or mar
To-day, whate'er the day be;
Nor can the men which now we are
Foresee the men we may be.

—Owen Meredith.

TO DIXIE LAND AND BACK.

No. 1.

BY W. P. STEVENSON, '82.

The first record of cotton as an industrial product for export in this country is the account of the shipment of one bale from Charleston, S. C., in 1784, to England. Since that date the production has increased seven million, and the export four million fold, and it has increased in value so that it is now as an export far ahead of any other one product.

The National Planters' Association at its annual meeting in Oct., 1882, by resolution suggested the propriety and policy of celebrating by a special cotton exposition the centennial of that greatest product of Southern States.

The result of that resolution is the World's Industrial and Cotton Centennial Exposition which will attract thousands of visitors during the next six months to the city of New Orleans. I have been to see it and have survived to tell the tale. My surprise is equalled only by my gratitude. Why this is thus will appear as we proceed. Let me at the outset say a few words to those of my readers who intend visiting the exposition, first, as to the time when it would be best to go, and second as to routes over which you can go. With regard to the first point I would strongly advise those contemplating a trip this winter to New Orleans not to start, if at all possible, before the latter part of February or first of March. The exposition will then, it is fondly hoped, be in some order and condition to receive visitors, and the weather down there more settled and pleasant. While I was there a good deal of the space in the buildings was occupied by piles of lumber, ladders, workmen, etc., and on an average it rained four and two-thirds time—that is, four hard showers and one melancholy drizzle—every day. As to ways of going to New Orleans those, who like myself, start from Pittsburgh, may choose one of three routes to Cincinnati, either by the P. & L. E. R. R. through Youngstown, or by the P. C. & St. L. R. R. through Steubenville, or by the B. & O. R. R. through Wheeling. From Cincinnati there are three different routes to New Orleans, namely: via the O. & M. connecting with the I. C. R. R. passing through Cairo; the Cincinnati Southern or Queen Crescent route through Chattanooga, and the Louisville and Nashville R. R. Any one of the three companies in Pittsburgh will sell you a ticket over any one of the three different routes from Cincinnati. Two or more starting at the same time, can by a judicious and timely trading of tickets, arrange it so that each can go and come by different routes. This first of the programme my friend Hunter and I succeeded in performing after reaching the B. & O. depot the afternoon of Monday, Dec. 22.

If it be true, as some of poetic fancy have affirmed that raindrops are the tears of angels, shed over man's sins and follies,—and by the way, a strong argument in favor of the view is the immense rainfall at New Orleans,—then surely the news of some enormous transgressions must have just reached the angelic ears that day. It rained in all manner of ways. Rather than have its designs frustrated by an intervening umbrella it would come down with a double complex curve and swoop up in its victim's face. We had rain diagonal and corkscrew ornamented with beads of soot and hemmed with a dirty band of iron gray snow. In fact it was a very disagreeable day but when we were once seated in the cars of the B. & O. we cared little for the weather outside. Through the hills of Washington County we wound our torturous way and in about two hours and a half found ourselves in Wheeling, West Virginia. Changing cars then, and also at Benwood, three miles below, we were soon aboard the fast express between Baltimore and Chicago. Crossing the Ohio river at this point we could not but admire the long rows of sparkling lights stretching far up the river and revealed to us by the bridge's height. Distant iron mills belched forth flames from gaping chimney tops, and bathed the sky in a ruddy light. Nearer at hand was an immense brick chimney stack which vomited forth great numbers of enormous sparks, which floated out and away on the air like golden stars, until one after another they faded from sight and were swallowed up in the darkness. With a little help from the imagination we could see in that chimney a raging Vesuvius, or greater still, the Mother of all worlds, and being present at their birth we could see her sending forth suns and solar systems, planets and satellites, to blaze and gleam in their fiery courses until burnt and blackened they are each one quenched by the cold hand of death.

We could see—but just then the sense of sight was absorbed in that of hearing and we were called back from the realms of fancy to the stern realities of a cruel world by the wails and cries of a teething baby. The mother's efforts to still its ragings were all in vain. Like Rachel of old, it lifted up its voice and kept it up, refusing to be comforted. We soon found that a change of cars would be necessary to protect our ear-drums from the too violent concussions of the gigantic sound waves set in motion by the infant. But we trusted in the B. & O's. capacity in that line and awaited results. Our confidence was not misplaced, for at Newark the conductor again shouted "change cars for Columbus" and in about an hour from that time as we peacefully sank to sleep in one

of that city's hotels, we murmured: "Truly this life is but a fleeting show, and all things change on the earth below, especially, travelers on the B. & O."

Leaving Columbus at 7:10, the next morning, after a pleasant but uneventful ride of five hours through a level, smooth country, we arrived at Cincinnati. Here, my friend and I spent six hours in running around the city, winding up at a good restaurant where we ate our last meal together before reaching New Orleans. My train on the O. & M. in St. Louis left before that of my friend's, who went on the Cincinnati Southern via Chattanooga, and with many a wish for each other's welfare, we parted Tuesday evening amidst the snows of the North to meet again Friday morning among the flowers and orange blossoms of the South.

My route took me through the southern part of Indiana and Illinois. Eastern Indiana is rocky and rough but grows smoother as we approached the Wabash river, which we crossed at Vincennes, one of the very oldest settlements in this country. I was much amused by the capers of a little negro boy who sat a few seats ahead of me on the car. Like most little fellows he was very restless and seemed to have a consuming desire to see and know all that was going on. Every now and then he would get the window up and pop his head out, while a blast of icy cold air would rush in, causing the wish to arise in some hearts that the boy would either go entirely out, or stay entirely in the car. At last his father yelled at him fiercely: "You Sambo there, git yer head in dar, now, chile. It'll do yer no good fur to git a cinder in yer eye. Yer will draw no penshun fur dat." Abashed by the laughter which followed this remark the little boy became quiet.

The sun was just rising as we passed over the magnificent bridge which spans the Mississippi river at St. Louis. The snow and ice were sparkling in his beams and the air was very keen. I could not help but think that the atmosphere would have to heat up pretty rapidly or the orange blossoms in New Orleans would get chilled. I spent all day Wednesday in going about the city and I was very much pleased with it too. It is a well built, nicely arranged and handsome city. Some of its streets are very fine, notably Broad street and Washington avenue. The exposition building which occupies a whole square, is a fine building and was used as a music hall during the holidays, when the great oratoria Handel's *Messiah* was sung greatly to the satisfaction of all who heard it. Washington University with its Polytechnic school and its school for manual training is a good institution and well worth a visit. But

it would take too long to mention in detail the beauty and attractions of buildings, parks and gardens of this city, standing out, as it does, in fair contrast with the country through which I was destined to pass during the next two nights and day. At 9 o'clock that night, as I stood on the rear platform of the sleeper, which was to take me to New Orleans, and watched the city as we recrossed the river until its lights were lost in the gloom, it was with the wish that at some future time, under warmer and brighter skies, I might return and visit it again.

In my next letter I will speak of my trip from St. Louis to New Orleans, and also of some of the trials in securing lodgings there.

EDGAR ALLAN POE.

The life of Edgar Allan Poe is an experience that sometimes reads like a romance and reality combined. The story of the beautiful gifted boy, who, left an orphan in his infancy and adopted into a wealthy family, was trained in luxury and taught to expect a fortune; who, destitute of everything, was thrown upon the world at the age of twenty; who, by the force of his supreme genius, placed his name among the highest in the ranks of fame; whose glory brightened as the years rolled on, "till now his genius fills a throne and nations marvel at his feet," such a story must ever command the attention of those who admire gifts so exalted and feel a sympathy for sorrows so overwhelming as were the gifts and sorrows of Edgar A. Poe.

The literature of our land, has, perhaps, been adorned by no writer who has been so variously commented upon, and surely no one who has been treated with more injustice by his biographers. His great misfortune seems to have been his sorrow, and his lack of resolution to struggle boldly against adversity, made his condition a most unenviable one and his life a most intolerable burden. No poet, indeed, ever began life with brighter prospects or closed it in deeper gloom. His career is one which few would wish to experience, even though assured of such an immortality as is his to-day. The days of his youth were spent amid scenes of pleasure and among friends whose great enjoyment was to gratify his childish wishes. He was himself so attractive, his disposition so gentle and his knowledge and wisdom so far beyond his years, that his fond foster-parents seemed not to think it improper to indulge his propensities, unmindful that he might, sometime, be compelled to try the fortunes of the world and would, then, know the folly of their training. This

happy period, when all his sorrows were joys and all his pains were pleasures, must be regarded as the beginning of that "unmerciful disaster" which in later years "followed fast and followed faster" until "melancholy marked him for her own" and the "dirges of his hope" sang forever the sad refrain of "nevermore." Better, indeed, would it have been if the periods of his life could have been reversed; if its beginning could have been its close, since he could have passed with so much greater safety from a time of sorrow and distress to a time of joy and rejoicing. Here, then, in his boyhood's hours, when his sky was clear and his spirit blithe and free, he walked through his life's garden plucking all the flowers, and leaving for his manhood, when the gathering clouds made everything so dark, nothing but the weeds and thorns. We cannot but regard his experience as an evidence that early indulgence is a fatal kindness.

It is perhaps, not possible for any man, however great or good may be his qualities, or however upright his actions or praiseworthy his motives, to pass through the world without being an object of hatred to many and drawing down upon himself the maledictions of foes, who have envied him but could not attain to his grand eminence. So long as the evil passions of men are permitted to sway their actions, so long as jealousy is aroused by another's prosperity, so long as any means is deemed honorable to gratify an inordinate ambition, just so long will good men be slandered and great men abused. No one can read candidly and impartially the life of Poe, without an irresistible feeling of pity thrilling his inmost soul, that one whose good traits were so many, should be dealt with so harshly by his fellow men. His enemies are bold to assert that he was thoroughly depraved; that he was habitually intemperate; that he was a careless and cruel husband and so haughty and overbearing that it was not possible for one long to remain his friend and, in fact, that he was guilty of almost every enormity. But these statements, so long believed, have, at last, been proved to be unfounded. Whatever period of his life we review, we find him a man of noble and honorable qualities. In his earliest school life, a time when so many show a selfish disposition, he was kind to his fellows, very generous and open hearted. And here, too, he showed what, throughout his life was a predominant characteristic—his boldness to express his own opinion and his tenacity in maintaining it under all circumstances, until convinced that he was wrong. His career at the University of Virginia, it has been asserted, was disgraceful in the extreme,

but the truth is quite the contrary, so far as the records of the institution and the testimony of his preceptors and fellow students are valid as proof. The most unpleasant feature of his college life is his great extravagance and yet this can be overlooked, knowing how freely money was furnished and how little restraint was ever placed upon him. Excepting this, his deportment was that of a gentleman and his character such as to receive the approbation of the Faculty among whom he had the reputation of a "quiet, sober and orderly young man." From the same sources, also, is learned that his withdrawal from the institution was entirely voluntary and that at no time during his stay was he known to be intemperate. His eventful career as an author now soon began—a career, which, though sometimes illumined by rays of light, no one can review, without partaking more or less of that intolerable grief which filled full the measure of his years.

Whatever may have been Poe's great and amiable qualities, he was, by no means, a soldier, nor could he submit to the rigor of military discipline. The daily routine of drill and parade was too monotonous for his free and buoyant spirit. He found more delight in the tuneful pages of Virgil and in the happy songs of the birds and often wandered from his post of duty to the banks of the Hudson, there to meditate upon some poem, while gazing upon the beauties around him and breathing fragrance from those romantic hills. It is less surprising then that his life at West Point was unpleasant and that he longed to be freed from what was to him a prison, indeed. His dismissal was the result of a well-laid and skilfully executed plan. "He was, probably, the most brilliant, and gifted but the least creditable cadet that ever entered the Military Academy." The most beautiful picture of Poe's life is to be found in his home. Here he found his only joy, in the midst of an active literary life. This is the one oasis in the dreary desert of his existence. There were but three in that home circle—his wife, her mother and himself—and yet they seem to have formed the happiest family in the world, notwithstanding the efforts of many to make it appear otherwise. The tender attachment, the confidence that existed between him and his wife cannot be over-rated. Each was the soul of the other's life, and the sorrows and griefs of the one was the certain misery of the other. Though engaged at this time in the most arduous literary duties, he always had for every one who came a kind word, a pleasant smile and a courteous attention. "At his desk, beneath the romantic picture of his lost "Lenore," he would sit hour after

hour, patient, assiduous, uncomplaining, tracing in an excellently clear chirography, and with almost superhuman swiftness, the lightning thoughts as they flashed through his wonderful and ever wakeful brain." But these pleasant, though laborious times could not last. His wife was delicate and her health now began rapidly to decline. The sudden flush and deathlike pallor became only too visible, and when she whose happy nature had buoyed him up and given him energy, was prostrated, Poe seemed another man. His own health began to decline daily, owing to overwork and his intense anxiety. Fearing the evil effects of the noise of the city and with a hope of being revived by the pure air and pleasant scenes of the country, they removed to a small cottage at Fordham, and there Poe watched with patient, never-ceasing attention by the bedside of his slowly dying wife. If his enemies could have seen him at this time, so overcome with grief, and so anxiously endeavoring to alleviate her pain, they surely could not accuse him of deliberately seeking her death "that he might embalm her memory in eternal dirges." His income which had always been too small for one who held so worthy a pen, now ceased altogether, as under the circumstances, his mind was in no condition to continue its compositions. The condition of the afflicted household now became pitiable in the extreme. They were not only deprived of those delicacies so refreshing in the hour of sickness, but wanted even the bare necessities of life, and were driven, by stern poverty, to make appeals through many of the papers. Sad as this picture may seem, it grew sadder still as the days of Virginia Poe grew less. The death-bed scene was a most painful scene. It was in mid winter and the dying lady lay upon a bed of straw wrapped only in her husband's overcoat and watched over by her two faithful attendants whose tearful eyes but told the intensity of their grief. And thus she died, while yet in youth and beauty, and as her spirit left the world, it bore with it would seem, her husband's better nature, leaving him forever a miserable, melancholy man. From this time Poe may be said "never to have smiled again." His sorrow was so poignant that, for weeks afterward, he was deprived of all power of thought or action, and "often wandered to her grave at midnight in snow or rain, calling upon her in words of devoted love and invoking her gentle spirit to watch over him." Naturally sensitive and now overwhelmed by a sorrow too intolerable to be borne and tortured by terrible thoughts, it is to be regretted, though not so surprising, that he sought relief in stimulants. And yet we must not

censure him too severely for this mis-step. He is not the only great man who has been guilty of small things, but only one of many examples. Those who have never felt his pangs of woe and his deep dejection, who have never suffered from some terrible calamity, know not what they would do when driven by desperation to seek relief. Here was his great weakness—his inability to strive against adversity; he could not face courageously those trials which many have overcome with such good results to themselves. They made this strong man, weak; this mighty man powerless. It was unfortunate that he could not see the helplessness and worthlessness of the relief afforded by the distractions of the world. But it would be wrong to suppose from this that his "mad indulgences" were habitual. It was only when overcome by that "intolerable sorrow" that he became guilty of excess and these he could very naturally complain "were daily committed by others without attracting any notice whatever." It is easy for those to whom fortune has been kind and upon whom the world has never frowned, who have never known the stings of poverty nor the gloom of melancholy, to tell unkindly the story of his life and make an awful example of our "poor, lonely and unhappy poet." Though so widely and so favorably known during his life, sad, indeed, were the circumstances of his death, and few the tears that were shed as he was laid to rest. A true account of his last hours can, perhaps, never be given, and yet enough is known to exempt him from all censure in the circumstances which lead to his death. He passed away in the very prime of his life and we can readily conjecture what greater work he would have done had it not been the will of Providence so to afflict him and to take him so early from his labors.

Poe was a man of strong views, and these he felt no hesitancy in expressing whenever occasion offered. Of this, his writings all give indication. Many of his most powerful compositions were critiques upon the current literature. He was a perfect master of verse and rhythm, and any faulty composition, seemed so painful to him that it drew forth the most unsparing criticisms. "It was, thus, his sensitiveness to artistic imperfections rather than any malignity of feeling that made him so severe a critic." His articles, simply because of their truth, made him enemies "who nursed their wrath and kept it warm until he was in his grave, then safely poured and continue to pour their venomous slander upon his memory." It is to be regretted that so many false statements have crept into his biographies. These ridiculous fabrications would long since have died

out had it not been that every historian of the poet's life, keeps them alive with avowed purpose of disproving them. Ever since his death, he has been receiving hard treatment at the hands of his countrymen. By men far below him even in moral respects, he has been most basely and cruelly belied. But, at last, the truth of his marvelous history will be known. That he had faults and grave ones, indeed, no one will deny, and all must admit that his life abounds in virtuous actions. He was kind, unselfish, generous, honest and industrious and we can truly say that with all his imperfections, he had no vices. Even his intemperate habits cannot be regarded as such, as these indulgences were not for mere sensual gratification but as antidotes to "many and numerous ills."

"Though cloud and shadow rest upon thy story, and rude hands lift the drapery of thy pall,
Time as a birthright shall restore thy glory, and heaven rekindle all the stars that fall."

AN ABSENT-MINDED PROFESSOR.

Allusion has been made in these columns to Professor Sylvester, late of Johns Hopkins University, but now of Oxford, we believe, a mighty man of mathematics. When in Baltimore he was once unable to tell an inquirer where Charles St. was, although he was standing in it at the time, crossed it in going to his meals from the university and had his own lodgings in it. He was known to sometimes be unable to find his way out of the university buildings without assistance. The latest story about him is that he not long ago started from England to Baltimore and discovered, just as he reached Philadelphia, that he had lost a manuscript on which he had spent much time and thought. He immediately started back over the ocean for it, but discovered the recreant paper in an overcoat pocket before England was sighted.

—In his inaugural address President Knox, of Lafayette, states that in the colleges and universities of England there is one student for each 5,000 population; in Germany one for each 2,124; in New England one for each 1,028, and in Scotland one for each 616. From this he makes the deduction that an increased disposition for scriptural training accomplishes and begets zeal for education.

—Heidelberg is making extensive preparations for its 500th anniversary, which takes place in 1886.

THE HOLCAD.

PUBLISHED SEMI-MONTHLY DURING THE COLLEGE YEAR BY THE
STUDENTS OF WESTMINSTER COLLEGE.

NEW WILMINGTON, PA., JAN. 15, 1885

TERMS: \$1.50 PER YEAR. SINGLE COPY, 10 CENTS.

Entered at the postoffice at New Wilmington, Pa., as second-class
mail matter.

EDITORS.

W. HAYES MOORE,	- - -	EDITOR IN-CHIEF.
I. N. MOORE,	- - -	ASSISTANT.
ROB L. HAY,	} - -	LITERARY DEPARTMENT.
H. G. GOLDEN,		
SADIE M. McELREE,		
R. J. LOVE,	} - -	LOCAL AND COLLEGE DEPARTMENT.
J. P. VANCE,		
J. L. SNYDER,	- - -	EXCHANGES.
RALPH P. ALLEN,	- - -	BUSINESS MANAGER.

Information solicited respecting the Alumni and those
who have been in any way connected with the College.

Address all communications to

THE HOLCAD, New Witnmington, Pa.

WE are glad to note that our worthy President has received from Washington and Jefferson College the honorary degree of Doctor of Divinity. Honorary degrees have become so common as to lose in many cases much of the dignity belonging to them, but when conferred by a college of such standing, and upon a person so well worthy to bear it, we are convinced that it is no empty honor.

A RECENT number of the *Midland* gives a fine cut of the new United Presbyterian College at Tarkio, Missouri. This college, though organized less than a year ago, already promises soon to take its stand among the best of the church. Every prospect is encouraging and those who are most interested in the success of the enterprise are sparing no pains to place the institution on a sound, permanent basis. The interest which has been shown by the citizens of Tarkio, and the aid and encouragement which they have given and continue to give the work is most gratifying. This public spiritedness is extremely commendable. Whatever is undertaken by such men in such earnestness seldom fails of success. But we trust that the citizens of Tarkio will not be expected to give all the aid and encouragement to this enterprise. It needs, and should receive, the as-

sistance and coöperation of the whole church and of every one who feels an interest in the cause of education. United Presbyterians should be particularly interested. The location is a favorable one and in a country where their church has the strongest following. Indeed, there are many things to attract those who love the church and its work. Such circumstances do not always attend the beginning of a good work. It is our earnest desire that all the hopes of the founders may be realized, and that through their efforts many may be made to know and appreciate, to a greater extent, the advantages to be gained by having such an institution in their midst.

OUR readers will notice that this issue contains an article by W. P. Stevenson, descriptive of his trip to the New Orleans Exposition. Mr. Stevenson has kindly promised to write a series of articles, which we hope to publish from time to time, giving an account of his entire journey and of what he saw while there. To those who cannot visit the Exposition, these will prove interesting when told in the writer's peculiarly entertaining style. To those who expect to see the Exposition for themselves, these sketches will be advantageous as directing them how to go and where to find what is most worthy of their attention.

We also insert an interesting communication from Mr. Crawford of last year's class who is now at his home in Syria. We are glad to see that he has not lost his interest in his *alma mater* although separated from us by so long a distance. We can assure him, both for ourselves and our readers, that his articles are much enjoyed and hope that others will soon follow this one.

FROM our eastern exchanges we learn that a number of the New England colleges are agitating the question of forming an "Inter Collegiate Oratorical Association." The object seems to be to encourage the study of oratory and careful composition, and not that some one college should have the glory of an oratorical triumph over the others. We think the proposition one worthy of consideration, and see no serious objections to the formation of such an association. A similar one was formed a few years ago by the colleges of several of the western states, and thus far it has brought good results. Of course, all the institutions represented in the Association have not been successful; neither has any one won the laurels successively for any number of times. But from the reports of the State and Inter-

State contests, and the comments of different papers, we infer that no college has failed to derive some benefit from its work. There is a double advantage gained. The college itself, as a whole, is stimulated to do better work; the candidates for representative contestants feel that there is an incentive to put forth their very best efforts; and the representative, whether successful or not, receives a discipline and acquires an experience of no little value to himself. It brings all the institutions into closer relationship and creates a unity of feeling and a general interest. Every college feels that it is a part of a greater whole, and becomes much concerned in all that pertains to the welfare of the Association. If these things are so, and observation tells us that they are, why cannot the colleges of Pennsylvania enjoy the advantages resulting from such work? Why cannot they form an "Oratorical Association?" We believe that there are many good institutions in this state whose representatives would do them credit in a contest in oratory. Why may not the colleges of Pennsylvania know the benefits of such an association as well as the colleges of any other state or states? Let us have an expression of opinion on this subject. It is of general interest and cannot but be of general good.

TOO often in the culture of the mind the development of the body is forgotten. As a result of this neglect many persons graduate from our colleges physical wrecks and in a few years find themselves unable to perform the duties of their calling. The verdict is passed upon them that they studied too hard when in college and they become the objects of pity, while the true state of the case is that they did not study too hard, but that they neglected physical training in their mad desire for mental excellence, and they are to be pitied only for their folly. It seems hardly necessary to enter on a long discussion proving that the capability of the mind for action depends on the healthy condition of the body. Such being the case, the student who neglects physical culture is injuring to a certain extent his chances of success.

Some one may urge that he has no time for such exercise, but that his whole time is consumed in the preparation of his lessons. Such a one is, indeed, to be pitied. However, if he would devote a certain portion of each day to some judicious form of exercise, we think that he would, in a short time, find himself able to do his work much easier. Others, perhaps, think that a walk up town once or twice a

day is sufficient exercise. This is better than none, and yet it is not the kind of exercise necessary to build up and keep in a healthy condition the physical man. Every one can improvise some form of gymnastic drill by which in half an hour he can do himself more good than in two hours spent sauntering lazily along the street or loafing on the corners or around the post-office.

OUR last issue contained an article on Hindoo Festivals written by Mr. Barr, of the class of '88, which by mistake was not accredited to him. We hope to publish other sketches from his pen concerning the distant land of India, where he spent his childhood, and concerning the customs of that benighted race. We expect to publish occasionally during the rest of the year biographical sketches of some of our most noted literary men. The last issue contained one on J. G. Whittier, and we have several promises of two or three others which we feel certain will be read with pleasure by those interested in literature and literary characters. These sketches will be written by students, and thus the HOLCAD will be made what it should be, a medium through which the students, Alumni and friends of the college may give free expression to their ideas.

WE expected this issue of the HOLCAD to contain a list of the words commonly mispronounced by the students; but the printers were disappointed in not getting the necessary type for diacritical marks and this accounts for their not appearing at this time. We think, however, that we can safely promise them by the first of February. These words have been taken principally from the Junior and the Senior orations of the last few years, and have been collected and arranged with great care for the benefit of all who desire to improve their pronunciation. From the inquiries that have been made about them, we believe that they will supply a want that every orator and essayist has felt and we trust that frequent reference to them will improve the pronunciation of the students generally.

EXCHANGES.

As a sample of college journalism, we have no paper on our table that would fill the place better, to our mind, than the *Bates Student*. For neatness, clearness of print, and arrangement of matter, it cannot be excelled. The literary articles are of a very high order, especially the debate on Bismark

and Gladstone. We would be very glad to see the speech on the other side of the question.

The *Oberlin Review* is an ordinary college paper. The editorials are short and suggestive. Its literary department contains a very good article on Victor Hugo. The writer says, "To-day no one so possesses the hearts of the French people as he. From them he receives the homage due to a god. He is to them the Genius of Liberty."

We are glad to place the *Literary Gem* from Clarksville, Tenn., on our exchange list. It merits a position among the best college journals. The literary department is good. The article, "Show Thyself a Man," is especially worthy of note. The editorials are quite limited. The exchange editor criticises some paper for using the sentence, "the Cornell freshmen embrace twenty girls this year." Judging from the way this editor drives at other papers, we are inclined to think that if he were at Cornell, the freshmen would embrace only nineteen girls this year.

The December number of the *College Courier* is before us. It contains two articles worthy of note, "Use of Language," and "Reforms and Reformers." The exchange editor in several instances oversteps, in our judgment, the limits allotted to the critic. "Mud throwing" should be beneath the dignity of every college journal.

We also have on our table the *Thielsenian*, *College Cabinet*, *Muskingum Organ*, *College Stylus*, *Wooster Collegian*, *Cornell Sun*, *Delaware College Review*, *Monmouth Collegian*, *Marietta Ohio*, *University Press*, *North-Western Chronicle*, *The Lawrentian*, *University Monthly*, *The Illini*, *The Owl*, *The Irving Literary Gazette*, *The Colby Echo*, *Blair Hall Literary Magazine*, *The Sibyl*, *Indiana Student*, *The Simpsonian* and *The Hermes*.

OTHER COLLEGES.

—Our neighbor, Franklin College, hopes to lay the corner stone of a capacious new building by next Commencement.

—Cornell has organized an athletic council with an elaborate constitution. At the meeting over \$600 were subscribed at once.

—The trustees of the College of the City of New York have adopted a resolution suspending for the present year, in the Senior class, the system of

marking students. If the experiment results favorably it will be asked that marking be discontinued in the lower classes also.

—The highest matriculation fee in any of the great German universities is less than \$6 and the extrication fee, \$2.50. Compare.

—Holland, though a land of mud, has the richest university in the world; it is the Leyden University, whose real estate alone is worth four million dollars.

—The *Vassar Miscellany* has its wish—"that our Cleveland may yet get the place." A little philosophizing leads us to conclude that Bachelor Candidacy and Woman's Suffrage wouldn't go bad together.

THE HEADWATERS OF THE JORDAN.

BY J. S. CRAWFORD, '84.

A wonderful river is the Jordan, remarkable in its physical features, and possessing the greatest wealth of sacred and historical associations. Its sources are scarcely more than above the sea level and its mouth is thirteen hundred feet below. On the peak of Hermon, at whose base it rises, is almost perpetual snow; in one hundred miles it has reached the climate of the tropics. Thrice was the current of its waters miraculously cut off, and, on the miracles grouped around its lake, is nourished the faith of the Christian world. Yet how many can tell where and what are its sources? Even Bible students are as familiar with the sources of the Nile as of the Jordan.

On maps of Palestine, north of the sea of Tiberias, are found the "Waters of Merom." The stream which flows south from this triangular marsh is named the Jordan; that which enters from the north, though not so named, is as truly a part of that famous river. The modern name of Merom is the "Huleh" and north of it lies the plain of the Huleh, dividing the ranges of Lebanon to right and left and extending to the roots of Hermon itself. Just beyond the northern limits of this plain is the highest perennial source of the Jordan, the fountain of the "Hasbany." Nothing here attracts the traveller's eye; for the waters rise at the bottom of a pond formed by a stone dam, and flow down a sparkling stream for twenty-five miles to Merom. This fountain's head lies beyond the boundaries of Palestine and is not acknowledged by Josephus as a source of the sacred river. Its plainness allows us to excuse him. But two other fountains, by no means insignificant, share the honor of contributing to this historic stream.

These fountains rise, one at Cesarea Philippi, the other at Dan. Cesarea Philippi lies at the extreme east of the central part of the plain, under the shelter of a bold peak crowned with the finest ruined fortress in Syria. That castellated summit is acknowledged to possess more striking beauty than any mediæval relic on the Rhine. Its foundations were shaped by the Phœnicians in prehistoric times, the chosen people employed its defences, Roman towers crown its battlements, and it charms the student by its memories of the Crusader and the Saracen. A thousand feet below this stronghold, but almost under its shadow, was sheltered the city of Panias. Perhaps once named Rael Gad, when the delightful grotto by its side became a center for the worship of Grecian Pan, the city received the name Panias, which afterward was changed to Cesarea by Herod in honor of his patron. But Panias was too familiar to be uprooted and survives to-day as Banias. From a cave in the bosom of this noble grotto gushed the waters of the Jordan—a fitting spot for the worship of nature and the ceremony of her temples. Here the vast amphitheatre of rock, the marble sanctuary and the sparkling current inspired her devotees. This was the northern limit of our Savior's travels, and Dean Stanley thought that the towering cliff perhaps suggested the lines inscribed on the dome of St. Peter's in Rome, "Thou art Peter and upon this rock will I build my church,"—the innocent subject of centuries of angry controversy, and first uttered in Cesarea.

To-day the scene is changed; the city and temples have fallen; the fountain is choked with the ruins while its waters ooze from among the stones and go tumbling over the columns and other relics of former grandeur. A squalid Arab village stands on the ancient site and in the summer the inhabitants roost in booths elevated above the roofs of the houses to escape the plague of scorpions and other reptiles. But a grander scene than these ruins can suggest attracts us here, for, to some sister peak of that old fastness above the city, ascended the "man of sorrows" to be transfigured. True the monks place the scene at Mt. Tabor, but we prefer to accept the Bible.

Only thirty minutes from Banias is "Tell-el-Kâdi." It is just a cup-shaped knoll rising from the dead level of the plain, resembling an artificial mound. The Arabic Tell-el-Kâdi means "Hill of the Judge," and Dan means a judge. For this and other reasons, it is certain that here is the site of ancient Dan, so familiar in the expression from Dan to Beersheba. Here rises what is probably the largest single foun-

tain in the world, the main source of the Jordan. A strong spring in the midst of a level plain is a great natural wonder. The water emerges quietly from the foot of the hillock, presenting a far less striking appearance than many other fountains in Syria. An oak on the summit of the mound has been the object of Arab superstition for half a century, as shown by the number of rags and shreds hung upon its branches as offerings to some patron saint. These poor souls might well be the direct descendants of Jereboam, who set up the golden calf on this very spot in opposition to the sanctuary at Jerusalem.

The plain in many places is almost a marsh, being so low and level. No wonder Joshua houghed the poor horses plunging in the mud and burned their chariots, for which see Joshua xi. Notice there that the original form of "From Dan to Beersheba" is "From Bael Gad to Mt. Halak that goeth up to Seir." To-day the swamp nourishes acres of rice fields, and from the dry spots rises the smoke of Bedouin encampments. The stream of the "Hasbany" and those from "Banias" and Tell-el-Kâdi unite before entering the lake of Merom, giving them the undoubted claim to be the headwaters of the Jordan.

HOW TO LIVE.

He liveth long who liveth well!
 All other life is short and vain;
 He liveth longest, who can tell
 Of living most for heavenly gain
 He liveth long who liveth well!
 All else is being thrown away;
 He liveth longest, who can tell
 Of true things truly done each day
 Waste not thy being; back to Him
 Who freely gave it, freely give;
 Else is that being but a dream:
 'Tis but to be, and not to live.
 Be what thou seemest! live thy creed!
 Hold up to earth the torch divine;
 Be what thou prayest to be made,
 Let the great Master's steps be shine.
 Fill up each hour with what will last,
 Buy up the moments as they go;
 The life above, when this is past,
 Is the ripe fruit of life below.
 Sow truth, if thou the truth wouldst reap;
 Who sows the false shall reap the vain,
 Erect and sound thy conscience keep;
 From hollow words and deeds refrain.
 Sow love and taste its fruitage pure;
 Sow peace, and reap its harvests bright,
 Sow sunbeams on the rock and moor,
 And reap a harvest home of light.

—*Horatius Bonar.*

COLLEGE AND LOCAL.

—Prof. Taggart's new cap is very becoming to him.

—Six Seniors take chemistry, six Hebrew, and seven German.

—Study hours at the hall are from half-past one to four and from seven till nine.

—The A. L. S. will have a bulletin board giving their performances, placed in the college hall.

—The Second Preparatory class were to "mature" the Greek alphabet for last Thursday's recitation.

—The Sophomores are reading "Antigony" this term instead of "The Phaedo." A new departure.

—The Hebrew division of the Seniors are furnished with grammars and "christomathers" from the college library.

—Prof. Austin proposes to go around among the people and "chin" them in reference to the musical department.

—We are no longer at a loss to know how to address our President. We say Dr. Ferguson now, and we do so with a great deal of pride.

—Junior class officers: Pres., Sam'l McNaugher; V. P., J. N. Swan; Sec., Mattie Poppino; Treas., Mary McElwee; Marsi.all, Jennie McKean.

—The Sophomores petitioned Faculty last term for some other study in place of Analytics. The Faculty have informed them that they cannot accommodate them now, but will endeavor to do so next spring term. Meanwhile the class will exercise in analytics and hope.

—The following officers were elected by the Reading Room Association for the ensuing term: Pres., W. H. Moore; Vice Pres., T. B. Gormley; Sec., F. B. Davis; Cor. Sec., R. E. Stewart; Treas., R. J. Love; Executive Com.: J. R. Vance, R. T. Campbell, T. B. Gormley.

—The article in our last issue on "Hindoo Festivals" was from the pen of W. M. Barr, of the class of '88. It is always interesting to read an account of life and customs of the people of India and, particularly so, when given by one who has been for some time a resident of the country. This article has been well received, and we hope that our readers will again soon hear from Mr. Barr.

—The next two entertainments of the Lecture Association will be a lecture by Major Dane on

"Sights and Scenes in London," Jan. 26th, and a concert by the Meigs—Underhill Combination, Jan. 29. Major Dane has lectured here before and needs no recommendation at New Wilmington. The Meigs—Underhill Combination who will give a vocal, musical and reading entertainment, have the reputation of being one of the best companies in the field.

—We would like to call the attention of Messrs J. R. Vance, J. W. Hutchison, R. L. Hay, J. H. Webster, Sam McNaugher and others, having a superfluity of hair on the upper lip, to the following advertisement:

Superfluous Hair positively removed, instantly, painlessly, harmlessly, permanently, by a new marvelous discovery. Circulars mailed free. YOUNG & Co.,
Chemists.
697 Broadway, New York.

—Miss Snyder, Messrs. Aiken, Allen, Cotton, Stewart, Vance, of the Senior, and Davis of the Junior class, are taking the laboratory course in chemistry. This is an excellent opportunity to obtain a practical knowledge of this branch. The laboratory is well furnished and very convenient and pleasant. Materials and outfit are furnished free, the students being charged only for breakages. The class will work on Monday, Tuesday and Thursday afternoons spending from two to four hours each afternoon. The work this term will be on qualitative analysis and promises to be very interesting.

—We heartily wish that some public spirited citizen would soon deem it his duty to provide the means for lighting New Wilmington and make the town wear a more cheerful appearance on these dull, dreary, dismal nights. Such a man would, indeed, be a philanthropist and would ever be held in grateful remembrance. But it may be foolish to entertain hopes that our town will be made more cheerful in the evenings. We may hope, however, that the campus will not be always so dark and dangerous as we know it to be at present. Surely it ought to be lighted at night, and when it can be done at so little expense and be made so much more cheerful and *safe*, we trust it will receive prompt attention by the proper authorities.

—What in the world are they going to do with three barrels of molasses at the ladies hall? If molasses bangs were still in fashion we could see how this immense quantity of stick'em could be used in so large a family composed entirely of ladies, but since this commodity is no longer used in the manufacture of those beautiful(?) and becoming(?) foretops some other disposition will have to be made of the molasses. We would suggest to the ladies that they

occasionally make some taffy and invite the boys down to help eat it. The boys would like to have some of the real genuine taffy; they have had enough of that which in slang goes by the same name and, figuratively speaking, very much resembles it in sweetness.

—The health regulations of the new boarding hall are certainly quite complete. Even for the proper mastication of food ample provision has been made. We are informed that there has been placed in the hall leading to the dining-room a large grindstone. It is situated near the boiler and is, perhaps, run by steam. Our informant did not see the stone in operation, nor did he ask any questions as to its use, but after a careful consideration he came to the conclusion that such an article in such a place could be for no other purpose than for sharpening the teeth of the boarders so that they might always be ready for tough beef, stale bread or any thing else which is likely to be found on the bill of fare of a first-class boarding house. This is without doubt a modern improvement and a valuable addition to the furniture of the new building. Other boarding houses would do well to imitate the example of this one in this respect. In the published rates we find no mention of the grindstone, and we presume that no extra charge is made for its use.

PERSONALS.

—John Shaw, '85, will take Hebrew this term.

—Charlie Stevenson, '87, will not be in college this term.

—S. B. Patton, formerly a member of the class of '87, has returned to college.

—Rev. J. M. Hervey, '75, is the author of the notes on the S. S. lessons published in the *Midland*.

—Miss Brewster, '86, expects to visit the New Orleans exposition, and will not be in school this term.

—The Faculty have elected J. R. Millen, '84, and W. H. Moore, '86, instructors for next summer's normal.

—W. R. Harshaw, '83, has received appointments for preaching from the Presbytery of Southern Illinois.

—Rev. E. Z. Thomas, '69, has recovered from his recent illness and has resumed the charge of his congregation.

—Rev. R. H. Hood, '81, is meeting with good success in his pastoral work at Peter's Creek. To show

their appreciation of his services, his congregation on Christmas day presented him with a handsome purse of money.

—Harry Zimmerman, formerly of, '85, who is attending the Cincinnati Medical College, spent his vacation at home.

—Judge McMichael, '57, has received his commission from the Governor and presided over his first court on Monday the 12th.

—J. Alex Van Orsdel visited Grove City during the holidays and gave the students some encouragement and advice at chapel.

—Rev. John McNaugher, '80, has accepted the call from Fredericksburg, Ohio, and has connected with the Presbytery of Mansfield.

—Joe Warden, '87, will remain at home this term on account of the absence of his father who is attending the New Orleans Exposition.

—Miss Mina Cowden, formerly a member of the class of '85, was married on January 1st, to Willmeth Wilson, a cousin of E. F. and C. B. Wilson.

—D. R. McDonald, and G. E. Carnahan, both of '81, each presented two discourses as trials for licensure, before the Presbytery of Allegheny, on Dec. 16.

—Messrs. A. C. and T. B. Lindsay, late of Allegheny College and sons of Rev. Lindsay, pastor of the M. E. church, have entered the Third Prep. class.

—E. H. Wallace, of Mt. Jackson, formerly connected with the *Illini*, the college paper of the University of Illinois, and a student of that institution, has entered the Second Prep. class here.

—J. C. Kistler, '86, entertained his Sabbath school class, at the house of Miss Hope, on the evening of January 8th. Mr. Kistler provided an excellent treat, and the class spent a very pleasant evening.

—Miss Jennie Lytle, of Greenville high school, spent Friday and Saturday with her friend Miss Maggie McLaughry. We received a very pleasant call from the ladies and Mr. D. O. McLaughry, on Saturday afternoon.

—The Rev. H. C. Marshall, '75, has signified his intention of resigning the pastoral charge of Freeport congregation about the last of the present month. He expects to leave the ministry for a while and engage in other work.

—Miss Isabella Strang, a daughter of Rev. David Strang, of the class of '61, addressed a missionary

meeting at the college chapel last Monday evening. Miss Strang has lately returned from Egypt where she has spent five years as a missionary. Her father was a missionary to the same country for ten years after which time he returned to America with his family. Altogether, she has lived fifteen years in Egypt and expects to go back again next summer.

—Mr. J. C. Hay has sold his farm west of town to Mr. Armstrong, one of the proprietors of the big Butler county gusher. Mr. Hay will remain on the farm for a year and expects then to return to his former home in Crawford county.

—Harry McKean, '82, has been admitted to the Lawrence county bar. Westminster is well represented among New Castle lawyers: Judge McMichael, '57; W. T. Burns, '80; F. A. Blackston, '81; J. N. Martin, '81; W. D. Wallace, '81; H. W. McKean, '82, and Jas. Sword, '84, being Alumni.

—Rev. R. K. Wick, son of Daniel Wick, of Centertown, occupied the pulpit of the Presbyterian church last Sabbath. He is attending the Union Seminary in New York. He is a young man of ability, of which his sermon on Sabbath gave evidence, and he will doubtless make an able and successful minister.—*Grove City Telephone.*

—There are twelve ladies boarding in the hall who occupy rooms as follows: Miss Black, the room back of the bay-window next to town; Miss Swartwood, the bay-window room next to town; Miss McElree the next room south; the center room is occupied by Mrs. Sampson; Misses Maggie Brown and Duffield have the next room; Misses Wallace and Caldwell the south bay-window room; Misses George and McKee the room back of bay-window; Misses Vance and Brown the most southerly of the back row, and Miss Telford the room south of stairway in the back row.

—'69. Mr. A. A. Cravens recently paid a visit to his Alma Mater. He was for a time county superintendent of schools in Washington county, then editor of the *Salem Democrat*, but in consequence of ill health he has retired to the farm. He is presidential elector and will cast his vote for Cleveland and Hendricks.

—I feel a profounder reverence for a boy than for a man. I never meet a boy in the street without feeling that I may owe him a salute, for I know not what possibilities may be buttoned up under his coat.—*Gayfield.*

THE proper way of caring for your eyes:—Avoid all sudden changes between light and darkness.

Never begin to read, write or sew for several minutes after coming from darkness to a bright light.

Never read by twilight, or moonlight, or on cloudy days.

Never read or sew directly in front of the light, window, or door.

It is best to let the light fall from above obliquely, over the left shoulder.

Never sleep so that, on first awakening, the eyes shall open on the light of a window.

Do not use the eye-sight by light so scant that it requires an effort to discriminate.

The moment you are instinctively prompted to rub the eyes, that moment stop using them.

If the eyelids are glued together on wakening up, do not forcibly open them, but apply saliva with the finger—it is the speediest dilutant in the world, then wash your eyes and face in warm water.—*N. Y. Witness.*

—The Post Office Department, at Washington' has ruled that no two students, unless brothers, are to be allowed to use the same P. O. box on the ground that they are not a "family, firm or corporation." This ruling was made in reference to students at Amherst.

PAY THE PRINTER.

Coldly blows the wind of winter,
Darkening clouds betoken snow.
Pay the printer, pay the printer—
Pay that little bill you owe.

For he feels the weather cooler,
"As he goes to press" his claim;
Pay him now; or you may never
Read his pale-face sheet again.

Pay the printer, pay the printer;
'Tis an honest faithful debt:
For (we'll put it in italics)
He is needing it, you bet!

—Selected.

JOSEPH GILLOTT'S STEEL PENS

RECEIVED THE GOLD MEDAL,
Paris Exposition, 1878.

His Celebrated Numbers,
303-404-170-351-332,
and his other styles may be had of all
dealers throughout the world.

JOSEPH GILLOTT & SONS,

New York.

THE HOLCAD.

VOL. I.

NEW WILMINGTON, PA., FEBRUARY 2, 1885.

No. 11.

DEEP WATER.

I stood beside a shallow stream,
A stormy tempest swept it o'er;
Madly it plunged and dashed about,
Until the tempest raged no more,
Then settled back into a calm,
As though no storm had wandered by;
The same soft music rippled forth,
The same calm surface met the eye.
There was no depth the storm to reach,
The stony bottom lay so near,
It left no trace of tempest wild,
But calm and peaceful did appear.

Again I stood beside a shore,
Where lay the ocean dark and deep,
A strange, sad, moaning met my ear
Like sorrow sighing in its sleep.
I saw above a gathering storm,
And heard the solemn thunder roar;
Soon angry waters, rushing wild,
Were madly dashed upon the shore.

The storm passed on; a rainbow gleamed
Above the water's restless moan,
Yet still, the waves kept rushing on,
Though heaven's sweet light above them shone.
Too deep had reached the tempest wild,
Too fierce had been the cruel blast;
No rainbow gleam could stop the moan,
Or stay the tide when storms are past.

And so I thought some lives there are
So like the little rippling stream,
Whose hearts so light no sorrow storm
Could ever rouse from life's sweet dream.
But after one wild burst of woe
Forget the aching and the pain,
And find in earth some pleasant vale,
And life goes on the same again.

But there are those whose inner life
Is like the restless, stormy morn,
Whose hearts ache on at sorrow's touch,
And never can be glad again;
Whose depths are stirred so far beneath,
No touch of time can ever heal,
But moaning always like the sea,
The keenest anguish ever feel.

The little stream goes laughing on
O'er pebbles shining bright and fair,
The mighty sea shall ever moan,
For many dead are buried there. —*Selected*

TO DIXIE LAND AND BACK.

No. 2.

At Du Quoin in Southern Illinois, I again connected with the I. C. R. R., and the rest of my trip down to New Orleans was completed by that line. Just as it began to get daylight Thursday morning I was awakened by a tremendous whistling, and pulling aside the curtain I saw that we were crossing the Ohio river at Cairo and ascertained also that the unearthly noise came from a boat which was ferrying us—cars and all—across. From childhood's hour I have been averse to early rising, but circumstances, you know, alter cases, and after that wild, wierd shriek of the ferry, more sleep that morning was out of the question. So I reluctantly got up. When I again looked out of the window we were in Kentucky, the "dark and bloody ground" where Daniel Boone loaded and fired his little gun and playfully toyed with his red neighbor's back hair. The country through which we passed on our way from Cairo to Fulton, where we breakfasted, while not bad, was hardly of such a kind as would fill one with uncontrollable enthusiasm. The more of it I saw the more powerfully grew within me the idea that Daniel must have been a very obstinate, self-willed man to insist on remaining there, especially when given such forcible hints by the Aborigines to depart. But perhaps the old gentleman was fighting for principle. I would hesitate to impugn his good sense by saying that it was solely for possessions of the country. As time passed by and no Fulton and consequently no breakfast had yet appeared above the horizon, I began to grow faint and to indulge in severe reflections on the ferry boat which had awakened me so early to a sense of my need of food. I recalled as best I could the number and kinds of viands I had partaken of the night before, but alas, that could do nothing towards supplying the place of a breakfast still in the future. After leaving St. Louis I had begun systematically to discourage my appetite. I did so for two reasons. First, for economy's sake for I was wishing to prepare to live in New Orleans on the European plan, and a large well developed appetite and a high priced bill of fare are two very incongruous things. Secondly, I

did not know what kind of boarding we might have, and as a matter of self-protection I did not want to expose myself to the pain and disappointment of having a good appetite on hands and nothing convenient to satisfy its claims. For, I considered within myself, what good will it do me to have a note for 20 days on my boarding house in Allegheny for a square meal, while I perish with hunger at a railroad restaurant? So that morning when I began to long for the savory odor of broiled steak I strove to deny or at least disguise the fact, and to discourage each symptom of hunger. At last however Fulton was reached. The cheerful song of the gong was heard in the land, and in gentle accents the conductor informed us that "we had twenty minutes for breakfast." We stood not upon the order of our going, but went out at once. The hotel, considered from an exterior standpoint, was by no means attractive, but remembering that appearances are sometimes deceptive, I ventured to examine the interior, and once inside and seated at the well-filled table all my doubts and fears as well as my prudential reasons disappeared along with the victuals. My only fear then was that the train might start before I would have time to show my appreciation of the ample meal before me. But plenty of time was given us and as our train once more started on its way I picked out a green and mossy spot in my memory and then tenderly laid away to rest the name of Fulton, Ky. Indeed the gastronomic features of both the routes over which I travelled, were excellent. The provisions were uniformly good, abundant, well served, and also plenty of time given you to do yourself justice. They take things easier down South than we do. There is none of that frantic rushing to and fro about their eating houses which we see up North when the brakeman yells to the hungry passenger, "five minutes for refreshments."

Fulton is almost on the line between Kentucky and Tennessee, and as we crossed from the one State to the other I called to mind the fact that we were only about fifteen miles east of Island No. 10, which received much attention and not a little pounding at the hands of the valiant Yanks of the North during the late unpleasantness. I had a desire to see the old isle, but although I stood on tip toe I was disappointed. Being of a meditative disposition, I soon fell into a muse. The way I came to slip into this particular muse can perhaps be explained by the dignified Senior who is familiar with the law of the Association of Ideas. At Island No. 10, I mused, some men got hammered and pound-

ed while others were frightened out of several years' physical development. Now No. 10 is a multiple of No. 5 which is the title of another historic place where some men got pounded and hammered, while in the case of others fits and tremblings were superinduced. As of yore the subject was still rich in food for reflection.

On and on sped the train. Fort Pillow, the scene of a horrible massacre of helpless negroes by a high-souled(?) Southern General, was left away to the right, and at about two o'clock we reached Grand Junction and took dinner. On a hill above the hotel could still be seen the outlines of a fort from which many a shell had been sent as a Rebel's greeting. Indeed, I was told that General Sherman himself had a very narrow escape here, as he with a few troops was passing on a train. Some miles directly to the east of this place lay the hard-fought battlefield of Pittsburgh Landing, where many a Northern mother lost the boy she loved so well. For the honor of my emotional nature I regret to be compelled to say that such solemn reflections and such proximity to scenes of historic interest had no appreciable effect in diminishing my hunger. So I went in with the rest and ate dinner. It, like the breakfast, was good; and the price, like my appetite, showed a decided increase. How they managed to get up such good meals in so forlorn a country was a matter of surprise to me then and is yet. The country we passed through that day seemed to be getting worse and worse the further south we got. From morning till night the view from the car windows was sad and dreary. The land was mostly unfenced, and large tracts of it were covered with weeds and undergrowth. The homes we passed were mostly hovels of the poorest kind, with flags of distress fluttering from broken windowpanes. Dogs and negroes seemed to be the chief products. Occasionally we passed a building which apparently had seen better days and had been the "Big House" of the plantation in times that are past, and all appearances seem to indicate that those times have been past a good while. Every now and then we would see small herds of cattle roaming over the fenceless tracts. Sad, aged and meek were they. They wore that look of stony despair which showed that they were cattle in whose breasts the ambition to grow fat had long before died out. The vegetation seemed so scarce that really I think the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals should have the country fenced in to preserve the poor beasts from a heart-breaking disappointment. If I were going to turn a cow of mine loose anywhere in South-western

Tennessee or Northern Mississippi, I'd be careful to give her a good feed in the morning to make sure of her haying strength to get back at night. The towns through which we passed were very ragged at the edges and run down at the heel. The inhabitants didn't seem to be pushed in their business. There appeared to be none of that unhealthy excitement and rushing about that we see wearing the poor northerners out on Broadway. I may say that that is about the only healthy feature I noticed either in the climate or the people.

Crowds of men were usually collected about the stations. There they were, standing about with their pantaloons in their boots chewing tobacco and spitting in concert while they playfully cursed the atmosphere and unitedly blanked the hard times. "Yes! yes!" thought I, "poor white trash! How apt, how expressive, how singularly appropriate! Poor white trash!" As we sped through the country, large tracts of which could be seen from the cars—one who was accustomed to Pennsylvania scenes could not help but be struck by the appearance of laziness and shiftlessness which characterized the places and persons we saw. Nowhere to be seen the neat farm-houses and outbuildings which are so common in the North. Very seldom was it that any one was seen engaged in any kind of work. Horses were scarce and the long-eared, deft-footed, mule became a familiar object. The soil everywhere was the color of brick dust and seemed to be very light and easily washed into deep gullies by the rains, though the hills were not high and the slopes very gentle. In the course of the afternoon we passed through Holly Springs, Miss., where the Rebel General Van Dorn, having cut off Gen. Grant's base of supplies, compelled that veteran for once, at least, to retreat. I don't blame him for it now. If the country was as poor then, as it apparently is now, a base of supplies must have been a very important thing. I did not see enough in the day's ride to give a respectable sized army of men, with appetites like mine, a passable luncheon. Indeed it made me sad to look out over the broad expanses of land once so good but now so neglected. The sin of slavery brought with it its own retribution. Its curse hangs over the land yet. The soil is gory and red still with the blood of oppression, and washed and furrowed by the tears wrung out by cruelty and avarice. Bitter is the harvest the children reap now, as the fruit of their fathers' sowing, and still they are slow to learn and still slower to admit the truth divinely stated that in the beginning "God hath made of one blood all the nations of men." Thus, I fell

into another muse from which nothing was able to extricate me until supper was announced as we ran into Grenada. It was interesting to note the changes in climate that day. At Cairo there was snow and ice. Further south the snow disappeared, but the ice remained. Then the ice grew gradually thinner and thinner, until at Grenada, Miss., it, too, had disappeared. At Jackson, which we reached about midnight, a longer stop than usual was made. As we rolled out of the city and on our way again, it was not hard to imagine that in the rumble of the wheels we were hearing the echoes of Admiral Porter's and Gen. Grant's guns which at the siege of Vicksburg, not many miles away, had at one time made that atmosphere tremulous with sound.

When I began my observations the next morning we were running along the shore of Lake Pontchartrain and the air while still a trifle cool was far different from the breeze which caressed us in Cincinnati. Leaving the lake our way led us through several miles of swamp, where, on both sides of the railroad, which was built up on an embankment, nothing could be seen but a dense forest of live oaks, from whose branches hung long festoons of greyish moss, also palmetto trees and a multitude of semi-tropical plants, all growing up out of the water with which they were surrounded. As we drew nearer the city this growth was cleaned off the swamp, partially drained by long ditches dug through it. Still pools of water were to be seen everywhere, and life about New Orleans without gum boots would be a burden too heavy to be borne. Our train at last run into, or rather a long side of, a station house which much resembled a row of horse stables at a country church, and the conductor informed us that we were in New Orleans. I felt too low spirited to dispute the question with him and so stepped out on the platform, while the damp, raw, chilly air from the lake of the swamps percolated throughout the length and breadth of my frame. "Is this," I groaned, "the crescent city which from childhood's hour I have pictured as sitting in a tower of roses breathing the perfumes of orange groves and magnolias? Is this the balmy breeze that was to restore warmth to my emaciated form chilled by Northern snows? "Are these," I said, as I raised my umbrella to keep off the rain, "the sunbeams in which I was to joyously bask? "Ho Sambo," I yelled in desperation, "take my valise and find me a street car." He replied, "yes Boss. Come this way Boss." I followed him to the end of platform and down a short square—about 100 yards in all—and he said, pointing to a street car, "thar's yer car, boss. A

quarter please, Boss," I paid him in sorrow and groaned again in spirit. Shades of departed slaves, ye are avenged, but why should I be the victim? Thus quarrelling with myself and shivering with the cold, I rode up to Canal St.

Well we've just got to New Orleans this time. Have patience, gentle reader, we'll get to the exposition in our next.

THE GREATEST CONQUEROR.

DELIVERED IN PHILO SOCIETY, BY R. J. LOVE.

The world is a great battle-field. Its plains have resounded with the clash of arms, the shouts of contending hosts, the cries of the wounded, and the groans of the dying. Its rivers have been dyed with the blood of the slain, and its soil made the vast sepulcher of the martyrs of war. Horrible as this may seem, many there are who, forgetful of the blessings of peace, and the welfare of nations, rush to the scene of carnage, ambitious of renown, and desiring to be known only in the capacity of conquerors. Then has a nation, hailing with delight the return of its conquering hero, strewn his pathway with flowers, and crowned his brow with regal honors.

But, however great the pomp and splendor of the warrior, there are many others who more deserve to be called a conqueror than he. True greatness does not always manifest itself in arms, or genuine royalty on splendid thrones. No! many a one enacts the changing scenes of life unnoticed, who daily fights and wins battles greater than those of trained warriors—greater, because he encounters a more formidable enemy in the person of Self: a greater victor than the conqueror of nations, for "He that ruleth his own spirit is better than he that taketh a city."

Within self there are innumerable enemies who require constant vigilance. The human heart is a fortress manned by the most powerful foes, who are constantly making aggressive movements on the moral character of the individual. Human nature is a refuge for the most subtle foes of mankind, and it is only by waging a continual warfare with these that he is able to break off the shackles of habit and association, and assert his independence. From the cradle to the grave, human life is one continuous struggle, one vast conflict, between right and wrong.

In childhood's sunny hours, in youth's pleasures and dreams, in manhood's stern reality, and in the calmer season of old age, evil must be met and combated.

On yonder battle-field, two warriors meet in personal encounter. For some time victory hangs on a doubtful scale, but by the exercise of skill in the use of his weapon, and persistent efforts to conquer, one strikes his adversary to the ground, and standing over his prostrate body he shouts for joy at his victory. Such, methinks, is a representation of him who, conquering his passions, and breaking free from their restraints, asserts his manhood and reveals his courage. But like a wary foe, who, unseen, attacks his adversary, man's evil nature rises constantly to do him battle, and the smouldering fires of passion fanned into life by the breath of temptation, burst forth with increased violence and threaten him with ruin. 'Tis then that the greatest energies of the individual are called into action; and the appetites that strive for the mastery are subdued, and the foes within self are completely vanquished, the victory calls for higher praise than ever greeted the ears of earth's conquerors.

Upon the troubled sea of human life, many a stately vessel which bade fair to make a successful voyage, and enter the haven on the other shore, has been swallowed in the whirlpool of passion, or driven by tempestuous winds, has stranded upon the shoals of unbelief. Beset on every side by dangers, the vessel unmindful of its course, has drifted to destruction, and buried in the deepest waters of despair its precious cargo,—a human soul. How many starting in life with the fairest prospects, and cherishing the fond hope of happiness here below, and the hope of a glorious immortality beyond the grave, have been overthrown by their enemies, because they had not the moral courage to defend themselves, or the faith to rely on Divine strength. For such the life hereafter has no reward. But for the Christian, armed with the invisible weapons of spiritual warfare, and triumphant over every carnal foe, light ariseth even from the darkness of the tomb; and with the eye of faith penetrating the mists of futurity, he beholds within the gates of pearl a crown of life for "him that overcometh."

CHURCH HYMNS.

AS SUNG.

Waw-kaw, saw daw aw waw,
Thaw saw thaw law aw waw,
Waw-kaw, taw, thaw raw vaw brow,
Aw thaw raw jaw saw aw.

AS WRITTEN.

Welcome, sweet day of rest,
That saw the Lord arise,
Welcome to this reviving breast,
And these rejoicing eyes.—*The Illini.*

CHRONICLES.

BY SHAPHAN, THE SCRIBE.

[Searching among some old musty records of the College a few days since, we found this, hitherto, unpublished chapter of Chronicles.—Eds.]

Now there was in the land of Lawrence county, an unwall'd city, call'd New Wilmington; and there was, in the midst of the city, a temple of learning, where the wise men and the doctors of the law taught daily.

It was the custom of the young men and maidens throughout all the land to go up to Wilmington, even to the temple of learning which was in the midst of the city, there to be instructed at the feet of the doctors of the law and of the wise men in all the knowledge of the fathers. And all who came to this temple to be instructed were put into one of the bands which was in the temple. The number of the bands was even as the number of the days of the week; and each one of the bands did have a place assigned to it in the synagogue by the rulers thereof.

Now it came to pass in the second year of the reign of Arthur, the President, and in the fourth month of the year, about the fifteenth day of the month, that there arose a tumult between the Sophomore and the Freshman bands. For the Freshites did come in from time to time into that part of the synagogue which was the place of the Sophites. Then the Sophites took counsel how they might drive them out of their coasts, and they did set a watch so that none of the Freshites could come that way.

Now when the Freshites had come and seen what was done, they were exceedingly wroth, and certain ones of them did fall upon the watches and did strive for the mastery. Then it happened that a Freshite named Thomas did fight mightily and performed great deeds of valor that day and did keep the place which he had been set to watch. And even one came from the tribe of Seniors to the place where the battle was going on, and did mingle in the fight. At last when the day was far spent they again counseled what they should do. And one named David, from the country of the Alleghenies, in the land of Huntington did many deeds of valor that day.

Now when the morning was come, about the seventh hour, there came into the synagogue the two bands that they might again strive for the mastery. When they came nigh onto the synagogue,

the door was shut and a great bolt did hold it. Then did they wait till the keeper of the synagogue should come and open the door. And while they tarried, there came unto them one of the doctors of the law and besought them that they would do nothing rashly; but they heeded him not and only waited for the coming of the keeper, who would unlock the door.

Now about the eighth hour, as soon as the great bell had ceased ringing, the keeper came to move back the iron bolt. And when the bands beheld him, they raised a great shout and essayed to move forward. And lo! a voice fell among them, saying to the keeper, "Thou shalt not push back the bolt," and turning they beheld the ruler of the synagogue standing in their midst. Remembering the words of the ruler and giving due heed to them, the keeper unbolted not the door.

Then the ruler of the synagogue stood up in their midst and spake unto them and said, "Why so much thusness? Hear ye all, this day the words which I spake to you. Ye, of the Sophomore band shall sit on my right hand, even of the way by which ye enter into the midst of the synagogue; but ye, rebellious Freshman, I will place on my left hand, even of the way by which we enter in. But my chosen band of Seniors will I place in the corner of promise, whence the responses do come."

Now it came to pass, that when he had made an end of saying these things, the keeper did push back the door, and all did go into the synagogue and did sit down, even in the places where the ruler of the synagogue had said. Thus ended the great tumult.

—That there is room for at least one more college and several district schools in West Virginia, is evident from the following: A short time ago a man from the mountains of that State came into a small town with a "nigger" for sale, never having heard of the late war.

—The students of Harvard have presented a petition to the overseers, asking that for students of twenty-one and over attendance on prayers be not made compulsory, nor for younger students unless their guardians so desired.

—"All honor to him who shall win the prize."
The world has cried for a thousand years,
But to him who tries and who fails and dies,
I give great honor and tears.—*Selected.*

THE HOLCAD.

PUBLISHED SEMI-MONTHLY DURING THE COLLEGE YEAR BY THE
STUDENTS OF WESTMINSTER COLLEGE.

NEW WILMINGTON, PA., FEB. 2, 1885

TERMS: \$1.50 PER YEAR. SINGLE COPY, 10 CENTS.

Entered at the postoffice at New Wilmington, Pa., as second-class
mail matter.

EDITORS.

W. HAYES MOORE,	- - -	EDITOR IN-CHIEF.
I. N. MOORE,	- - -	ASSISTANT.
ROB. L. HAY,	} - -	LITERARY DEPARTMENT.
H. G. GOLDEN,		
SADIE M. McELREE,		
R. J. LOVE,	- - -	LOCAL AND COLLEGE DEPARTMENT.
J. P. VANCE,	- - -	
J. L. SNYDER,	- - -	EXCHANGES.
RALPH P. ALLEN,	- - -	BUSINESS MANAGER.

Information solicited respecting the Alumni and those
who have been in any way connected with the College.

Address all communications to

THE HOLCAD, New Wilmington, Pa.

TRUTH should never be dis-countenanced.

PERFECTION is a high aim in life, but right
should be the supreme end of all action.

EVERY life is judged before two tribunals, the
the human and the divine, and tried by two
standards, the opinion of men and the law of God.

HE is but half developed whose moral powers are
left to slumber on in nature's darkness, though
his mind can grasp infinity; but he whose heart and
head together work in mystic harmony—he is a man.

ANOTHER term's grades have been distributed
and the relative standing of the students of the
several classes has been fixed. Some are, perhaps,
pleased; while others are displeased. Suffice it to
say, that the figures show that during last term good
work was done and that all of Westminster's students
are a credit to her. Though the grading system is
not the best, we trust that the result is such that no
other system would materially affect it. Every stu-
dent should have a higher motive to urge him on to
a fuller knowledge and more practical comprehen-

sion of the branches he pursues than an unworthy
aspiration to secure the highest grade. He, who
makes this the aim of his college life, will find him-
self poorly equipped for any calling. It is, of course,
foreign to the purpose of the present system to make
it possible for a student to follow such a course, and
yet observation has shown this to be one of its in-
evitable fruits. However tempting it may be, the
true student will not think of it. His object should
be and will be to acquire not simply what will be of
service to him, as a student, but that which will
stimulate and elevate him when he mingles with the
world at large, and meets face to face the stern reali-
ties of life.

THE students who expected the promised list of
words in this issue will again be disappointed.
It is, however, through no fault of ours nor of the
printers. It is exceedingly difficult to procure the
necessary type, the diacritical marks, which are re-
quired for proper pronounciation, being seldom used
except by the publishers of dictionaries. The words
will appear soon and we hope they will be all the
more appreciated because of the delay.

IN another column will be found a communica-
tion from Monmouth, which will be read with in-
terest not only by the students of Westminster but
by the graduates and other friends of that college
whom we number among our patrons. All will re-
joice in her prosperity to-day and the indications of
a brighter future. Both students and professors
seem to know how to work to bring success. When
it can be said of any institution that there is "no
lack of interest in the class-room, Christian union
and society hall," it cannot be doubted that it is
doing a good work—one which will be far-reaching
and permanent in its results.

THE Meigs-Underhill entertainment on the even-
ing of January 29th was a decided success. The
church was filled to its utmost capacity and it is but
the truth to say that every one was much pleased.
It is seldom, indeed, that four sisters are found who
have such marked musical talent. The young ladies
have won a worthy fame and the unanimous conclu-
sion of all who listen to them is that it is well deserv-
ed. All their selections were well chosen and ren-
dered in such fine style that the audience recalled
them at the close of every performance. The read-
ings and recitations of Mr. Underhill were also well
received. His "Brother Sam's Letter" and the am-

bitious German's speech called forth peals of laughter and much hearty applause, while the "Little Stowaway" and the selection from Will Carleton were read with so much feeling and such good effect that the ticking of the clock was plainly audible. Upon the whole the entertainment was one of the finest the Wilmington people have ever had, and we believe that the company have been no place where they have been more heartily appreciated or will be welcomed again with more cordiality.

WHEN we read from time to time how unfeeling and inhuman riches can make a man, we cannot but be thankful that Providence has kindly withheld them from so many. We read with much interest and admiration the account, given in the papers a short time since, of the heroism of two little boys in one of the southern States; but we look with contempt, or rather with pity, upon the man who placed such a meagre estimate upon their fortitude and courage. The bridge, spanning a deep chasm, over which one of the great southern railroads passed, had been swept away in a violent storm. The next train must plunge headlong into the raging waters unless a signal is given. Two little boys, with a spirit worthy of the bravest man, determine to avert the terrible disaster. For four long hours, amid the cold and the storm, the little fellows watched with patient endurance, and all on board were saved. Many were the purses that were emptied of their contents for those brave boys, and many were the hearts that were thankful to their God for such a deliverance; but among the number who blessed the boys and rejoiced, there was one man whose soul was so callous that he valued their heroism at but five paltry dollars, and that man was a millionaire. His own life had been saved, and the life of his wife and several members of his family who had been traveling with him in his private parlor car, in all the splendor and luxury which a man of wealth can afford, and yet he valued them no more highly than the pittance which he offered. How are we to regard such a man? We scorn to think that humanity can sink so low; that riches can make man so little like a man. Such a creature needs our compassion—our prayers rather than our curses.

WHILE it is not, perhaps, proper for a college paper to enter the domain of politics yet there are some political questions which, from the element of morality entering into them, come, we think, properly within the sphere of both college and religious

journals. Among these may be classed the question of the suppression or perpetuation of Mormonism.

Our readers are sufficiently familiar with their history and practices to render a sketch of this sect unnecessary. It is known to all that under the cloak of religion they trample under their feet the laws of the land and pay no regard to the principles of morality and the law of God. We know that their avowed policy is in opposition to the government of this nation and that their power is fast spreading from Utah through all our western territories. We have found that it is almost impossible to administer our laws among them on account of the servile obedience they render to their rulers. In view of these facts it is certainly high time that something be done to check their growing power and teach them submission to wholesome restraints. Measures have been adopted but have failed to secure the desired result. Laws have been passed but their execution has been hindered for lack of power to enforce them. Education has been tried but the teachers have been compelled either to teach Mormon principles or to leave the territory. Peace measures have failed in trial until now it seems almost as if the strong arm of military power must beat down their determined opposition to national authority. If force must be used to compel obedience, there is nothing gained by delaying until this power has the whole north-west in its grasp.

The existence of such a sect in our midst is an insult to the christian element of our nation and deserves the condemnation of all law-abiding, christian citizens. There are enough christian people in this land to compel our legislators to wipe this blot from our nations' history, that a people live among us in open violation of law both human and divine. It is to the church as the moral renovator of the world that we look for the correction of this and every other moral evil existing in our land.

THE Day of Prayer for colleges and schools was observed by appropriate services. It seems to us especially fitting that such a day should be appointed and observed. As students we are interested not alone in our own college but in the colleges and schools all over the land. The cause of education is a common cause which links us together in a united brotherhood. However much our interests may differ in other respects, the desire to dispel the darkness of ignorance by the diffusion of knowledge affords us an end toward which we may all strive, and for which we may send up our united petitions to the throne of grace. The observance of such a day

does much to break down the spirit of antagonism between colleges and to remove that spirit of sectional jealousy too often found among students. They realize that they are only a part of the great force whose appointed task is the enlightenment of the world. Viewed in another light also, this custom is very fitting. Education has been called the handmaid of religion. The church depends largely on education as derived from our colleges and schools for strength to carry on her work in the moral elevation of mankind. Hence, it is proper that on a certain day Christians all over the world should unite in asking God's blessing to rest upon these sources whence the church derives her power. Not for prosperity alone should their prayers be offered but that the instruction there imparted and the knowledge there gained should be the true wisdom, sanctified by divine grace and devoted to the advancement of Christ's kingdom in the world and to the elevation of the human race. However, we think every minister should call his congregation together on that day and thus make it a day of prayer, not by the colleges themselves but by the whole Christian world.

FROM MONMOUTH.

EDITORS HOLCAD.—Greeting to our fellow students of Westminster College. Your communication received, and read with interest. In no college do the students of Monmouth take such an interest as in Westminster. We are glad to have you among our correspondents, and may the correspondence prove as beneficial to each as we both trust it will. As your letter gave us so many ideas of your institution and the work therein, we will give something of the working of our College, hoping it may prove as interesting to you as yours was to us.

Our College is in a prosperous condition. There is a large attendance and an unusual amount of good work is being done. There seems to be no lack of interest in class-room, Christian Union or society hall. We have, this term, lost one of our best professors. Dr. McDill, professor of Philosophy, received an appointment to the Seminary at Xenia, and has left the College to assume new duties in that place. His departure was much regretted both by faculty and students. Part of his classes recite to President McMichael and part to tutors. A new professor will be elected to take his place next fall. The Christian Union is a Christian organization consisting entirely of students. It is a well organized institution, very similar to the Y. M.

C. A., except in name. Almost all the students of the College who are professing Christians are members of the Union, and a good work is being done by them.

The College has four well sustained literary societies, two consisting of gentlemen and two of ladies. Each society has a well furnished hall, with a well selected library. The gentlemen hold an annual contest at the close of the fall, and the ladies at the close of the winter term. The County Library and reading room, consisting of some twelve thousand volumes and the best papers and magazines, is situated but a short distance from the college, and the students are granted special privileges. In a room adjoining the County Library is the College Library, which, although containing many choice volumes, is not so well kept up on account of the excellent County Library.

Some years ago some of the students formed a lecture association, and each winter some half-dozen good lecturers are brought. These associations, although never having proved much of a financial success, have been a great benefit to both students and citizens. We might say we almost envy you your new boarding hall. It is something that has been long wanted and needed here, but it seems not to come.

May the good work which has been manifesting itself in your college continue to prosper. The best wishes of the *Courier* are with the students of Westminster College.

M.

EXCHANGES.

In this country we are too prone to ask ourselves the question:

"What is worth in anything
But so much money as 'twill bring?"

In the great pursuit of what is deemed practical we lose sight of the fact that the *best* in life is gained by the cultivation and nourishment of the inner nature. Life's highest aims should not be sacrificed for mere temporal success.—*The Purdue.*

In the right of private judgment there can be no monopoly; concerning the standard of beauty, no ex-cathedra discussions. Sneers and nicknames may take the place of rack and thumb-screw, and high-art critics sit in the inquisitor's chair, but they can not long hold the mind in servitude.—*The College Ohio.*

"Snow Bound" is to us what "The Cotter's Saturday Night" is to the Scotchman. It is a beautiful picture, which once seen is never to be forgotten. It

is a poem from whose reading one rises with higher and better thoughts. Its description of the old New England home endears his own home to every man and draws closer the chords which bind him to all that is good and true. Through this idyl above ha Whittier indebted us to him in way we can never repay.—*The Illini*.

The world is moving. Thought is advancing. Everything is making progress. The old is giving place to the new. We have a new way of thinking and doing everything. Railroads, telegraph lines and telephones are getting to be old when placed beside the many new things which are crowding in upon us. It is well to keep pace with the times, but there is but little danger of getting too far ahead of the times.—*The Student*.

Doubt was chained and science lay palsied a thousand years; but, when the chains were broken, he led us forth into the glory of new worlds, both within and without.

Doubt, held in check, bade us to investigate and believe intelligently what we do believe; but give him the reins and he, phæton-like, would drive us to destruction.—*Wooster Collegian*.

OTHER COLLEGES.

—Class of '87, Chautauqua Course, has 18,500.

—Oxford has 910 Freshmen; Cambridge, has 691.

—Base ball flourishes at the Ontario Ladies' College.

—The Junior class at Columbia is seven hundred dollars in debt.

—The students at Dartmouth are about to build an observatory.

—Maine University, after being closed ten years, is to be reopened soon.

—One hundred and ninety college papers are published in the United States.

—The ladies of Elmira College are discussing the "Higher Education of Men."

—The faculty of Brown agrees with the class of '87 that the Freshmen shall not carry canes.

—The students of Kings College, Nova Scotia, are in a state of revolt against the powers that be.

—The whole number of students in the collegiate departments of the colleges in the United States is 32,000.

—Out of 1586 students, Harvard has only 26 Di-

vinity students. It has 153 law students and 249 medical students.

—A statue of Ezra Cornell, the patron of Cornell University, has been ordered from the American sculptor, Story, who is now studying at Rome.

—A thousand dollar scholarship has just been given to Dartmouth on condition that no one shall receive the benefit of it who uses liquors or tobacco.

—The Professor of Astronomy at the University of Edinburg receives \$16,000 a year. The heads of the departments of Latin and Mathematics receive \$17,500 each.

—A piece of sponge cake has been made by a Vassar girl and presented to President elect Cleveland. It is said that Mr. Cleveland prizes it highly and will use it as a paper-weight when he goes to the White House.

PERSONALS.

—Mr. John McNaugher, '80, was visiting friends in town a short time ago.

—One good result from the Democratic victory. Perry Coon has a new hat.

—Rev. J. W. Witherspoon and Joseph McNaugher were in town on Thursday last.

—Prof. N. M. Crowe, '83, has been received as a student of Theology by the Presbytery.

—John Price, '83, was sick during the holidays, and his school was managed by substitutes.

—Morrison leads in the great side whisker race. J. C. Adair will probably take the red ribbon for full beard.

—Rev. H. C. Marshall has been released from his pastoral charge, and has been instructed to declare the pulpit vacant.

—Prof. Taggart occupied the pulpit of the First church last Sabbath, Rev. Mr. McVey, the regular pastor, being absent.

—Miss Patterson was absent on Thursday and Friday last attending the wedding of a friend at Steubenville, Ohio.

—Rev. A. P. Hutchinson, of Rushville, Ind., is suffering from an attack of nervous prostration. He is at present in New Wilmington.

Professor Thompson has been troubled with rheumatism for some time and was not able to take charge of his classes on Wednesday.

—Rev. Joseph McKelvey, '63, will be installed

pastor of the congregations of Kings Creek and Oakland, Frankfort Presbytery, on Wednesday and Thursday of the first week of January.

—Rev. O. G. McDowell, '81, has received unanimous call from the Harrisville, O., congregation of which Rev. J. McFarrer, '78, was the late pastor.

—Professor Wallace is conducting an arithmetic class on Friday afternoons for the benefit of those who wish to prepare for English examinations.

—Miss Maggie Campbell, '86, who was sick during vacation and the first of the term with intermittent fever, is somewhat better though still unable to leave the house.

—Dr. Mehard's new church at Eastbrook was dedicated on Thursday, the 29th. Dr. Brown of New Castle preached in the morning and Dr. Ferguson in the evening.

—Professor Thompson will read a paper on "The Future of Dairying in the West," at the meeting of the Pennsylvania State Dairyman's Association at Meadville, February 4th.

—The friends of Miss Agnes J. Katz, '79, will be pleased to learn of her promotion, last fall, to the Grammar department, Luckey School, Pittsburgh, where she is at present teaching.

COLLEGE AND LOCAL.

—Grades were distributed last Monday morning.

—Query.—Who broke the door-bell over at the new dormitory?

WANTED: Sixty-three girls to help fill the boarding hall. Capacity seventy-five.

—Daily services, preparatory to the communion, were held in the first U. P. church last week.

—Question—Why is Prof. Mitchell like the itch? Answer—Because he makes the third Preps. scratch.

—At last we will have light. New lamps have been bought for the campus and will soon be placed in position.

—The Y. M. C. A. of the college is still increasing in numbers and general interest. Eleven new members have been received this term.

—Owing to the fact that Major Dane has not yet returned from Europe, the lecture announced for last Monday evening was postponed.

—Professor Austin has at present two classes in

vocal music. The primary class meets Tuesday at 1 p. m., and the advanced class meets on Wednesday at the same hour.

—The inauguration of Rev. E. T. Jeffers, D. D., who was elected to the chair of Psychology, in Lincoln University, will take place on Feb. 3.

—The following six ladies who were in College last term, have not returned: Misses Brewster, Elliott, Dawson, McHenry, Wright and Van Orsdel.

—The ladies at the Hall acted partly on the suggestion of the last HOLCAD and had a taffy-pulling last Saturday evening but did not invite the boys.

—The Senior class have elected the following officers: Pres., Hattie Poppino; V. P., R. P. Allen; Sec., Hattie F. Black; Treas., Maggie Brown; Marshall, J. A. Van Orsdel.

—The next entertainment of the lecture course will be given by Miss Jessie Couthouli, February 11. Miss Couthouli has the reputation of being one of the best elocutionists in the country.

—The Adelphic Society chose the negative side of the contest debate question. "Resolved, that under the present circumstances a protective tariff is sound national policy for the United States."

—On Thursday, the Day of Prayer for Colleges, the college Y. M. C. A. held a very interesting meeting at 10 a. m. At 1:30 p. m., Rev. A. J. Greer preached an interesting sermon from the text, "Epaphras, the servant of Christ."

—There was a debate on the "Woman's Rights Question," between a committee of the League of Women and the Faculty Wednesday afternoon last. We have not heard how the question was decided. But suppose the Faculty took the laurels as usual.

—The limit for examination in geography is, that part of the earth included between the thirtieth parallels of latitude. No limit has been given in arithmetic, but instead, the examination will include the whole subject. This is in accordance with the suggestion offered in our columns and will, we hope, prove a success.

—The Senior class sent a petition signed by the majority of the members to the Faculty last Monday asking that the Senior orations might take place during the spring term as they did last year. The Faculty replied that they had already decided that the orations should be given this term, and of course their decision can not be changed.

—W. P. Stevenson, '82, has accepted a call to West

Bellevue Presbyterian church, near Allegheny, and has taken charge of that congregation. The people there have generously given him a vacation of five months during the summer, which he will improve by taking a trip to Europe. He will sail April 30th in the "City of Berlin." We hope he may have a pleasant time.

—The editors of the HOLCAD are all absent except two. These have probably been appointed to oversee the movements of the Board of Trustees of Westminster.

We copy the above from the *Globe* of January 2nd. Since it is from the pen of a member of the Faculty it is of course official. It is supposed to have been prompted by certain criticisms made in our columns on the Faculty and Board. Forgive us this time and hereafter our motto shall be "*nil nisi bonum.*"

—One of our editors while wandering in dreamland the other night met the Hon. Ben Butler and interviewed him concerning the conduct of the American people toward him in the last presidential campaign. Ben bore up bravely for some time, but, his feelings eventually got the better of him, and drawing out a large cotton handkerchief he wiped his streaming eyes, exclaiming, "It was a mean shame anyhow!" Our editor not wishing to discuss the matter further beat a hasty retreat, and never stopped his pace until the College bell rang for breakfast.

—A few days ago the editorial staff received an invitation to meet with the Junior class in Professor Taggart's recitation room at the close of the forenoon's exercises. We went not knowing what awaited us but the sight of two very fine cakes on his table dispelled our fears. The Prof. in a few well-timed remarks stated his object in calling us together to be, in order that he might, in taking a formal leave of the class, present them with a token of his good-will. The class passed a vote of thanks to the Professor and his wife for their hospitality. Mr. Love, in behalf of the HOLCAD thanked the Professor for his kind invitation. We then departed feeling that it was good to be there, and with many good wishes for Prof. Taggart and his estimable wife. We may just add that such events do not tend to estrange the hearts of the students from the Professor's.

—The evening of January 27th will be long remembered by the editors of the HOLCAD. We received an invitation to call at Mr. Hay's at 5 o'clock. That being the usual supper hour, we gladly accepted the invitation, for the editor's heart is always made glad by the prospect of a good "square meal."

We went and, after being cordially received by Mr. Robert Hay and his sister, and warming for a short time, we were invited out to supper. When we entered the dining-room we found that our most sanguine hopes were to be more than realized. After doing full justice to the viands prepared for us we returned to the parlor, where the evening was spent in social converse, interspersed with some very fine music rendered on the piano by Miss Aggie Hay. About ten o'clock we returned home with pleasant memories of the evening. Our friends may know from this how to secure a place of kind remembrance in the hearts of the editors of the HOLCAD.

—While the college building was undergoing repairs last vacation the rain penetrated the ladies' society hall, spoiling the ceiling and carpet. The ladies naturally felt that they should not be required to bear the loss, inasmuch as it was due to the negligence of others. The contractor claimed that he should not bear the whole loss, since the ceiling had been damaged by previous rains, otherwise the rain would not have penetrated to the carpet. He offered, however, to repair the ceiling and pay one-fourth on a new carpet. The board, with their customary *generosity*, agreed to take the one-fourth that the contractor would pay and get a new carpet, if the ladies would pay half and give them the old carpet. The ladies declined this proposition, consequently their society held no meetings last term. A short time since the faculty notified the ladies that they must begin society, so they now meet in the chapel. The carpeting of their hall is still a problem of the future.

—C. H. Wilson, '84, sends the following:

REV. W. R. HARSHAW will preach in the United Presbyterian Church, East 119 st., near 2d av., on Sabbath first. Dedication services at 7.30 p. m.

The above notice, clipped from the New York *Herald*, of Sat. the 24th inst., explains itself. Mr. Harshaw was licensed to preach at a recent meeting of his presbytery, and has been filling the pulpit of the 119th st. church for some time, as a supply.

The new and elegantly furnished auditorium showed to good advantage on Sabbath evening, and the large audience that gathered for the dedicatory service gave evidence of a deep interest in the congregation. Mr. Harshaw took for his text, "For the glory of the Lord had filled the house of the Lord," and preached a sermon that was not only very appropriate but both earnest and eloquent. He was assisted in the service by Rev. Mr. Mackey, of New York, and Dr. Andrews, of Brooklyn. Mr. Harshaw will be remembered by most of your readers as a student and alumnus of Westminster.

—One of the most thrilling events in Westminster history occurred at the Hall two weeks ago last Friday evening. A big Senior and two blushing Sophs were seated in the parlor enjoying themselves as all callers at the Hall must. The conversation was progressing finely. The Senior was telling one of his best stories and his audience was convulsed with laughter quite unconscious of the impending danger. Suddenly the lights began to flicker. Remembering the recent gas explosion, the Sophmores vowed they would return the lecture committee's bulletin board they had stolen, and the Senior neglected to add, "Now that's a fact" to his story. The lights grew smaller and smaller, the boys' eyes stuck out farther and farther. Finally with one convulsive flicker the gas gave it up. There was the sound of rushing footsteps, and a shriek of terror that caused the janitor to drop his shovel midway in its course. Hurriedly lighting a lantern and going up stairs he found the Senior struggling frantically with the patent lock on the front door. When at length with the assistance of the matron and ladies who had arrived, the Senior was persuaded that it was not intended, all eyes were turned in search of the Sophs. One was soon found crouching under the piano but no trace could be found of the other. After the premises had been searched some one thought of the little doors at the side of the main entrance. They found him in the one at the right and when taken out a moustache which had not been perceived before was now quite apparent.

It was commonly supposed that it was only an accidental occurrence, till on the next Friday evening the light went out again. It is now generally admitted that there must be some deep laid scheme at the bottom of it. We will not cast out any insinuations as to who the guilty parties are, but unless prompt action is taken by the board for the protection of gentlemen callers, the sound of laughter and song will be heard no more on South-side Friday evenings.

—The following obituary notice is taken from the New York *Daily Tribune*. Mr. Quarles was a member of the class of '70

JOHN F. QUARLES.

John F. Quarles, the well-known colored lawyer, whose office in this city was at No. 317 Broadway, died at his home in Flushing yesterday of pneumonia. Mr. Quarles had been sick for some time from a disorder of the stomach, and was attended by Dr. Goodrich. When the fight for the election of a United States Senator grew warm at Albany, he left his sick bed and went to the Capital and worked in the cause of Mr. Evarts. He returned to his home a week ago and complaining of not feeling well went back to his bed, from which he did not rise again.

Mr. Quarles was born a slave at Atlanta in 1847. His father was

a local preacher of some distinction. John F., for his brightness, was always a pet in his master's family, and through the influence of Charles Sumner he was entered at Westminster College, Pennsylvania. He graduated at the head of his class and soon after studied law in Mr. Sumner's office in Washington. He was admitted to the bar, and, it is said, was the first colored man that ever attained that distinction. In 1870 President Grant appointed him United States Consul to Port Mahuie, on the Spanish coast. He served during Grant's term, and at his own request was transferred by President Hayes to Malaga, a more important and profitable post. While at Port Mahuie he married Marie Joaquincent, daughter of the French consul at that port, and granddaughter of Napoleon's old General of the same name. He resigned his place and returned to this country in the spring of 1880, just in time to participate in the Garfield campaign. He opposed the nomination of Garfield, and used his influence among the colored delegates from the South for Blaine. After the election he retired to his Flushing home and practiced his profession. In 1882 Mr. Sherman appointed him a special commissioner to visit the United States Consuls on the Spanish coast. In the recent campaign he was an active supporter of Blaine. He was highly respected in his profession, and had a large practice. Among the criminals that he defended was William Leighton, the mulatto who killed his mistress, in Twenty-seventh St., about two years ago, and Charles H. Rugg, the murderer of the Maybie woman at Oyster Bay, L. I., about a year ago. He had taken Rugg's case to the Court of Appeals, where he was to argue it next week. He was also counsel for Cadet Whittaker, at West Point. No arrangements have yet been made for his funeral, but it is probable that the remains will be embalmed and sent to Atlanta.

Mr. Quarles left an estate valued at \$5,000, including one of the largest law libraries on Long Island. Mrs. Quarles has a brother, a colonel in the French Army, who is at present in China, and another brother, who is a real estate and insurance broker, in Paris.

—The following reference is found in the *Journal of Education* for January 15th: "I am very much interested in the Classical Department of the journal under its present able management, and wish you abundant success in your undertaking.

R. J. TOTTER, Professor of Latin,
Westminster College, Pa.

—The Philos have chosen from a list of ten, sent by the Adelphics, Frank Hurd, of Toledo, as their contest judge. The Adelphics chose Professor D. B. King, of Lafayette, from the Philos' list.

A NEW MEDICAL JOURNAL.

The medical profession are about to have furnished a want long felt, in a wide-awake medical journal, that will soon make its appearance under the editorial charge of one of the bright members of the literati, Dr. James M. French. Subscriptions are now being taken by that genial gentleman, Mr. F. C. Scrivener, who is everywhere meeting with a cordial reception from the doctors, and marked success in the new enterprise is evident, which is to be baptized "The Cincinnati Medical Argus." Leading articles are in preparation from some of our prominent beacon lights in the profession. All in all it will by no means be a weakly weekly.—Cincinnati Gazette.

Dr. French graduated in '78. We wish him abundant success in his journalistic enterprise and commend his journal to our alumni in the medical profession.

THE HOLCAD.

VOL. I.

NEW WILMINGTON, PA., FEBRUARY 16, 1885.

No. 12.

ANADYOMENE.

BY MATILDA STRANG.

My goddess rose out of the sea,
Fair Venus's water home,
She was veiled, from shoulder to knee,
In a shower of silvery foam.

Not the whitest of white capped waves,
More fair than her beautiful face,
While the shells that the ocean laves
Had left on her cheek a pink trace

The bluest of billows would fade.
In nearing those heavenly eyes,
Of deep lapis-lazuli shade,
That opened in sweetest surprise.

No daughter of Nereus wore
Two lips more effulgent than those ;
Apelles would not have searched more,
On seeing that classical nose.

O heavens ! the delicate blush
That swept o'er her shell-tinted cheek !
Resembling the dawn's early flush,
Or pink of the storm-petrel's beak !

The hair that, in fair masses, hung
All over her shoulders of snow—
Can you think of the sea-weed that's flung
From waters prolific below ?

She washed in the snowy-capped waves,
And wrung—not her hair but her clothes.
Her board held the mystical caves
That supplied the lye-soap Fashion loathes.

Ah ! then Aphrodite's sweet charms
Enchanted me, and, if 'twas wrong,
'Twas the most beatific of harms,
'E'er happened outside of a song.

What odds if the wave were of soap
Shivered up high into the air,
The sea was confined to the scope
Of a tub set up on a chair ?

Were not her clothes as fair as the shells
Washed up on the sandiest beach ?
And were not like Nereid's bells
The tones of her rhythmical speech ?

Ah sceptic ! I notice that you
Don't quite with my notions agree,
I nevertheless hold it true—
My goddess rose out of the sea.

Written for the Holcad.

HAWTHORNE THE ONLY.

ALICE BOWSER.

The world has ever been slow to recognize her fairest, brightest, and most worthy characters, particularly her geniuses. From the earliest dawn of history she has persecuted them, and, at the best, has neglected them. From Socrates, the man who, in all history came nearest Divine truth unaided by revelation, whom his fellow men put to death, down through all ages, the truly great have been compelled to struggle through weary years of toil, silently enduring the contempt of an unappreciative rabble. Especially has this been true of her men of letters. The same old story is told of them all, of manuscripts returned unpublished, of their best books falling as weights on the literary markets. No one dreamed of Shakespeare's being a genius until after his death. Wordsworth struggled up through neglect to the highest fame.

Nathaniel Hawthorne, the fascinating, finely-gifted American writer, attained high rank in the same way. A critic pronounces him "A kind of Wordsworth in prose, less kind, less genial toward mankind, but deeper and more philosophical." In fact, the fates of the two men are strangely similar—at first, cruelly slighted ; at last, worshipped. Hawthorne's first works passed by unnoticed. Occasionally an astute critic seemed to see through them and discover the soul that was in them, but the multitudes of reading people saw no beauty in them. While columns were given to articles since totally forgotten his works received scarcely a word either of praise or of blame.

It is hardly just to pronounce prose composition a higher kind of expression than that which the world has hitherto united in calling poetry. But Hawthorne goes far to prove that language even without rhythm is an equal organ of that genius which, whether it speaks in music, sculpture, painting, or measured words, is a still more ethereal image of the Infinite in the finite, an utterance of the Divine by the human, which may not always be understood at once, but which creates understanding within us more and more forever.

January 13, 1885.

The toilers among the obscure details of scientific

research need no apology. They pride themselves on their aristocratic standpoint, amid a plebeian throng which is thirsting for something of human interest, and color, and life. It is only when these dry details are touched by the enchanter's wand that they strike this rabble with any sense of reality, any likeness to beings of their own lineage. So it is with philosophy. Then how much better to try to catch something of the skill of the great writers of romance, of Cervantes, Soerthe, Jean Paul, and unite to it the most serious thoughts and speculations which have stirred the heart of man. There are works of fiction of highest talent where philosophical ideas have been introduced with surpassing effect. But by Nathaniel Hawthorne was this art brought into such perfection that it is only with difficulty that we perceive how absolutely every character, every word and line is subordinated to the philosophical idea of the book. In the "Scarlet Letter," for instance, he is plainly enquiring into the Law of Repentance or the human being's sober second thought upon his own action after it has become an irrevocable fact of nature. And he also asks what is the part that the social whole has to do *or does do* to make this sober second thought work the cure of the sinning soul and of wounded society.

As a writer, Hawthorne stands alone. His style is *entirely his own*. His writings are so weird, so very peculiar, and yet they possess such a fascination that we cannot resist them.

Genius in Hawthorne was limited, as that of all men must be, by his temperament, but less than that most men by his will. To give his thought act was not his impulse but to represent it to other men. He was not, therefore, so much as effective power among other powers in the current of life, as the quiet open eye that gathers truths for other men to enact. His vocation was to set forth what he saw so plainly with such accuracy of outline, fullness of coloring, and in such a dry light as would enable other men to interpret the phenomena about them as he did.

Personally, Hawthorne was unobtrusive and retiring and of a rather sad disposition. Perhaps this was partly the result of his long patient waiting for recognition from the public. He spent the the most of the best years of his life in a quiet country home which he named "The Wayside" perhaps because he connected it with a fanciful symbolism. In a letter to a friend accompanying the "Snow Image" he wrote, "Was there ever such a weary delay in obtaining the slightest recognition from the public as in my case? I sat down by the wayside of life like a man under enchantment and a shrub-

bery sprung up around me and the bushes grew to be saplings, and the saplings became trees, until no exit appeared possible through the entangling depths of my obscurity." He spent much of his time out of doors in a beautiful, retired spot covered with trees and thick underbrush. Here on his Mount of Vision, as Mrs. Hawthorne called it, he perhaps dreamed as many unwritten books as he published. His constant pacing back and forth wore an irregular path which is still visible. Since his death nothing has been done to preserve this path. Yet Nature, as if by a secret sympathy with his genius has thus far refused to obliterate it, and it remains distinct amid the bordering wild-growth. It is delightful to remember that there have been men who, in the cause of virtue, have made no compromises for their own interests or advantage. Virtue, truth, and love are not mere names; they stand for actual qualities which are well known, and recognized among men. These qualities are the elements of an ideal life, of that absolute and perfect life of which our highest culture can catch but a glimpse.

LIST OF WORDS COMMONLY MISPRONOUNCED.

The words below are words that have been mispronounced during the past seven years by students of the Senior and Junior classes of this College, in orations given in public. The reader will observe that the most of them are common words, and that the mistakes are such as he has been accustomed to hear every day. This is not surprising. Difficult, rare and foreign words are usually looked up and correctly pronounced, while no attention is paid to the common vocabulary. This list has been called for by some of the students.

The following words have the sound of *a* in *arm*. The most common mistake is to give the sound of short *a*.

Alms, calm, daunt, father, gauntlet, half, laugh, Nirvana, panorama (or panorāma), palm, path, psalm, taunt vaunt, wrath.

The following have the sound of *a* in *ask*. The most common mistake is to give the sound of *a* short.

Advance, advantage, after, amass, bask, bass, caste, cast, chant, chance, class, command, contrast, craft, chancellor, demand, enchant, fast, glance, glass, grasp, lass, last, mask, mass, massive, mast, master, pass, past, pastime, rasp, shaft, vast, waft.

The following have the sound of *a* in *fat*. The usual mistake in those containing *ar* is to give the

Italian *a*, as *cärry*; in the other words to give a in *ask*.

Ar'abic, barrier, barrow, Carolina, castle, carry, carriage, character, chariot, cramp, crash, enthusiastic, fashion, grand, guntlet, harrow, hand, manner, massacre, narrow, plan, plank, plant, romance', Saracen, stand, stamp.

The following contain the sound of *a* in *what*. The usual mistake is to give the sound of *a* in *ball*.

Stalwart, wan, was, wash, Washington, wander, wanton.

The following have the sound of *a* in *ball*:

Bought, caught, daughter, fought, haughty, sought, taught, thought, want, water, wharf, wrought. The words arrow, billow, fellow, furrow, sorrow, widow, window, are often pronounced *arräh*, *billäh*, *felläh*, etc. The *o* is long.

The following contain *e* short. The usual mistake is to give the sound of *u* in *urge*: Cherish, cherry, error, errand, precious (not prais-), pleasure, terrific, terrible, terror.

The following have the sound of *e* in *term*, not *u* in *urge*:

Diverge, diverse, divert, err, earl, earnest, early, earth, infer, pearl, refer, reserve, were.

The following contain *o* short. In the first ten the mistake is to give the sound *aw*; in the rest, *o* as in *before*:

Bondage, comrade, contest, God, gloss, hovel, of, song, throng, wrong, forehead, forest, foreign, moral, orange, origin, orrery, prosperous.

The following have *u* long as in *procedure*: Absolute, avenue, conducive, constitute, deluge, destitute, dissolute, due, duplicate, duty, duke, ducal, endure, evolution, future, grandeur, ingenuity, induce, innumerable, institute, intuitive, literature, lurid, multitude, nature, numerous, opportunity, produce, reduce, resume, revolution, resolution, solitude, student, tube, verdure. (See Sections 29 and 52, Prin. of Pron., Webster's Unabridged Dictionary.)

Miscellaneous:

Absolve (not -zolve), Alexan'der, (äl-), allies', attack (not attackt), attorney, (-tûr-), Asia (sh), ar'istocrat'ic, been (bin), barbarian (not -bay-) biograph'ical, Carthagin'i-an, cease (not seize), children (not children), complêtion, clique, com'bat (noun and verb), con'trary, confederate (not -federt), confederacy (not -federey), conquest (konk-), consum'mate (adj.) con'versant, corrupt (not cur-), covetous (not covetyous), Danish, débris (däbrce), decisive (not -zive), disarm, (diz-), discern (diz-), disdain (diz-), dishonest (diz), dishonor (diz-), emperor (not emper), empire (not empar), event', ex'emplary (egz-em-pler-y), existence (egz-), exile (eks-), exhale (egz-), exhaust

(egz-), exhibit (egz-), exhort (egz-), exordium (egz-), exorbitant, (egz-), exotic (egz-), exuberant (egz-), ex'tant, exploit', Feb'ruary, fountain (not foun-l'n), Galile'o, gêne-al'-ogy, glory, (cf. Webster, Section 89 in Prin. of Pron.), government (not goverment), gradually (not grajully), guar'anty, hero (not heero), history (not histry), honorable (not onerbl), hundred (not hunderd), ide'a, in'finite, ingen-u-ous, intolerable (not -tolerbl), inquir'y, Islam'itic (Iz-), Is'olate, Israel (Iz-), learn-ed (adj.), manufactory (not -tury), mæ'ager (not migger), me'-di-um, miserable (not miserbl), Missouri (not Miz-), modern (not mod-er-en), mountain (not mounh'n), northern (not north-er-en), off'ice, often (*t* is silent), originally (not -riginly), or'thoepist, pâ-tent, pâtriotic, persua'sive (not -zive), Persian (sh not zh), persistent (not -zist), philolog'ical, philosophical, Philis'tines, poem (not pome), prejud'ce, pronunciation (-she-), re-al, research' (not rezearch), resource' (not rezource), reservoir (rezervwor), rise (noun, not rize), sacrifice, shreds (not sreds), southern (not south-er-en), stû-pendous (not stoopendyous), success', sup-port' (noun), tendency (not tendun-), tes-ti-mo-n-y (See Section 50, Prin. of Pron.), tî'ny, to'ward, tremendous (not tremenjus), tribu'nal, truths (not truhdz), tyran'nic (not te-ran-), unknown (not unknow-en), usurpation (uz), vagä'ry, val-u-able, within (*th* sonant), wönt (wünt), præ'edent (noun), præc'd'ent (adj.), præc'd'ence, Cincinnati (-nät'y, not natah), Angelo (änjälö), Renaissance (rüh-nä-songs'), Mad-rid', political (not pul-lit-i-cal).

The following words have been corrected in the class-room. The list is not complete, no record having been kept:

Ab-do'-men, absorb (not zorb), absent' (verb), ac-quired (not acquard), accent' (verb), acu'men, al-lusive (not -zive), alter'nate, (adj. and noun, not awl-), amateur', ammoni'acal, antic'ipatory, apostle (*t* silent), appärent (not pay-), arbit'rament, Artax-erxes (-tax-), Asmone'an (Az-), As'ymptote, audä'-cious, äunt, auröra, autom'aton, auxiliary (awg-zil'-ya-ry), baptize (not bab-), basalt' [-sawlt'], behälf, bi-og'rapher, biog'raphy, Bombay', bosom [*o* in wolf], boulevard [boo-le-var'], bouquet [bo-kä], Bourse [boorse], bo'vine, bow [of a ship, not bö'], bröm'ide, Buddhism [sound of *oo* in foot], burlesque', cabrio-let', Cal-i-for-ni-a, cäli'ph, campanile [-ne-lä], canine', cañan [kan-yun], cänt, cän't, capäcious, catechu'men, categor'ical, cathöl'icism, caution [kaw, not coi-], cavalier', cesural [zu-], clairvoy'ant, coadjut'or, cöb [not cawb], Coelesyr [säl-e-], cöf'fee, cöl'o-phon, column [cöllum], colum'nar, cöm'bated, com'bative, com'batant, com'bativeness, com'-

munism, eom'plaisanee, eom'pound [adj.], eompeer', conjure' [to adjure], eon'jure [kūn-jur, to produce by magic], eon'serva'tor, con'sonance, con'strue, contem'plative, contempt-n-ous [not contempchus], cornet', Cov'enanter [kuv-], cune'iform, cupola [not eupalo], cura'tor, dēf-a-ma'tion, dēf'icit, de-mise' [-mize], dēmolit'lon, de-mō-ni-ac, dēmoni'acal, dē-monol'ogy, dēn-uda'tion, dēp-ra-va'tion, dēp-ri-va'tion, dērivation, designate [not dez-], desist [not -zist], des'uetude [des'-we-tūde], dēt'onate, digress, dispen'sative, dis'soluble, dīv'ān, dram'atis persō-nae, drought [drou], ē'diet, eider [ī-], empyrē'an, eneye'hial [sik-], enfranchise, en-gine-ry [three syllables], epigram'matist, episōd'ical, epistle [t silent], ēquable, ērror, etiquette', ēvangelical, exelusive [not -zive], excursion [sh, not zh], exhalation [egz-] exhortation [ec-, not egz-], ex'quisite, ex'tant, | Fed-er-al-ist, food [oo in fool], frequent' [verb], | gallows [gal-lus], gaseous [gāz-e-us], gē-ni-al, Gōl'gotha, grievous [not grievious], -hār'ass, halberd [hōl-], height [hīte], hōspital.

Idē'a, Idume'an [īd-], impōstor, incom'parable, indis'soluble, in-sid-i-ous, instinct' [adj.], intrinsic [not-zie] irref'ragable, isotherm'al, Italian [ī-], italic, Ix-i'-on, Jōrdan, juvenile.

Lēg'endary, lēg'islative, lēisure, lē-ni-ent, lose, [looz], loose [not looz].

Magazine', mā-ēs'-tro, Malvern [maw-], mārītīme, mātron, memoir [-wor], mēreantile, merchandise, mesmēr'ie [mez-], mēt-ro-pōl'i-tan, mirrored [not mirr'rd], morāss', mulley [u in pull], myth-o-poe'-ic [-pe-], ōbligatory, of [ōv], ōl'-igarely, ōr'chid [-kid] Ori'-on.

Pa-rīsi'-ion-er, pātron, pātronage, pauper [paw-], Pēg'-a-sus, Penn-syl-va-ni-a, pentām'-eter, pēr-emptory, pēr'emptoriness, perfume' [verb], piet-uresque', plebe'ian [-be-yan], Pleiades [plē'-ya-dēz], pōur, pre-cō'cious, prēd-e-cess'-or-, prē-di-lec'tion, pref'-a-to-ry, prē-sci-ence, prēs-en-ta-tion [prēz-], prōd'-uce [noun], profile [-fil or feel], quadruped [kwōd-, not quawd-], quadruple [kwōd], quat'rain [kwōt-ren], raillery [rāl-], ratiocinative [rāsh-i-ōs'-i-na-tive], re-cluse' [not cluze], rēd'-o-lent, rēf-use [adj. and noun], régime [rāzheem], respir'-atory, résumé [rā-zu-ma], route, [root].

Sagā-cious sanguine [sāng-gwin], Sān'-hedrin, serpentine, sērried, silhoutte [sil'-oo-et], sobriquet [so-bre-kā], splēn'-etic, squash [skwōsh], spontanē'-ity, suāve, subject'-ed, subsīd'ence, suffice [-fize], synagogue [not synny-], Tersich'-ore [-sik-], thor-ough [thū], Tit'-yrus, transquit [trank-], transatlan-tic [not tranz-], transient [tran-shent], transmit [not tranz-], transparent [not tranz-], trī-bū'-nal, trueulent [troo-], varied [-rid, not three syllables], ve-rā-cious, vi-vā-cious, vi-rā-go, Vir-gin-i-a, Yvetot [ēv-tō].

AMERICA'S WESTMINSTER.

From the Amherst Student, June 2, 1877.

Napoleon being asked where he first felt his greatness replied "At the bridge of Lodi, when the soldiers were falling on every side, but still my men would follow me."

The great admiral, Nelson, being asked where he first felt his greatness, replied: "When England offered me a peerage and a burial in Westminster." Just out of the city away from the busy whirl and toil of London life, stands that grand old pile—Westminster Abbey.

Surely it cannot be the architecture that lends it its interest, for the rich early English style presents nothing peculiarly striking. It cannot be that the traveler is stayed by contemplation of its grandeur alone, for St. Peter's absorbs such sentiment. It cannot be fineness of workmanship or minuteness of detail for Strasburg's Cathedral demands this as its peculiar right. What lends it such glory then—yes such sacredness in English eyes? Is it not that for a full decade of centuries its chimes have proclaimed the christening of English nobility at its font? Is it not that beneath its roof have rung the shouts of acclamation at the coronation of thirty kings? Is it not that its walls have rechaned the requiem over England's honored dead, and to-day their bodies are mingling with the dust beneath its pavement?

There is nothing nearer a nation's heart than the care for its dead. The ages attest this. Egypt points yet to her Necropolis and to her Pyramids; Rome points yet to her Catacombs, and Greece to her mound at Thermopylae. "The wind may whistle through its broken arches, and the ivy twine round the fallen column," and the very sites of former splendor may be unknown, but that nation is yet to be born whose tombs shall not be inviolate and whose honored dead "Though dead shall not live."

England is true to her trust. Westminster is a grand, a mighty sepulchre—grand, because of those there enshrined, and grand, because the exponent of a nation's care for its departed. But let us enter at the "Poets' Corner" and await the guide to conduct us through the chapels. Can it be that those plain slabs are all that mark the resting place of English kings? Can it be that England thus belittles her nobility by offering a mere stone to commemorate? No! not a single stone! but one upon another, till high above them Westminster stands—The Niobe of Centuries. But whose names are written on her tablets? The names of the Edwards, the Henrys and the Richards; the names of a Mary and an Elizabeth—foes

in life, but foes united in death, mutually mingling their dust beneath a common slab; the names of a Grattan, a Canning and a Wilberforce, with whose terrible periods the walls of the Old British Parliament have rung.

"Drop on Fox's grave a tear
'Twill trickle to his rival's bier."

The names of a Newton, a Watts, and a Stephenson; of an Addison, a Milton and a Shakspeare, whose names are eternized, graven in living light on a "Paradise Lost," and a "Macbeth."

In a word, sum up whatever is grand and noble in sturdy English character; recall whatever has contributed to England's welfare, and you will find Westminster its one, its mighty, its common sepulchre. Westward from England three thousand miles across the Atlantic lies outstretched a land where nature in fullest abundance has spread her cloth of gold. Broad, endowed with nature's richest blessings, our own America rests, gathering to her bosom the busy millions flocking from the shore of either sea. Not another nation has such a mission, or schemes awaiting such grand fulfillment. Four centuries ago, amid the hills of the Old Bay State the Indian smoked his calumet. Four centuries ago the name of America was unheard in the streets of the Orient; but to-day her goods are quoted in the Eastern mart, and her products fill the storehouses of the world. But, amid such prosperity can we forbear the inquiry, if she may have a Westminster? The mother country, rich and prosperous as she is, cannot refrain from placing near her metropolis a shrine for virtue; but where in that land across the waters, near what metropolis of that nation do you find a second Westminster? Search through the length and breadth of these Commonwealths and point to the spot where lie together her Washington, her Lincoln and her Sumner! Seek you her Westminster? Come to Northern New York; enter that country churchyard, and bending over that lowly stone, tearing away the overgrowing briars, read the inscription, "John Brown."

To-day men eulogize the hero of Harper's Ferry but his dust is mingling, almost forgotten, with the soil of his North Elba. Follow along that deserted path in Kentucky, cross the open field and behold, within that enclosure the rough, unhewn, nameless tomb of the twelfth President of these United States—Gen. Taylor.

Beneath a temple of Liberty, among the pleasant trees of the Hermitage, Jackson is at rest. In Pom-

fret Putnam is sleeping, his tombstone even destroyed by the hammer of the relic hunter. In the halls of the Caesars, he who spoke ill of the dead was thought cursed by the gods; but we, in Christian America, seventeen centuries removed, can point with pride to the relics torn from the graves of our revolutionary heroes!

Seek you yet her Westminster? From Marshfield comes the voice "Pass me not." The tolling bells along the Potomac repeat the "Pass me not." From Greenwood and from every hillside of the sunny South comes back the "Pass me not."

Year by year we follow to deck the graves of the martyrs for liberty, and bending over them feel the throbbing pulse of American humanity; for within those graves is the American heart—the shrine of the departed. Yes, within those graves is the American Westminster, for it is the American heart.

Not like the Westminster of the mother country within the cloisters and chapels of a single abbey, but as broad as the union of these Commonwealths, as deep as the far penetrating soul of the people and as high as the hallelujahs of an enlightened people can rise, it spreads majestic.

Beneath the dome of the Invalides the great emperor rests, and it is the glory of the French, that the "Child of Destiny" rests not in the Invalides but in France. In Springfield, the great philanthropist is sleeping, and it is the pride of the American that the martyred President rests not in *Springfield* but in the *Union*. Centuries hence the traveler will ponder over the departed glories of England's Westminster, and from his feet will shake off the dust of its crumbled pedestal; but crossing the Atlantic behold the American Westminster with structure intact, and within the glories of its presence will bow in silence before that shrine buried in the hearts of the millions.

—There are thirty-one colored students in the Freshman class at Yale. Of these seven are students in law, eleven divinity, and the remaining thirteen medicine.—*College Record*.

—President Elliott, of Harvard; President McCosh, of Princeton and President Gilman, of Johns Hopkins University, are said to have rowed in their respective, varsity crews.

—The ministers of the Baltimore conference have contributed \$50,000 of the \$80,000 already received, for the erection of a Methodist college for woman in Baltimore.

THE HOLCAD.

PUBLISHED SEMI-MONTHLY DURING THE COLLEGE YEAR BY THE
STUDENTS OF WESTMINSTER COLLEGE.

NEW WILMINGTON, PA., FEB. 16, 1885

TERMS: \$1.50 PER YEAR. SINGLE COPY, 10 CENTS.

Entered at the postoffice at New Wilmington, Pa., as second-class
mail matter.

EDITORS.

W. HAYES MOORE,	- - -	EDITOR IN-CHIEF.
I. N. MOORE,	- - -	ASSISTANT.
ROB L. HAY,	} - -	LITERARY DEPARTMENT.
H. G. GOLDEN,		
SADIE M. McELREE,		
R. J. LOVE,	} - -	LOCAL AND COLLEGE DEPARTMENT.
J. P. VANCE,		
J. L. SNYDER,	- - -	EXCHANGES.
RALPH P. ALLEN,	- - -	BUSINESS MANAGER.

Information solicited respecting the Alumni and those
who have been in any way connected with the College.

Address all communications to

THE HOLCAD, New Wilmington, Pa.

THE entertainment given on last Wednesday evening by Miss Couthoui, came fully up to the expectations of the large audience assembled to hear her. Their appreciation of the manner in which she rendered her selections was shown by the applause with which she was greeted at intervals throughout the entire performance. As a humorist she seemed to have complete control over the feelings of her audience. Her clear, ringing laugh, at times, gave the signal for outbursts of merriment all over the house. When she turned to the pathetic, the sympathies of her hearers were excited to the highest degree. "Surly Tim," seemed to the audience more, indeed, than a word-picture, and his wife, as she knelt by that little grave, became an actual reality.

Her impersonation of a reading class was recognized as perfect by all who have had experience with reading classes in our public schools. "Money Musk" was well rendered. In this selection she displayed her skill in handling the *bow*, to a good advantage.

Altogether, the performance gave complete satisfaction, and the return of Miss Couthoui will be greeted with as large an audience as can be accommodated.

Our account of the evening's entertainment would

be incomplete did we omit to mention the music furnished for the occasion by Prof. Austin. We only express the desire of the audience when we hope that he may at some future time furnish us with an evening's entertainment of a musical character.

WE insert below a few queries, which were handed to us some days ago, in the hope that we may soon hear through the columns of the HOLCAD the opinions of some of the students or of any one who may be interested in college work. The question of the good or the evils of the grading system is one upon which there is room for discussion and we think that a college journal is a good medium through which to learn the conflicting views. Let us have an expression of opinion. The queries are as follows:

1. Is the aspiration to secure a high grade an unworthy one? If so, why?
2. As a matter of fact, will the history of honor men show that a smaller per cent. of them achieve honorable success than those who do not take honors?
3. As a matter of fact, do students who take a low grade in class do more outside work than those who take a high grade?
4. Does the student consult his best interests by doing his class work thoroughly first, or should he do outside work first and devote the remainder of his time to the regular work of the class room?
5. Is lack of taste for any study, a good reason for slighting it?

MANY as are the attractions of the new boarding hall, there are yet some things which might add much to the pleasure and comfort of the ladies. The Board of Trustees have placed in the library a large book-case which, though handsome as a piece of furniture, loses much of its attractiveness, because no books are found upon its shelves. All will admit that a library, though it may be small, is almost indispensable in a building of this kind, and, while the building may be complete with almost every modern improvement, and be very desirable as a place to board during attendance at College, these things cannot compensate for the lack of one. It would not take much to improve the appearance of the book-case, and fill its shelves with choice books. Here, then, is an opportunity for some friend, or friends, of Westminster, or of the ladies to prove that they are generous and that they have the interests of the College at heart. For the first time in the history of Westminster, she is pre-

pared to invite ladies to enter her classes with a prospect of the care and accommodations that a first-class school should offer, and, surely, a good library would only make these attractions greater. We trust that kind friends will remember what is needed here. Any good books will be acceptable. Who will be the first?

DR. JORDAN, President of the Indiana State University, gave utterance to a truth too often overlooked, when he said to the students, "It is for you, and you only, that the University exists." What he said of that institution is true also of every college in the land. Whether it be founded by a State and carried on at public expense, or founded by a religious sect and controlled by it, the object of every college is the same—to afford a means of education to those who shall soon be compelled to enter upon the active duties of public life.

Too often we think the relation of a college to its students is lost sight of and if it be under the control of the State it is made subject to the political trickery which prevails in almost all civil affairs. The appointments are made not because of eminent ability, but according as they will best subserve the political interests of those having control over the positions to be filled.

Or, if it be under the care of a church, it is made a place of retirement for broken-down ministers, no longer able to compete with younger men, and whose only recommendation is that they have been faithful servants of the Church in days gone by. Only when the chairs of our colleges are filled with men amply qualified for and specially adapted to the work of teaching can we hope for the best results from our system of education.

PROF. AUSTIN has organized and is now conducting two classes in vocal music, one for beginners, the other for those more advanced. This supplies a want which has long been felt here. Until this term no attention was given to music either vocal or instrumental. While the main interest should be centered in the regular college work yet such an accomplishment as music should not be entirely neglected, and, in fact, a knowledge of vocal music has become almost a necessity to every well educated man. It may be but a few years until vocal music is made a regular branch of study in the common schools of our State as it is now in many places. In all conditions of life whether as a teach-

er, a minister, a lawyer, or whatever may be your calling, you will never regret having devoted a part of your time to gaining a knowledge of this branch of study. You will never have a better opportunity of doing so than now. Let us urge all the students to avail themselves of the opportunity offered.

We are glad to congratulate the college on having made this step in the right direction, and we hope that soon there may be added to the Faculty a teacher of Elocution and Oratory. This is a want felt by all. The majority of those who graduate from here enter either the ministry or the legal profession, in either of which oratorical ability would add greatly to their efficiency.

ALMOST every student meets with difficulties in his work of preparation for his college course, and to the student of limited means, in particular, are these difficulties sometimes very great. He is naturally as hopeful and ambitious as those of his fellows whose circumstances are better, and it is hard, indeed, that he persuades himself to believe that the world will not look as kindly upon him nor deal as kindly with him as with his more highly favored associates. But sooner or later he must be brought to a realization of this truth—sooner or later he must discover that no success or satisfaction ever attends the poor boy or poor man unless it come through his own efforts—through his own energy and perseverance. The world is truly "cold and dark and dreary" to every one who is thrown early in life on his own resources, until, by his own ability to surmount difficulties, by his own determination, he makes it bright.

Probably one of his greatest discouragements meets him when, at the close of his academic course, he separates from those with whom, as a student, he has, for several years, been most pleasantly associated. Because of his circumstances, he enters some obscure college to continue his studies, while his classmates, no better than he, in natural or acquired ability, are able to become students of some one of the best known of our higher institutions of learning. His early associations have not been without their influence upon him. He has all the while been very deeply impressed with the superior advantages which are offered by the large colleges, and has almost unconsciously become prejudiced against all small institutions, simply because they are small and less widely known. It is now a great misfortune that he is compelled to forego so many pleasures, and to be deprived of so many advantages by

becoming a student in a small college and one comparatively unknown.

It would be most interesting, doubtless, to trace the history of two young men so situated, the one in a small and unpretending institution, the other in one of the largest and so-called best, but this is not the purpose of this article. What we wish to say is this—that small colleges have advantages which large colleges do not have, and that these advantages are so great that every young man should seriously consider which of the two he should enter—in which of the two he can best prepare himself to meet the requirements of an active business or professional life. He should remember that it is not large and beautiful buildings, or a library whose volumes are numbered by thousands, or an endowment fund of millions that makes the college. It is not a faculty of twenty-five or fifty men, whose abilities are great and whose reputations almost world-wide, nor is it the number of students, a thousand, perhaps, or more, which may be in attendance, that makes the institution desirable as a place to receive instruction. No, these things are really disadvantages, and should be made secondary considerations in selecting a college. Large and fine buildings and plenty of money are things to be desired, but if they be purchased at the expense of thoroughness, it is better far not to have them. Libraries of thousands of volumes are good, but they alone will educate few boys. Some, indeed, with a lot of choice books at their command, and without the supervision or instruction of any one, might become scholars, but the number is small when compared with those who would not. What Emerson said of the Cambridge library, valuable as it is, is well worth our remembering. "I visit occasionally," he says, "the Cambridge library, and I can seldom go there without renewing the conviction that the best of it all is within the four walls of my study at home."

One of the most pleasant features of a course in a small college is the personal interest the professors can have, and do have in every student, and the friendship which may exist between them. This is not possible in large colleges where the class numbers a hundred and upwards, and where the work of the regular professor is done by inexperienced young tutors, who regard an appointment to teach as another college honor "selfishly won, and to be selfishly worn for a year or two." The faculty in such institutions is not composed of men who have chosen teaching as their life work, and here the student cannot rely always on the personal interest and su-

pervision of each instructor in his study, and in his plans of work in college and in after life. In small classes and in small colleges all this is possible. The individuality of the student is recognized, and he is made to feel the importance of his own life to himself and others. He is aroused and stimulated to put forth his best efforts, and is enabled and encouraged to develop his growing powers by his friendships with his instructors—men of scholarly abilities and acknowledged reputations. These are certainly inducements which no student can afford to disregard.

The feasibility of uniting into one college, the several small colleges of a State, or the part of a state, has frequently been discussed. This would give the advantages, if such they may be called, of a large library and larger faculty, but could not avoid the disadvantages already referred to. Because a college is small no one should hesitate to enter it. Numbers are not essential to success. The small colleges of our land have made a good record. Among their alumni are many of the best and most successful men, and their proportion of those who are called great, whether as scholars, as professional men, as statesmen, or as business men is far greater than that of the larger and better known institutions. And we can see why this should be. To use the words of a recent writer, "the greater independence of thought and action that is secured, has something to do with it. The college which is not so large and popular as to attract the mere butterflies of fashionable society, who seek a college course only to make it four years of fast club-life, in avoiding them, escapes a percentage of waste. And honest men who want the best of opportunities for study and instruction, and whom restricted incomes forbid to attend to those institutions where 'gilded youth' keep the scale of college expenses double what it should be, are drawn to a small college, where there are always enough students who are gentlemen by birth, instinct and training to keep high the standard of gentlemanly behavior, while the extravagant and wasteful expenses of false student fashions do not put to the blush the man who has to economize in his expenditures."

These are but a few of the reasons that might be given why earnest men should seek small colleges. Let it be the great aim of every institution to be thorough, to make men out of its students and not mere "Feathertops." Let the standard of scholarship to be kept so high that drones will be kept out and only students, those who really desire to know, be numbered in its ranks. Let it be remembered that inspiration comes not from walls and apparatus,

not from large libraries and much money, but from the earnestness and interest with which each professor does his work, and the general good tone of the college itself. Let all, both students and instructors, work together in harmony for one common object, and the result cannot but be good, nor can anyone be otherwise than satisfied.

EXCHANGES.

—We are glad to see that the *Campus* published at Allegheny College has been revived. The second number, which lies before us, is a credit to those having charge of it. Prominent in its literary department and well worthy of commendation is an article entitled, "Vanity Fair." We wish the *Campus* unparalleled prosperity.

—From the west comes the *Earlhamite* published at Richmond, Ind. Its columns are full of choice reading and its news department is well sustained. "Woman's Suffrage" is defended in an article of considerable length.

—We welcome for the first time the *Beacon* from Boston University. It is gotten up in good style both externally and internally. Style, however, has not wholly absorbed the attention of its editors, for we find it full of interesting matter. "Mauritius" forms the subject of an ably written article. The creation is discussed in an article entitled "Six days of creation." Evolutionists must frame a more satisfactory theory.

—Greeting to the *Denison Collegian*. We see that the great epidemic, roller skating, has struck Granville also. Our sympathies are with you. We are convalescing. An excellent poem on "George Eliot" appears on the first page. Woman's true position among the Indian tribes is well defined in an article on that subject.

—The *Bethany Collegian* presents a very attractive appearance and the handsome cover does not disappoint the reader with promises unfulfilled. It makes somewhat of a departure from the rule of college papers by publishing a continued story. Were all continued stories as good as this one, papers devoted to them might avoid much condemnation. "God in History" is an address which shows much thought and careful work.

—In England every 5,000th man takes a university course; in Scotland every 615th; in Germany, every 213th; in the United States, every 2,000th.

CONCERNING MISPRONOUNCED WORDS

In this issue of the *HOLCAD* will be found a list of the words which have been corrected during the past seven years in the college chapel and the class-room. As the same mistakes are continually making by the students of this college, it would be well if each one would keep by him a copy of the list for constant reference. Students are apt to be careless about their pronounciation in conversation, and recitation, and only begin to look up words when they expect to speak in public. That is a mistake. It is then too late. They are embarrassed on the platform, as all students who are not self-conceited ought to be. It requires a constant effort to keep the mind on the oration, so that no part shall be forgotten. If the speaker stops to think of the pronounciation of individual words, he is lost. If he becomes excited in speaking, that excitement will cause him to lose sight of the pronounciation. In either case he will pronounce the words just as he has been accustomed to pronounce them all his life. We all know that even after our attention has been called to the pronounciation of a word, how many times we must repeat it, and at intervals repeat it again, to fix it in our minds. Even then, when we are speaking in excitement, we go back to the old pronounciation. A prominent educator said once, "When a man gets excited, he immediately adopts the style of language he used at fourteen." That may be putting the case too strongly. If it were true, the ease of most college students would be hopeless. But it is certain that one who has not been taught from childhood to speak correctly, and who has tried afterwards by constant care to correct his errors, will find himself at a disadvantage in speaking under excitement or embarrassment, simply because good English has not become a part of himself, to be emitted as unconsciously as his breath. The difficulty decreases as time goes on, but never reaches zero.

The time to learn a word correctly is when that word first comes to one's notice. A dictionary should always be at hand and the word looked up at once, both its meaning and pronounciation. Then the sentence containing it should be read aloud, more than once if necessary, till the word is fixed in the mind. Some readers note down such words, and, when they have a long list, look them all up at once. They often lose the reward of their trouble, however, even as to pronounciation, because they cannot recall the connection in which the words were used, and thus are not sure of recognizing them as the same words when they meet them again.

A large number of the words in this list are common words that we seldom look for, because we know what they mean. In some cases the error is much less disagreeable to the ear than in others. For example, *ask* with the sound of *a* in *fat*, does not sound so unpleasant as *psalm* with the same sound. *Institoot* is much more disagreeable than *infloence*, yet the mistake in the latter is the same as in the former. A careful speaker will try to have them *all* right. One caution must be observed; the sounds to which attention is called in this list must not be exaggerated. In the attempt to avoid *institoot*, the other extreme, *insite-yute* or *instichute*, must be avoided. Although *Tuesday* is not *Too-zday*, it is not *Chew-zdry*. *Pauper* is not *popper*, but neither is it *paw-awper*. The iotized *u* may be easily caught from the word *procedure*.

To the student who thinks there is "no use in being partic'lar about it," there is nothing to be said. He isn't worth saving. But there are some students who, while anxious to be correct, have a great fear of being considered hypercritical. They are afraid to attend to little things, lest they should be supposed to neglect weightier matters. The ignorant speaker, too lazy or careless to correct his own speech, pretends to despise them for their pains, as being devoted to trifles. *School teacher* is made to mean *pedant*, like its synonym, *pedagogue*, long ago. Men of affairs look with mild pity on the man who consults his dictionary for every new word he meets, who says äunt and cänt and släbber, and pronounces *rise rice*. But all that makes no difference. The scholar can go just as serenely on his celestial way as ever. There are other auditors, who have different ideas of propriety and who appreciate his correctness. Of course it is one's business, when listening to a sermon, to pay attention to the thought. But it is the preacher's business to interpose just as little as possible in the way of obstacle between himself and his hearer. When he says *grievous* and *pärrable* and *constootion*, &c., the hearer is apt to inquire, "Has he taken pains to inform himself in things more important? Is he a trustworthy guide?" There have been eloquent sermons and effectual prayers that would not stand the test of the critic's rules. But they were what they were in spite of their bad English. *The Pilgrim's Progress*, with its violations of grammar and rhetoric, is a grand allegory, and tells great truths. But its incorrectness has not given it its force. It requires earnestness to the point of enthusiasm—*enthusiasm* with its strongest meaning—to tide over the obstacles of a speaker's bad English. Few orators can carry their hearers along with them with such eloquence that their

mistakes are forgotten as soon as made. And alas for him who has neither eloquence nor correctness!

Let every student look to his pronunciation *now*, not when he is "on" for performance. Let him look to *his own*, and not to his neighbor's—unless an agreement is made for their mutual benefit. Let him watch his words in his out-goings and his in-comings, in his uprisings and his down-sittings. Let him repeat the word correctly, aloud if possible, after every mistake he finds himself making. Let him make his language as correct as he can, and then forget how correct he is. Let him not plume himself on his fine language, and despise the man who makes mistakes. Above all, let him not take it upon himself to go through this world correcting other people. When he hears an error in sermon, lecture, or conversation, let him hold his peace. Politeness requires that he do not notice it in any way; by the quiver of an eye-lid, by the nudging of the elbow, or by stepping on his neighbor's toe. When he goes home, let him not discuss the pronunciation and forget the discourse. There are many ways by which a respectable man may make himself insufferable to his fellow-men, but a habit of snapping up mistakes is probably the shortest way. Few friendships are strong enough to stand the strain. To correct mistakes is preëminently the business of the teacher, and that only in season, not out of season.

This is in season.

COLLEGE AND LOCAL.

—They have turkey for dinner at the Hall every Sabbath.

—Senior orations will begin on Monday evening, Feb. 27th.

—Communion services in the Neshannock Presbyterian church, Sabbath, Feb. 8th.

—The Seniors have organized a class prayer-meeting, which is held every Thursday evening in Prof. Wallace's room.

—The anniversary of the birth of Henry W. Longfellow will be celebrated in the chapel on the evening of February 23rd.

—There was an accession of five members to the First church last Sabbath. The collection on that day amounted to \$93.40.

—On last Friday evening the Philo Society chose the following officers: President, R. J. Love; V. P., F. B. Davis; Cor. Sec., J. S. Thompson; Rec. Sec., J. S. Hill.

—At a called meeting of Philo Society, Tuesday, Feb. 4th, it was unanimously agreed to extend to the Leagorean Society the use of Philo Hall until the necessary repairs were made in Leagorean Hall. The ladies cheerfully accepted the offer and met for the first time in their new quarters last Friday.

—The regular monthly missionary meeting of the Y. M. C. A. was held in the chapel, Tuesday evening, Feb. 3. The meeting was led by W. H. Moore. R. P. Allen read an interesting letter from J. S. Crawford, '84, who is at present in Syria. Miss Mattie Poppino read a paper. Mr. W. M. Barr gave an address on "Our Missionary Work in India." The next meeting will be held March 3rd.

—Mrs. Ellen Foster will lecture under the auspices of the W. C. T. U. in the First U. P. church next Thursday evening. Mrs. Foster is everywhere well known as one of the most interesting temperance lecturers in the country. All should attend, and thereby encourage the ladies in their laudable undertaking and secure a profitable and pleasant evening's entertainment for themselves. Admission 25 cents.

—The fifth entertainment of the lecture course was given in the First church last Wednesday evening by Miss Jessie Couthoui, of Chicago. The entertainment consisted of recitations, humorous and dramatic, and was well enjoyed by all who were present. Miss Couthoui presents a fine appearance on the rostrum, and possesses many of the qualities of a first class elocutionist. Very fine vocal and instrumental music was furnished for the occasion by Prof. Austin and Miss Maggie Telford, '88. That the entertainment was highly appreciated was evident from the frequent encores, and the hearty applause which followed each performance. The next lecture of the course will be given by Dr. J. H. Vincent.

—Another event of peculiar interest (especially to the young ladies) occurred at the Ladies' Hall last Wednesday. In the early part of the day three of the registers burst, depositing their humid contents on the carpet round about. Later in the day a pipe burst, which caused the steam to force its way through the wall in an astonishing manner. These injuries were endured meekly, for, the steam having been shut out of the burst pipes, no further damage was done. Calamities seldom come singly. In the evening the fireman discovered to his dismay that the water which supplied the boiler, had ceased to flow. Of, course, the fire was not kept up longer, and

the thermometers in the upper floors began to creep down. They are still down at present writing. A telegram was sent to Pittsburg to a man to come out to repair injuries. He came on Thursday evening, but he had to call for an assistant from Pittsburg. The prospect at the last writing was that no fire could be made in the engine until Monday. Meals were still being served in the kitchen, and the young ladies who are not favored by special friends in the town, were returning at stated times to do them justice. The HOLCAD sympathizes with the ladies in their trials and extends a cordial invitation to them to come in to the office to get warm.

—On Tuesday evening, Feb. 2, Prof. Austin gave a musical recital at the new Boarding Hall, to which all the students and others interested in the college were invited. About two hundred persons were present, and all were well entertained. The new Hall was lighted from cellar to garret, and presented a beautiful appearance. The following is the musical programme:

1. Polonaise No. 1. - - - Chopin.
2. Couldst Thou But Know? - - - Mattei.
3. Spring and Gondolier songs. Mendelsolun.
4. Violet. - - - - - Mozart.
5. Fantasie to the 18th Sonata. - - - Mozart.
6. Il Marinaro. - - - - - Mattei
7. Nocturne. - - - - - Chopin
8. How could I Forget thee? - - - Lichner.

—The following summary of Westminster's alumni is taken from the College catalogue:

A. B.—Ladies.....	17	Gentlemen	423	Total, 440
B. S.—Ladies.....	140	Gentlemen.....	25	Total, 165
	157		448	605
Ministers and Students of Theology.....	289			
Lawyers and Students of Law.....	109			
Physicians and Students of Medicine.....	22			
Teachers.....	73			
Editors.....	8			
Farmers.....	12			
Others.....	92			
	605			
Deceased.....	58			
Living.....	547			

Adding to this last year's class containing 23 members, 18 gentlemen and 5 ladies, we have the total number of graduates 628; gentlemen 466, ladies 162. The following additional particulars have been compiled for the benefit of the ladies who are thinking of coming to the new Hall. Of these 162 ladies, 90 are married and 72 are not. Of the 90 married ladies, 29 have married alumni; 30 married ministers. Of the 72 unmarried alumni, 51 have graduated

since 1866, 45 since 1871. So the matrimonial prospects are still brilliant for a large proportion of our unmarried sisters.

PERSONALS.

—Jas. M. Sword, '84, was in town last Saturday.

—Rev. J. A. Duff, '81, is at present in Minden, Nebraska.

—Dr. I. C. Ketler, of Grove City College, was in town a few days ago.

—Mr. C. H. Wilson, '84, preached his first sermon on last Sabbath, Feb. 8.

—Rev. E. N. McElree, '58, has accepted a call from the New Brighton, U. P. congregation.

—I. N. Moore, our assistant editor, attended the wedding of his cousin in Grove City, Thursday, 6th.

—The Revs. J. A. Kennedy and W. H. McMaster visited both literary societies last Friday evening.

—Miss Alice Bowser, formerly a member of the class of '84, is in Boston taking lessons in painting.

—J. O. McConnell, '80, is studying medicine in Canonsburg, Pa., instead of reading law as stated in a former issue.

—Prof. Thompson lectured before the Pennsylvania State Dairyman's Association which met in Meadville, Feb. 4.

—The Rev. W. H. McMaster, '68, assisted Rev. J. A. Kennedy at communion services in the Second church last Sabbath.

—Wm. Stritmater, of New Castle, was in town on Tuesday, the 3d inst. He and Rev. Mr. McDowell both stayed for the musical recital.

—Rev. J. P. Gibson, '71, published a short and interesting account of his work at Bad Axe, Michigan, in the *United Presbyterian* of Feb. 12.

—The Rev. John McNaugher, '80, assisted the Rev. Wm. Robertson at communion services in the Fourth church, Allegheny, on Jan. 25.

—The Rev. M. M. Gibson, D. D., '60, teaches a Y. M. C. A. Bible class in San Francisco every Saturday. His ability as a teacher is highly spoken of.

—The Rev. David Strang, '61, is the author of an interesting article in the *United Presbyterian* of Feb. 2th, entitled, "A Reflex Result from Foreign Missions."

—J. D. Rankin, '82, has received a call to the U.

P. congregation of Middletown, Wash. Co., Pa. We are sorry to learn that his father is being hindered in the work of his charge at Murrayville, Pa., by severe sickness.

—Mr. and Mrs. James Herries, who were visiting their daughter, Mrs. Edgar, of this place, returned to their home in Sterling Valley, New York, a few days ago.

—The Rev. J. Q. A. McDowell, '78, visited town a few days ago. He was accompanied by Mr. Stritmater, of New Castle, where Mr. McDowell is now preaching.

—Rev. R. M. Russell, '80, who has charge of Caledonia congregation, New York, has received sixty new members into his church since the beginning of his pastorate last July.

—Rev. W. R. Harshaw, '83, has received a unanimous call from the East 119th street church, New York city. Mr. Harshaw will take charge in connection with his seminary duties.

—Rev. R. Hood, '81, is meeting with good success in his pastoral work in Peter's Creek congregation. During communion services a short time since, ten new members were received into his church.

—Rev. H. C. Marshall, '75, has changed his address from Freeport, Pa., to 209 Sandusky st., Allegheny city, Pa. He expects for a time to be engaged in temperance work under the auspices of the Armstrong County Temperance League.

—T. W. Swan, '84, preached his first sermon on Sabbath, Feb. 1st, in the chapel of J. S. Allen, '82, at Irvington on Hudson. Mr. Allen was absent that day making an address before the young men of Dr. Paxton's church, New York City.

—Frank Blackstone, '81, who is a law-partner of Col. O. L. Jackson, of New Castle, was left in charge of the latter gentleman's business while he was in Washington, D. C., last week. We congratulate Frank on his ability as a business manager.

—The inauguration of Rev. Dr. E. T. Jeffers, formerly President of Westminster as professor of systematic Theology in Lincoln University, Lincoln, Pa., took place on Feb. 3rd. The subject of the Doctor's inaugural address was "The Material and the Method of Systematic Theology." The West Chester Local News says: "Some of the speaker's thrusts at the vagaries of what is called the new Theology were skilful and pointed. The discourse was throughout an able one and full of food for thought for those who heard it."

THE HOLCAD.

VOL. I.

NEW WILMINGTON, PA., MARCH 2, 1885.

No. 13.

A TALE OF WOE.

Would you hear a thrilling story ?
Not romance nor allegory,
Where a wreath of fame and glory
Rests upon the hero's brow ;
But a tale of sad adventure,
Blood congealing, wild adventure,
Where the public scorn and censure
Make me shudder even now.

Ah ! that time I well remember ;
Starlight evening in September,
And the moon, like dying ember,
Sinking 'neath an ashen cloud.
Such a night as lover frantic
Would attempt some crazy antic,
Or perform a feat romantic—
Any thing his fancy vowed.

In my room I sat repining,
On my hands my head reclining,
Book of Greek was slowly lining ;
Unintelligible lore.
Sat I turning o'er the pages
Of those ancient Grecian sages :
"Slavish work and paltry wages,"
Said I then as oft before.

Then my thoughts began to wander ;
On my mournful lot to ponder ;
Glanced I sadly over yonder
At a picture near the door,
Picture of a lovely creature,
Fair of form as fair of feature ;
But she'd sacked me for a preacher,
Oh, my cruel, false Lenore !

But thought I, if I could charm her,
Of that fancy strange disarm her,
Do all this and not alarm her,
I'd be happy evermore.
I will make one last endeavor
Her affections all to sever
From that preacher now or never ;
If I fail I'll try no more.

Sitting thus soliloquizing,
It is not at all surprising
That a moment found me rising
Eagerly to leave the room ;
Murmuring in accents broken,
I must have some word or token
Whether written, sung or spoken,
To assure me of my doom.

Hastily I then departed,
Very gay and merry-hearted ;
Gayer far, when out I started
Than I'd ever been before ;
And my feet were lighter, fleetier,
When I thought how soon I'd meet her—
And she seemed a little sweeter—
Sweeter than she'd seemed of yore.

Soon I reached her dwelling stately,
Which I hadn't entered lately.
Ceased I not to wander greatly
What reception I should get.
While my heart began to flutter
As I crept along the gutter,
And I couldn't help but mutter,
"I must wait a moment yet."

Seeking then a situation
'Neath her window, as my station,
Soon I plunged in meditation
How I best could win this maid ;
While I formed the brilliant notion,
That the most effective potion
To procure her heart's devotion
Would be "Lovers' Serenade."

For, thought I, my love lies dreaming,
And the time and place all seeming,
To assist me in redeeming
Her affection once so strong ;
I'll improve this midnight hour,
Use my utmost vocal power,
And I'll win this lovely flower
With the sweetness of my song.

Soon the neighborhood was ringing
With the music of my singing,
And I felt that I was bringing,
Bringing down the scorn and pride.
And I knew she was repenting.
That her heart was fast relenting,
And I fancied her consenting
Even now to be my bride.

Then my spirit lofty soaring,
All my soul in song outpouring,
And in tones the most imploring,
Sang I there for full an hour.
Truly it was quite surprising,
How I found my spirit rising,
For the song was "paralyzing".
Yet I never guessed its power.

On I sang, my song increasing,
 Never once her ears releasing,
 Till, for just a moment ceasing,
 Suddenly I heard a sound—
 Sound which grated on my hearing—
 Sound of stealthy footsteps nearing;
 And some sad disaster fearing,
 Straight I turned myself around.

Oh, that sight! 'twas terrifying;
 Horrible there's no denying;
 Louged I for the power of flying
 When that vision met my eyes.
 Heartless father filled with ire,
 Wrath aflame like hottest fire,
 Burning with the fierce desire
 To entrap me by surprise.

Armed was he with means of slaughter
 For serenaders of his daughter:
 Ax and brickbat, scalding water,
 Tongs and shovel all had he.
 Fiercely then upon me springing,
 Down his ax and shovel bringing,
 Water, tongs and brickbat flinging,
 Struck me most maliciously.

* * * * *

Sorely wounded lay I staring,
 At that monster wildly glaring,
 Standing o'er me there and swearing,
 Swearing that I'd sing no more.
 Like a beast he stood there growling,
 Said he'd stop this midnight prowling,
 Stop this everlasting howling
 First and last forevermore.

Then, said I in voice of terror,
 "Sir, I plainly see my error—
 See my great and fatal error,
 And your merey I implore."
 Down he stooped, my ringlets grasping,
 Round my throat his fingers clasping,
 Jerked me to my feet, while gasping:
 "Get thee hence; return no more."

Hence I got without delaying,
 Neither lingering nor staying
 To regard what he was saying;
 For my object was to flee.
 And that maid so fair of feature,
 Married soon that mournful preacher.
 Oh, the poor deluded creature!
 What she missed by slighting me!

Written for the Holcad.

—Prof. Winters, the French scientist, committed suicide because he could not discover to his satisfaction, what made the wind blow. Other men have done the same thing who failed to solve the problem of how to raise the wind.

TO DIXIE LAND AND BACK.

No. 3.

BY W. P. STEVENSON, '82.

As a result of hard pulling by one poor little, over-worked and still harder swearing on the part of the driver, our car at last reached the corner of Canal and Carondelet streets. Here I got out and timidly looked about me. The air this Friday morning was very chilly, damp and disagreeable. What aggravated me more was that although it felt so cold, owing to the amount of moisture in the atmosphere, yet in reality the temperature was considerably above the freezing point, and the roses and star-eyed jasmines were blooming profusely on St. Charles st., the grass was growing nice and green in the parks and many of the orange trees still bore the burden of their ripened but unpicked fruit.

I stood and looked up and down Canal street for quite a while uncertain what to do. Then I betook myself to the postoffice confidently expecting to receive word from my friend, Alex. Hunter, from whom I had parted at Cincinnati. But after waiting a long time for my turn at the window my hopes were disappointed. This postoffice was the bane of my life while I was in New Orleans. I will relate my experience with it in my next letter, when I will speak of the city—its attractions and distractions.

My desire in this letter is to give you a connected, though necessarily brief, account of what I saw of the exposition itself during my different visits to it. In the first place the exposition buildings are about five miles out from Canal street which runs through about the centre of the city and is the Broadway of New Orleans. At the time I was there, there were three different ways of getting out to the exposition, and, as the Irishman said as he directed a bewildered traveler at the forks of the road, no matter which way you took, before you'd reach your destination you'd wish you'd chosen some other. The street cars were tediously slow and overcrowded. To go out by the dummy engine meant to subject yourself to jolts and bumps innumerable by ways past finding out. If you chose the steamboat route you entailed upon yourself a walk of half a mile or so first to the boat on the levee and then from the boat to the grounds. I tried two of the three methods and then stopped. I found the second route so much worse than the first that I shrank in terror from the third and did not care to repeat my experience of former woes. About ten o'clock Friday morning I reached the exposition grounds for the first time.

As we drew nearer and nearer, the different buildings, all gaily adorned with flags from every nation, presents rather an imposing appearance. The main exhibition building is really an immense affair, covering thirty-three acres of ground thus including under its roof eleven acres more space than the main building at the Centennial exhibition at Philadelphia, '76. Everything, however, at that time—I hear it is somewhat better now—was in a state of confusion and incompleteness.

The walks through the grounds and from one building to another were very poor and the frequent rains kept everything half submerged. The Mexican building was still far from completion. The art gallery was just about finished but no pictures or statuary were yet to be seen. In the main building there remained a good deal of work to be done, and in the Government building there were almost as many workmen as visitors. In short, the New Orleans exposition was opened just about two months sooner than it should have been and many visitors who were there in December and January left in disgust and not disposed to use their influence in its favor. Notwithstanding, however, great incompleteness in many details, there was still a good deal to be seen which was worth seeing even in the last days of December.

Some parts of the grounds contain beautiful groves of live oaks and magnolias, interspersed here and there by orange trees crowned with golden fruit. Having thus taken a preliminary survey, we enter the main building first. Under its monstrous roof are gathered articles of produce and manufacture from every State and Territory in the Union, and from twenty-three foreign nations.

England sets before you an elegant collection of textile fabrics, carpets, laces and military equipage. Ireland is represented by numerous manufactured articles and by her fine white linens. France is resplendent among her oils, perfumes, tapestries, laces and silks. Switzerland keeps time with her watches and makes melody with her musical instruments. Germany throws down the glove to France in her wines, upholstery, furniture and decorations. Japan is here with an almost endless variety of native products. Venerable China makes plain to all the method by which she changes the mulberry leaf into the silken gown and shows with just pride the work of her skillful fingers in elaborate engravings on wood, delicate filagree work in gold and silver, carvings on ivory, and lacquered ware. Siam is here, too, with white elephants and golden umbrellas.

Palestine, Egypt, and Syria have brought their

treasures of relics, and Damascus blades flash and glitter in the light. India, and the colonies, Russia, Italy, Spain, Holland, Denmark, Mexico, Costa Rico, Guatemala and British Honduras, swell the stately procession of the nations and bring many things of interest to the visitor's eye. However, we cannot linger long here but must pass on to the Department of Machinery which occupies one entire length of the main building. There we see how wonderfully man has made stubborn iron and steel, steam and electricity, do the work which one hundred years ago he laboriously did himself. Nearly every great manufacturing centre in the country is there by proxy. Twenty powerful engines set the forces of the exposition in motion. Nowhere are the lines of power more sharply drawn, or more striking contrasts seen than in this department. Side by side in strange fellowship are seen the powerful locomotive and the biscuit cutter; the machine which makes the filmy lace and the one which tears the ore from the mines. Many and ingenious are the machines on exhibition here, but again we must hasten on. We start for the Government building but on our way are constrained by the pangs of hunger to stop at a restaurant called Public Comfort No. 1.

It was Artemus Ward, I think, who announced as the result of his philological investigations that the name restaurant was derived from the Latin *res*, a thing, and *taurus*, a bull, hence a "bully thing." I would simply say that if his acquaintance with restaurants had been confined to Public Comfort No. 1, no such derivation would have suggested itself to his mind as being appropriate. It is of this restaurant that they tell the following sad story: A poor but honest Chicago school teacher for economy's sake took his lunch along with him when he left his boarding house in the morning for the Exposition. When noon came he felt the need of a cup of tea to aid him in swallowing his simple repast. So he went into Public Comfort No. 1 and negotiated for a cup of that aforesaid beverage "which cheers but does not inebriate."

After the tea and the lunch had both disappeared he walked up to the counter and conscientiously deposited half a dollar. The cashier handed him back fifteen cents. "Bones of my ancestors," the poor pedagogue cried, "what meaneth this?" The polite Frenchman then replied, "Ten cents for the tea and twenty-five cents for eating on the premises." The pedagogue was gathered home to his fathers and another wields the birch in his stead. I think, however, that the story has been overdrawn by the

friends of the deceased. Well, we leave Public Comfort No. 1 in its iniquity and pass on and enter the government building. Full of patriotic pride we think at once of the Pennsylvania display and ask one of the policemen standing at the entrance where it can be found. He reluctantly confesses his ignorance. We are surprised and shocked but nothing daunted we begin the search. By the diligent use of an opera glass we at last discover where the Pennsylvania exhibit should be, and then with the help of a microscope we ascertain the kinds and varieties of articles on exhibition. We blush to own it, but truth compels us to say that a poorer, scantier display than was there to be seen was not to be found within the walls of the building. We were disappointed and angry. It is a shame that a State possessing Pennsylvania's wealth of mining and manufacturing resources should enter into competition with other States and then allow herself to be represented by one lump of coal from a Philadelphia mine and some pictures of a stock farm belonging to some conceited Eastern mar, blanked on each side with a few apples and potatoes. It was a poor showing for so great a State. Perhaps it is better by this time. Let us hope so, as it was then, we had a notion to take the pictures for kindling, set the old lump of coal on fire, and while roasting the potatoes for supper, eat what few apples were there for a lunch. We visited Ohio's department next. She was very creditably represented. Fine specimens of her agricultural products and manufactured wares were very tastefully arranged.

We cannot hope to mention every State exhibit, nor even to mention all which are really deserving of praise, but can only call attention to a few which seemed to us especially attractive. New Hampshire's fine display of Manchester lawns, prints and blankets attracted our attention, but what was of special interest to me was the fine topographical map of the entire State, and which was laid out on a large scale. Once more I gazed on the hills and lakes of Roxbury township near Keene, where I spent the summer of '83, and to whose people I did my first preaching. So accurate was the map that I could locate the very hill on which stood the little church and so vividly were the sensations of my first appearance in it recalled, that once more I felt the cold sweat begin to start upon my brow and my knees recommenced their wild, tumultuous, uncontrollable clashing.

As I looked on the map I travelled over once again my trip up the Connecticut river, made a second time the ascent of Mt. Washington, and then, as be-

fore, I journeyed on towards Portland, Me., through the magnificently picturesque Crawford Notch. But we must restrain our partiality for New Hampshire and pass on to her neighbor, Massachusetts. Here we are confronted by a fine display of hammered brass from the Chelsea Art Co., Many interesting relics, as, for example, Alexander Hamilton's camp kettle, Bunker Hill muskets, cartridge boxes, swords, &c., are here on exhibition and attract much attention. Here also was a spoke from the "Hub." I wanted it, but as it was *bespoken* by another *felloe*, I had to *re-tire*. Ah! forgive me! Please do not throw that brick! The temptation overcame me that time but I will resist it henceforth.

Among the Western States, Minnesota has the largest and finest exhibit of flour. Nebraska, I think, has the most tastefully arranged exhibit in the building. On one side of a large partition surrounded by beautiful and artistic designs of wheat, rye and oats, is the likeness of a man made up of grains of corn. On his head was a crown of the same material, and below were the words, "Corn is king." Her display showing the taxidermist's skill is very fine, too. Dakota's exhibit is also very fine. Kansas has a specimen stalk of corn, so tall that Goliath, himself, would have needed a step ladder to secure a roasting ear. Colorado has a fine scenic display and a large and valuable collection of minerals. Oregon is conspicuous by reason of her hard wood furniture display, and beautiful ornaments made from the curiously grained maple burls. New Mexico has a remarkable exhibit of minerals, grasses and grains. In point of variety and profusion of exhibited products, I presume the palm would be carried off by California, the mother of mighty trees, mammoth fruits and vegetables, and precious metals. She enters the lists waving a beautiful flag made out of her many-colored feathery grasses. Here is a pumpkin from the Pajaro Valley, weighing 221 lbs. Beside it lies an enormous beet, 36 inches long, 44 inches in circumference, and weighing 81 lbs. We looked on it and smiled. My friend said it was large enough for two Allegheny policemen to sleep on, but I, being a Republican, thought it was equalled only by the *beat* of last 4th of November. Excuse me just this once. My apology is that the first one was a slip, and slips, you know, by a long-established and time honored custom, try over.

The Government exhibit is very large and complete. In the treasury department we see how paper becomes money and have specimens of currency before us from the one cent stamp up to the \$50,000 bond. The war department lays before us a grim

array of bombs, shells, torpedoes, deadly Gatlings and massive cannons. The naval department shows us beautiful models of light houses, light ships, screw models and war vessels. Here we see the whale boat used in the Greely relief expedition. Here on exhibition is a piece of seal skin leather found in Greely's tent at Cape Sabine by the rescuing party and showing traces of the teeth of the starving men. Also fur suits, snow shoes and sledges used in that illfated expedition. The Smithsoman Institute covers itself with glory by a magnificent display of fish and specimens of nearly every known bird and reptile. But the day is almost done. We have time only for a hasty walk through Horticultural Hall which is really overflowing with a wealth of fruit and flower from every land. Here upborne by many tables are 25,000 plates of fruit which are competing for the different premiums. Apples, peaches, pears, etc., from the hardy North; oranges, bananas, etc., from the South. All these side by side in generous rivalry with other varieties from foreign shores. Absorbed in our researches night has overtaken us and we have not been able to visit the buildings where are stabled some of the finest horses, cattle and sheep the country can produce. We must let them go unnoticed and once more we stand in the Music Hall in the main building as with the ease of a touch and the rapidity of a thought the grounds, the buildings and exhibits are transformed into fairy beauty by the sun-like radiance of 15,000 incandescent and 700 arc electric lights. It is a brilliant and beautiful scene. Every one of the 12,000 seats in Music Hall is occupied and after listening for an hour to splendid music by Maj. Currier's military band we say good-night and make a frantic rush for a seat in the fast filling street cars.

HOW TO SAY BITTER THINGS.

Let me tell you how I write mean letters and bitter editorials, my boy. Sometime, when a man has picked into me, and cut me up rough, and I want to pulverize him and wear his gory scalp in my girdle, and hang his hide on my fence, I write the letter or editorial that is to do the business. I write something that will drive sleep from his eyes, and peace from his soul for six weeks. Oh, I do hold him over a slow fire and roast him. Gall and aquafortis drip from my blistering pen. Then, I don't mail the letter, and I don't publish the editorial. There's always plenty of time to crucify a man. The vilest criminal is entitled to a little reprieve. I put the manuscript away in a drawer. Next day I look at

it. The ink is cold. I read it over and say, "I don't know about this. There's a good deal of bludgeon and bowie-knife journalism in that. I'll hold it over a day longer." The next day I read it again. I laugh and say, "Pshaw," and I can feel my cheeks getting a little hot. The fact is, I am ashamed I ever wrote it, and hope that nobody has seen it, and I have half-forgotten the article or letter that filled my soul with rage. I haven't been hurt, I haven't hurt anybody, and the world goes right along, making twenty-four hours a day as usual, and I am all the happier. Try it, my boy.—*Burdette.*

WIT AND WISDOM.

—"What is a curiosity, ma?" asked little Jamie. "A curiosity is something very strange, my son." "If pa bought you a sealskin sack this winter this winter would that be a curiosity?" "No, my son, that would be a miracle."

—"Now let's go down stairs and ride on the electric railway," said a city lady to her sister from the country. "Oh, no," was the reply; "my son John has got me to ride on a steam railroad for the first time, but I always said you never could get me to ride on a telegraph wire, and you can't."

—A gentleman was one day relating to a Quaker a tale of deep distress, and concluding by saying: "I could but feel for him." "Verily, friend," replied the Quaker, "thou didst right in that thou didst feel for thy neighbor, but didst thou feel in the right place—didst thou feel in thy pocket?"

—"Johnny," said the schoolmistress, "you have been a very naughty boy; now go and stand in the corner with your face to the wall until I tell you you may go to your seat." "Please ma'am," said Johnny, "if I face the wall I'll have to turn my back to you and the scholars. Won't that be rude?"

—The remains of an English traveller had been exhumed for interment in the family vault. When the coffin was opened the spectators started back in affright. "Why, these appears to be the remains of a lion." "Yes," replied a nephew of the deceased with a sigh, "that's the lion that ate him up; uncle's inside of him!"

—Once upon a time a hog drank from a trough into which a barrel of beer had been emptied. He became very much intoxicated. When he came to himself, he was very much ashamed of his conduct. He was truly penitent and said to one of his friends, "I have always been a beast until this unlucky slip, and I promise you I'll never make a man of myself again."

THE HOLCAD.

PUBLISHED SEMI-MONTHLY DURING THE COLLEGE YEAR BY THE
STUDENTS OF WESTMINSTER COLLEGE.

NEW WILMINGTON, PA., MAR. 2, 1885.

TERMS: \$1.50 PER YEAR. SINGLE COPY, 10 CENTS.

Entered at the postoffice at New Wilmington, Pa., as second-class
mail matter.

EDITORS.

W. HAYES MOORE,	- - -	EDITOR-IN-CHIEF.
I. N. MOORE,	- - -	ASSISTANT.
ROB L. HAY,	} - -	LITERARY DEPARTMENT.
H. G. GOLDEN,		
SADIE M. McELREE,		
R. J. LOVE,	} - -	LOCAL AND COLLEGE DEPARTMENT.
J. P. VANCE,		
J. L. SNYDER,	- - -	EXCHANGES.
RALPH P. ALLEN,	- - -	BUSINESS MANAGER.

Information solicited respecting the Alumni and those
who have been in any way connected with the College.

Address all communications to

THE HOLCAD, New Wilmington, Pa.

THE lecture given by Mr. Leland, on the 24th ult, was well attended and no one there could fail to carry away with him some practical thoughts. His subject, "Factors in Life," was one which gave ample opportunity to make it intensely practical. He made a strong plea in favor of physical culture, not holding up as an ideal the Greek runner, the Roman gladiator, or the American prize-fighter, but the man who is developed so as to make his body a fit home for the soul and a proper medium for its intercourse with the world around him.

He then proceeded to urge the duty of cultivating the mental and moral as well as the physical nature, so as to form a complete and well rounded-out man in the three aspects of his being.

But our space forbids further outline of his lecture. While not, perhaps, so fine a lecture as we have frequently had the pleasure of listening to, yet all seemed well satisfied, and many expressed themselves as agreeably surprised. We might only suggest to the Lecture Committee that in lectures, as in other things, a surfeit of good things is likely to pall upon the appetite.

THERE is probably no organization in the world to-day more fruitful of good results than the Young Men's Christian Association. Though organized, perhaps, less than forty years ago, its work has been

wonderfully prospered, until now it embraces almost three thousand separate branches scattered throughout the different countries of the civilized world. This rapid increase in membership and in the number of associations speaks well, and certainly proves that young men are aroused and are determined by their own efforts to extend the influence of Christianity among themselves. We must not think of the work of this great organization as limited to college students. While the work among them has been abundantly blessed, it has also been equally successful in its other departments. Railroad men, young men in business or in any one of the professions, all are reached and all are benefited. We here insert an extract from an address by Chauncey M. Depew, showing the good results among railroad men, and it is safe to assert that in every other branch as successful work has been done. "I have had the opportunity" he says "to become personally familiar with the workings of the Railroad Branch of this Association. The results can hardly be overstated. On the lines with which I am connected, one hundred thousand men are employed, and they represent over half a million in their families. The effect of the establishment of one of these societies at a railroad center is marked and immediate. The character of the service begins to improve. Salaries and wages which have been worse than wasted, are spent upon wives and children, and the surplus finds its way into a savings-bank, and from there into a homestead. In the streets and in the houses, intelligence, thrift and sobriety take the place of slovenliness and carelessness. To many of these men is intrusted the lives of the hundred million passengers that annually travel over the railways of the country. The demand for speed constantly increases the dangers of carriage. The steady hand, the clear brain of the locomotive engineer, of the switchman at the crossing, of the flagman at the curve, of the signal man at the telegraph, alone prevent unutterable horrors, and this Association does more in fitting men to fulfil these duties for the safety of the public than all the patent appliances of the age."

WE have received a letter from the Rev. David Strang, Lincoln, Lincoln county, Tenn., with reference to the list of words published in the issue of Feb. 16th. In this letter he says: "I have gone through it (the list of words) with considerable interest, and have wondered if all it contains are *commonly* mispronounced even by the beginners at Westminster. Be that as it may, I wish to ask, why is

Islamitic pronounced *Izlamitic*? It comes directly from the Arabic *Islam*, in which (among the Arabs) *a* invariably retains the natural sound. Another word from the same verbal root, the word *Muslim* (*u* as in full) is not in your list, but by some authorities is spelled *Moslem* and pronounced *Mozlem*. I would like to know why we are to change the pronunciation of these words when the Arabic sound is perfectly easy, even to those who speak only English." As to whether all these words are commonly mispronounced here, we would say that if this be all Westminster is fortunate. The editors of some one of the college exchanges in speaking of our publishing such a list stated that it would be easier for them to reproduce Webster's dictionary complete than to attempt to arrange a similar one. Mr. Strang further says that if we are to change the pronunciation—as we must with some words—we should change the spelling also, as has been done with *khaleef* (*kh* like *ch* in *Buch*) which we write *caliph*. Such information as this, we are always glad to receive, and we know that it will be of interest and profit to our readers. We will feel grateful to any others who may be pleased to follow Mr. Strang's example.

THE influences which have been at work for some time at Harvard against Greek classes have finally prevailed. By a recent action of the faculty it was decided that Greek should no longer be required for admission to the college classes, but should hereafter be placed among the electives of the course. This decision on part of the Harvard authorities, and the discussions which, for some time past, have been going on in reference to this matter, make it evident that there is a growing sentiment among students and educational men in favor of the elective system of study, but whether such a system will best meet the wants and needs of the average college student, and bring in the end the best results is a question yet to be decided, and one requiring more than a day or a year in which to decide it to everyone's satisfaction. Harvard is pioneer in this movement in the United States, and if a fair trial of a number of years proves it a success, to Harvard alone will all the honor belong. This departure, it is just to say, has been taken only after serious and thoughtful consideration, and the opinion and experience of those by whose influence it was brought about, men who we must believe have the best educational interests of this country at heart, is entitled to, and should receive the respect of every educator in the land, no matter how much this

views may differ from his own. President Eliot, who has given to the subject of elective courses in colleges years of careful study, should be heard when he speaks. In a paper read a short time ago at the meeting of the Century Club in New York he says that, in his opinion, the average American boy can best go to college at the age of eighteen. He has then passed from the period of life when compulsory external discipline is necessary. A student can then be led, but not driven. Such a youth can select for himself a better course of study than any college faculty can map out for him. "Under the elective system, the great majority of students will select some particular subject, and wisely devote the greater part of their time to it." It is true that many able men, as eminent in the profession as President Eliot, hold to the established course, and their arguments seem to be as conclusive as his, but since there is room for honest difference of opinion, and since there are arguments so reasonable for adopting the elective system, every one should be satisfied to allow Harvard to make the experiment.

The position that a thorough knowledge of Greek should form a part of everyone's education is one hard to defend. There are thousands of young men whose business in life does not require that they master, or even be acquainted with the language of Homer and Xenophon, and it seems but fair that they should be permitted to pursue those studies which they enjoy and which will best prepare them for their respective vocations. As for the discipline which the Greek gives and which is one of the strongest arguments in favor of its being retained, let them study one or more of the modern languages, if their tastes so incline them. A thorough knowledge of German, or of French, or of both, besides giving the discipline of mind needed, brings with it a practical benefit, which the Greek, beautiful and symphonious as it may be to the scholar, cannot. Indeed, we are almost inclined to think that there is in the mother tongue alone almost enough to furnish the needed discipline to the average student. No one should fear that he will acquire too thorough a knowledge of the English language. Its beauties can not all be seen, or its secrets all be known in any life-time. There are hidden treasures which only years of patient toil and study can reveal. The mines of wealth, as yet untouched, invite the searching investigation of the scholar and promise him a reward more than worth his labor. It is a fact to well known that thorough English training is lamentably lacking in the colleges of our land, and it is certainly humiliating

for Englishmen, Americans, to be compelled to make such a confession.

Though all this is true, it is, however, evident to all that some knowledge of the Greek is very necessary to every professional man, and that a thorough knowledge of it is absolutely indispensable to the finished scholar. Those who love the language and find a real enjoyment in seeking its beauties, the action of Harvard's faculty will not affect. We cannot reasonably expect this departure to diminish the number of those who delight to revel in its beauties. The Greek will not lose its attractions, or cease to have admirers, and while this change in one of the foremost of our educational institutions may strike some unfavorably, let us all watch the experiment with interest, trusting that the result will be a good one.

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

BY J. M. ROBERTSON, '88.

The field of human thought and feeling may be compared to a plain shut in by lofty mountains, whose summits have been hitherto hidden to more or less extent, from the view of humanity, by the mists of ignorance and prejudice. Genius often rose above these dark confines, and perched itself upon the summits of the mountain peaks, from whence it gazed upon the clear sky above and the unknown world beyond; but it was invisible to the common sight of men, or its real character was not perceived. The contemporaries of Shakspeare never dreamed that he was immortal; and the succeeding age suffered Milton to pine in poverty and obscurity.

During the last two centuries, the increase of learning and the advance of civilization have gradually cleared away the mists, and genius immortal appears, like brilliant gems, upon the mountain sides and summits sparkling with the rays of truth, of science and poetry.

While the nineteenth century atones for its predecessors by acknowledging and appreciating the genius, and cherishing the memories of those who in their lifetime were persecuted and neglected, yet she looks with peculiar pride upon the brilliant lights which have appeared within her own time, whose first glimmerings received her encouragement, and whose ultimate brilliancy has reflected honor upon her.

American literature, which is entirely the growth of the nineteenth century, has received the full benefit of the enlightenment of this age, and in return reflects its learning and refinement to the fullest extent.

In the field of poetical literature, the names of Poe, Willis, Bryant and Whittier, awaken in the heart of every American, feelings of love, reverence and admiration; but especially does the name of Henry Wadsworth Longfellow symbolize "all that is liberal, tender and cultured in American letters."

Longfellow was born in Portland, Maine, February 27, 1807. His father was Hon. Stephen Longfellow, a lawyer by profession.

Longfellow's early days were spent at home. He was quite young, not more than seven, when he first expressed his thoughts in verse. Indeed, it was his first composition of any kind. It can scarcely be classed as poetry, as the ideas therein contained were such as might be expected from a boy of seven. His theme was a poetical (?) one of a turnip that was planted, hoed and grew, and was eventually eaten by the farmer's daughter Sue. He cultivated the muse, however, and we find him, while a student in college, still in his teens, writing short anonymous poems for the periodicals of the time. Among these productions were "An April Day," "Autumn," etc. He graduated at Bowdoin College in 1825. Among his classmates were Hawthorne, J. S. C. Abbott and Jonathan Cilley. Longfellow's fine rendering of an ode of Horace was the means of his receiving an appointment to the professorship of modern languages in his *alma mater* in 1826. He gave up the study of law, which he had commenced under his father, and sailed to Europe, where he spent four years in fitting himself for his post. He spent the time in Spain, France, Italy and Germany perfecting himself in their languages. Returning to Bowdoin, he assumed his position in the college, which he held for six years with increasing reputation.

In 1833, his first volume appeared. It was "Coplas de Manrique," a translation from the Spanish, with an essay on the moral and devotional poetry of Spain. In 1835, he was invited to succeed Mr. George Ticknor as professor of Modern Languages and Literature in Harvard College. He again visited Europe, (Switzerland and Scandinavia in particular,) for preparatory study. He held the professorship in Harvard until 1854, after which he devoted himself entirely to his literary pursuits.

His prose poem, "Outre-mer, a Pilgrimage Beyond the Sea," appeared in 1835, and "Hyperion," in 1839. In the same year, he published "Voices of the Night," a collection of short poems, the best known of which is "The Psalm of Life." Until his death, every year saw fresh productions from his pen. His longer poems are "Evangeline," "The Golden

Legend," "Hiawatha," and "Miles Standish." "Evangeline" is the best specimen of the hexameter in English. It is interesting as a story, and is filled with the choicest scenes and touches of character. The story is plaintive enough to move a heart of stone. The reader, in his heart, heaps anathemas upon the "tyrants of England," who so ruthlessly deprived the Acadians of their homes, and brought so many years of sorrow to Evangeline and Gabriel. The act of the English was certainly unjust and cruel, but the circumstances are highly colored in "Evangeline." Mr. Parkman has shown that the Acadians were really a priest-ridden race of people, who had repeatedly broken their oaths of allegiance to the British Crown. However that may be, the heroine of the poem will ever remain the same and

Maidens still wear their Norman caps and their kirtles of homespun,
And by the evening fire repeat Evangeline's story.

"By their fruits ye shall know them," is especially true of poets, and Mr. Longfellow was no exception. A careful study of his poems will reveal a liberal mind with views broadened by travel and an extensive acquaintance with world's literature; and a heart always tender and never tumultuous or excited.

After he gave up his professorship in Harvard, he took up his residence in Cambridge in an old mansion which had once been the headquarters of Gen. Washington, and the residence successively of Everett, Sparks and Worcester. Several of Mr. Longfellow's poems were suggested to him while looking from his study window, which commands a fine view of the surrounding country. The walls of his study were hung with the pictures of his literary contemporaries. Among the mementoes of his travels abroad was a quantity of the dust of the coffin of Dante, whose *Divina Comedia* he has so well rendered into English verse.

The history of the latter part of Mr. Longfellow's life, like that of many literary men, is simply an enumeration of his writings. He died, March 24, 1882, at the age of seventy-five. Wherever the English language is spoken, his loss was mourned by weeping admirers; and America will never cease to sing the praises and cherish the memory of him, whom, while he lived, she honored as her Poet-laureate.

"John," said a millionaire to his son, "I have just willed you my property, and made B—— and R—— trustees." "That will never do. I can suggest an improvement." "What?" "Make them your heirs and appoint me trustee."—*Somerville Journal*.

COLLEGE AND LOCAL.

—We hear that the board have given the ladies forty dollars to carpet their society hall.

—Seven Tons of lead pipe were used by the contractor at the new Boarding Hall. So says a junior.

—It is said that from a monetary point of view the Yale papers are the most successful college journals published.

—The Seniors had their final examination in Psychology last Friday, and have begun Schwegler's History of Philosophy.

—Query: Why will Bob Hay have an easy time when he begins the study of Intellectual Science? Answer: Because he carries a key to Porter's.

—There was a great demand for "Holcads" last week. It would be a good thing to be able to publish a list of mispronounced words in every issue.

—Senior orations Monday evening, Feb. 23. Miss Black, Messrs Aiken, Allen, Cotton. March 2, Miss Brown, Messrs Davidson, Van Orsdel, Ham.

—The list of words in No. 12 contained a few errors. Cor'net reads cornet', and rēfuse should read rēf'use. Coelesys is meant for Coelsyria.

—Rev. J. W. Witherspoon, Secretary of the Board, obtained a donation of \$50 for the library at the Ladies' Hall. The books have been ordered and are expected soon.

—The Seniors have made a department from the general custom of furnishing music for the orations, and expect to entertain their audiences with their eloquence alone.

—Some one remonstrated with the janitor at the Hall for building a hot fire, claiming that he would burn the folks up stairs. "No danger," he replied, "They are too green."

—LOST OR TAKEN BY MISTAKE.—A pair of black-ribbed mittens. Probably taken in mistake from the HOLCAD office on the evening of the Longfellow reading. The owner will be obliged if they are left at thss office.

—The janitor and the cooks at the ladies' dormitory have received their "walking papers" and will be removed in a few days. The position of janitor will be filled by Mr. John Taylor. Mrs. Taylor and her sister will take charge of the culinary department.

—The sixth entertainment of the lecture course was a lecture by the Hon. S. P. Leland, of Chicago.

Subject: "Factors in Life." As usual the building was crowded with an attentive audience whose frequent applause showed how much the lecture was appreciated. The next lecture will be given March 27th by Mayor Dane. Subject: "Sights and Scenes in London." March 19th, another lecture will be given by H. H. Ragan, the popular traveler. Subject: "Paris, the Magnificent."

—Dr. Ferguson has given two volumes of History of Christianity, and Acme Biography. Will Mehard gave a set of Hume's History of England, consisting of five volumes, and a copy of the Shorter Catechism. That is right. Girls who will turn off the gas need the catechism.

—Class in Physiology :

Prof.—What is the meaning of cerebellum?

Student—Little brain.

Prof.—What is the name of the other part of the brain?

Student—Bellum.

—A lady of New York, with more leisure and money than good common sense, sailed for Paris to consult a celebrated dog-doctor about her poodle's health. He is sixteen years old, and has a bad cough. She is very anxious that he shall live until he is twenty-five. He is as ugly as a dingy door-mat.

—The judges for the literary contest chosen by the societies some weeks ago did not accept, thus making another choice necessary. At their meeting last Friday evening, the Adelphics chose Prof. Wm. Wallace, of Savannah, Ohio. At their meeting on Saturday afternoon the Philos chose O. E. Shannon, Esq., of Philadelphia.

—The following is the list of the Senior orations: Feb. 23d, Aiken, Miss Black, Allen, Cotton.

March 2d, Davidson, Miss Brown, Van Orsdel, Hamm.

March 9th, Love, Miss Poppinno, Moore, H. W., Moore, I. N., Shaw.

March 16th, Shields, Miss Snyder, Stewart, Vance, Golden.

—The birthday of Henry W. Longfellow was suitably observed here on Friday evening, Feb. 27. A short but interesting account of his long and eventful life was given by Miss Patterson, and a number of his finest poems were read by members of the Junior class. The performances were all good and much appreciated, and everyone went away having a very high opinion of the poet and the man.

—On last Friday evening Miss Hattie Poppino, '85,

entertained the members of her class at her home in this town. It is scarcely necessary to say that the party was enjoyed by all. A bountiful feast was prepared to which the members of the class did ample justice. After a few hours spent in social enjoyment the guests took their leave feeling that they had enjoyed an evening that was profitable as well as pleasant.

—TRUE BENEVOLENCE.—A gentleman gave a large sum to a solicitor for some benevolent enterprise, and when the gratified agent thanked him warmly, he remarked, "perhaps you would like to have it published in the papers." "To be sure I would," he replied. "What do you suppose I gave it for." They are not all that way. Henry F. Durant, who founded Wellesley College, would not allow a tablet with his name on it, or a picture of himself, placed on the wall. He would not even have one of the college buildings named after him.

—There is but one method of preventing crime and of rendering a republican form of government durable, and that is by disseminating the seeds of virtue and knowledge through every part of the state by means of education; and this can be done effectually only by the interference and with the aid of the legislature. I am so deeply impressed with this opinion that were this the last evening of my life my parting advice to the guardians of the liberty of my country would be to establish and support public schools in every part of the State.—*Dr. Rush.*

—Quite a surprise was occasioned in the chapel during services last Sabbath evening. While the congregation were singing the last stanza of the psalm which had been announced the gas began to flicker, and after one or two efforts went out entirely, shrouding all in darkness. The singing on the part of the congregation was brought to a sudden terminus, but the choir bravely held out until the measure was completed. The source of all the trouble was promptly removed by the janitor, and in a few moments the lights were shining as brightly as before.

—If there is anything that the citizens of New Wilmington should be proud of, it is their railroad accommodations. That they are highly favored no one can doubt who has once had the pleasure of going to New Castle and back. Leaving New Wilmington at some time between the hours of ten and twelve, one is reasonably sure of missing connections at the junction, and of sitting in the pleasant and neatly-furnished waiting room for an hour in delightful anticipation of a two hours' ride on a freight

train. After a stay of a few minutes in New Castle, in which time an hour's business can easily be done, it is necessary, in order to get the full benefit of all the accommodations, to go to the depot and wait for an hour and a half on the train, which in about half as long time will land him at the junction he left a few hours before. After another pleasant waiting of an hour in the palace coach of the Sharpsville road, the traveler is justified in concluding that he will reach his destination (if that be New Wilmington) between seven and eight o'clock.

—If an editor omits anything, he is lazy. If he speaks of things as they are, people get angry. If he glosses over or smooths down the rough points, he is bribed. If he calls things by their proper names, he is unfit for the position of an editor. If he does not furnish readers with jokes, he is an idiot. If he does, he is a rattlehead, lacking stability. If he condemns the wrong, he is a good fellow, but lacks discretion. If he lets wrong and injuries go unmentioned, he is a coward. If he exposes a public man, he does it to gratify spite, is the tool of a clique, or belongs to the "outs." If he indulges in personalities, he is a blackguard. If he does not his paper is dull and insipid.—*The Stylus*.

—A good thing is told about one of our citizens here, which ought to be repeated for the benefit of the public.

This gentleman is a great fancier of good horses and insists upon driving a spirited team regardless of his wife's fears and remonstrances. When she is compelled to accompany her husband out for a drive she first secretly makes her will and prepares herself for instant death.

Some time since this gentlemen and his wife were in New Castle, and while driving along one of the streets, they met a steam thrasher. The horses became somewhat frightened and the lady sprang promptly to the ground. One of the attendants of the thrasher came to lead the horses past, but the gentlemen wasn't wanting any assistance and called out: "Never mind the team, I can manage them; lead my wife past."

The boy who to his mother says,
As he the pantry passes,
And sights the tempting syrup-cup,
"Oh, gimme some molasses!"
Advanced to riper years, still cries,
When wearied from his classes,
And lounging at some watering place,
"Oh, give me summer lasses."

—*Chicago Sun*.

PERSONALS.

—Will Stevenson, '82, was in town last week.

—S. L. Johnson, '79, called at our office last week.

—I. N. Moore don't agree with Leland in regard to tobacco.

—Miss Lou Hope, '71, is visiting with her sister, Mrs. Bentley.

—Mrs. M. E. Reed will remove to her new residence this week.

—Ves. Mercer, of Pittsburgh, made a flying visit home a week since.

—The Rev. R. N. Hammond has changed his address to Clinton, Mass.

—Mrs. Graham, of Wilksburg, Pa., is visiting her son, Prof. R. O. Graham.

—Dr. Alex Allen, '68, will not be able to resume his practice here before spring.

—Douthett, '88, went home last Wednesday to attend the marriage of his sister.

—John Elliott, '81, is studying medicine with his brother, Dr. Tom Elliott, of Greenfield.

—R. J. Totten, '87, has recovered partly from his illness but is not yet able to attend college.

—The Rev. R. A. Gilfillan, '74, has received a call to the U. P. congregation of Wooster, Ohio.

—Prof. S. S. Beggs, '88, who is now teaching in Ohio, visited at Mrs. Alexander's last week.

—The Rev. Arch Herries, '80, was married a short time since to Miss Thompson, of Baltimore.

—Mr. Kräer, of Meadville, father of Kräer of the 1st Prep. class, visited his son last week.

—Miss Sadie McElree, '86, spent her English examination vacation at her home in Allegheny.

—Miss Maggie Campbell, '86, has so far recovered from her illness as to be able to be around again.

—The Rev. J. S. Garvin, '79, is preparing the S. S. Lesson notes for the *Christian Instructor* this month.

—Mrs. Templeton and daughter, Maze, went visiting Mrs. Templeton's father, Russel Van Orsdel, last week.

—Miss Lizzie Neal is visiting with friends at Washington, D. C. and will remain until after the inauguration.

—The Rev. A. P. Hutchinson, '78, has so far recovered from his illness as to be able to walk about.

He has accepted a call from Mahoning congregation, Beaver Valley Presbytery, and will take charge of his new field of labor as soon as his health permits.

—John Shaw, '85, has been sick with a sore throat and unable to attend school regularly for the last two weeks.

—The Rev. E. N. McElree has accepted a call to Beaver Falls. He expects to reside still in New Wilmington.

—The Rev. N. E. Wade, of Baltimore, a former student of this College, attended the orations last Monday evening.

—Prof. Wallace says that in the recent lecture Leland should be condemned for plagiarism. He told Allens old bug story.

—S. M. Croen, '86, and J. S. Thompson, '88, will deliver addresses before the Prohibition League of New Wilmington, March 5th.

—The Rev. A. P. Hutchinson, '78, has accepted a call to the U. P. congregation, of Mahoning, and expects to begin his pastoral work their soon.

—E. P. Logan, '82, and S. A. Aiken, '85, have returned from New York, where they were attending medical lectures. Sam was in town last week.

—Prof. N. M. Crowe, who is at present attending the Allegheny Seminary, will resume his duties as teacher in the Prospect Academy, March 31st.

—Dr. J. P. Barr will lecture before the Y. M. C. A. in the College Chapel, March 3d, at 7:30 p. m. Subject: "Missionary Life in India." Admission free.

—Norman Blackston and Miss Cora Lininger were married last week. Norman was formerly a student here and Miss Lininger is well known to most of our readers.

—The Rev. S. H. Moore, '75, was installed pastor of the Wilkinsburgh Presbyterian congregation, Feb. 24th. He was visiting his father-in-law, D. F. McCready last week.

—Arch Hope, of Sharon, at one time a member of the class of '81, visited the New Orleans exposition during the holidays. Arch says that it is a big show and advices all who can to visit it.

—Prof. J. R. Millin, '84, was chosen one of the judges at the oratorical contest of the students of Prospect Academy, held in the U. P. church, Prospect, on the evening of the 27th inst.

—W. T. Burns, '80, has announced himself as can-

didate for the office of District Attorney of Lawrence Co. Mr. Burns has won a high standing among the younger members of our bar and is well fitted for the office. We hope and prophesy that he will get it.

—W. G. Hope, '84, who has been attending Jefferson Medical College, Philadelphia, returned home some two weeks since having been disabled for college work by an attack of pleurisy. He is much better now and has resumed the study of medicine under the care of his brother, Dr. R. M. Hope, of Mercer.

—The students of the Prospect Academy, of which N. M. Crowe, '83, is principal, held an oratorical contest and reunion on the evening of Feb. 27th. Dr. S. E. McClymonds, '77, Professors J. R. Millen, '84, and W. W. Logan, were the contest judges. Prospect Academy was organized by Prof. Crowe about two years ago. Westminster is well represented among its instructors. Professors Crowe, '83, Ricketts, formerly of '81, Waldron, formerly of '84, and Miss Lizzie White, '81.

—"Broken English" recites the following story of a Frenchman, M. Dubois, who complained to an English friend: "I am going to leave my hotel; I paid my bill yesterday, and I said to the landlord, 'Do I owe anything else?' He said, 'You are square.' 'What am I?' He said again, 'You are square.' 'That's strange,' said I, 'I lived so long I never knew I was square before.'" Then as I was going away he shook me by the hand, saying, 'I hope you'll be round soon.' I said, 'I thought you said I was square before. Now you hope I'll be round.' He laughed and said, 'When I tell you you'll be round, I mean you won't be long.'"

—He rushed into an Austin, Texas, express office and asked excitedly, "Is thar any express package here for Major Jones?" "Have you got an order?" "No, sah." "You can't get anything out of this office without an order." The colored man went two miles and back on the double quick. Once more he stood before the desk, panting and blowing, and fanning himself with his hat. "Here am de order, sah. Any package here for Major Jones?" "No."

—Standing on ceremony: "That was a funny story Mr. Dixon told, Aunt Jessie—the one that made you laugh so much, you know." "Yes. Why didn't you laugh, Ida?" "Oh, I don't know Mr. Dixon well enough."—*Harpers' Bazar*.

THE HOLCAD.

VOL. I.

NEW WILMINGTON, PA., MARCH 16, 1885.

No. 14.

BY THE FIRE.

She sat and mused by the drift-wood fire,
As the leaping flames flashed high and higher,
And the phantoms of youth, as fair and bright,
Grew for her gaze in the ruddy light ;
The blossoms she gathered in life's young days,
Wreathed and waved in the flickering blaze ;
And she laughed through a sunny mist of tears,
That rose at the dream of her April mist ;
And ever and aye the sudden rain
Plashed on the glittering window-pane.

Sobered and saddened the pictures that showed
As the drift-wood logs to a red core glowed,
And the fancied figures of olden time
Passed with the steadied step of their prime ;
The daisies and snow-drops bloomed and died,
Red roses and lilies stood side by side,
While richer, and fuller, and deeper grew
The lines of the pictures August drew ;
And ever and aye the falling rain
Streamed thick and fast on the window-pane.

The drift-wood died down into feathery ash,
Where faintly and fitfully shone the flash ;
Slowly and sadly her pulses beat,
And soft was the fall, as of vanishing feet ;
And lush and green, as from guarded grave,
She saw the grass of the valley wave ;
And like echoes in ruins seemed to sigh,
The "wet west wind" that went wandering by,
And caught the sweep of the sullen rain,
And dashed it against the window-pane.

—*All the Year Round.*

TRAMP NOR DUDE.

BY REV. THOMAS J. PORTER, '81.

The divinest grace of manhood is manliness. Deeper than manners, richer than wealth, finer than culture, purer than love, it robes greatness in the purple of refinement and crowns the lowly with dignity and worth. It is a subtle spirit force, generated not in sentiment or dress, that charms in the beauty of courage and kindness and conquers in the strength of principle and faith.

Until recent times manliness has generally been

perverted, one-sided, unmanly. The culture of some faculties and tastes to the cramping of others, has made races of ungainly dwarfs and monsters with here and there a man of symmetrical, divine manliness. The Jew was trained to purity, but his morality evaporated in avarice, arrogance and ceremony. The light-hearted, generous and graceful Greek studied philosophy and worshiped harmony, but morality was the greatest of his lost arts. The Roman was but a warrior or a lawyer. The Saracen, finest of Orientals, was a scholar, voluptuary, hero and devotee, but tenderness,—ask the victims of a thousand wanton massacres. And the mediæval idea of manliness found expression in monkish asceticism, wrangling, reasoning or knightly chivalry. And, while among our Teutonic ancestors was indeed found united courage, virtue, and reverence, not even the Goth was a gentleman.

As the spirit of Ideal Man permeates and glorifies humanity, the knight, the artist, the statesman, the theologian, and the slave become men. But still humanity is dwarfed and the noble impulses swallowed up in the mean and the meager. Reference is not made to the absorption of fine abilities in exclusive business, politics, or study, but to the disappearance of the nobler traits of a barbarian and the peasant in our plutocratic civilization. Those homely qualities, simplicity and sincerity and high purpose, are coming to be regarded as relics of the dark ages. Pusillanimous dependency saps Spartan vigor, and Parisian manner and morals canker Puritan piety. Thus in the present debasing of manliness there are two marked phenomena, the spirit of the tramp and the spirit of the dude.

When a man affects a supercilious superiority to his fellows on account of pretty dress, ancient blood, bank account, or other trifle—he is a dude, be he plough boy or President. When a man sinks to disregarding the rights of others and yet is dependent on them for bread or office or flattery, caring neither for person nor principle,—he is a tramp, whether he is an orchard robber, a bribed Congressman, or a disloyal preacher.

At first glance the difference is wide between the dude lolling in the parlor of luxury and his social antipode skulking down the alley of poverty. But

they are essentially alike—classes of the one species with class differences superficial. A dude is a man wilted; noble impulses and nature dried up with selfishness and vanity.

He is not necessarily a sensualist, not necessarily ignorant, not necessarily though usually indolent, but as a class he is devoid of mental balance, depth, and earnestness.

“Unless to thought be added will
Apollo is an imbecile.”

The supreme object of the dude's existence is himself, his means of subsistence and personal admiration. But the tramp aims simply to exist anywhere, anyhow. To the one, manners, dress and attention are everything to the neglect of character; the other cares neither for manners nor characters nor the opinions of men. The one is a toadied ape from choice; the other a social outcast from hard necessity, it may be. And thus it happens that the ragged beggar is not always a conscienceless tramp. Lest we should always take the tramp for a villain and sometimes the dude for a man, divine wisdom has given us a parable. The poor tramp, pitied of Oriental dogs, was carried by the angels to glory while the dude went elsewhere, and over his grave was chiselled “Gone Home.”

The shallow philosophy, *esprit de corps* of both tramp and dude is epicurean; the difference in degree of enjoyment between the ragged pilgrim and the well-dressed snob is a difference in opportunity and not in character. Both care for the accidents and superficial of life only.

This same tendency to smartness, cheapness, something for nothing, and that something mean, is creeping in everywhere and lowering the tastes of our people. In art, æstheticism, the discernment of spirit in the beautiful and beauty in the spirit, stoops to the sickening prettiness of the chromo and the sensuousness of the old world. Music and song, which in their purity express and call forth the most spiritual tastes have come to be largely the tickling of rudimentary and half-savage taste for brilliant noise. The languishing seductiveness of Italian music, the rude physical vigor of the German, the light flippancy of the French seem to express mainly the sensual, the unsatisfied and the brutal sense of power, and driving campaign songs catch the popular ear quicker than the finest lines of Longfellow or Whittier.

The dude in religion attends the sanctuary because music and oratory are part of the service. The religious tramp is glad to receive benefit but prefers to

have christian work and worship performed by others.

And the one spirit holds men back in unmanly disdain of performing political duties while the other nominates candidates for their wealth and elects them by torchlight processions.

But in commercial life whence the materialistic spirit largely springs is seen its worst fruit. Merchants ask for “practical” education that can be more readily turned into dollars and cents. Let men be narrow as the ledges with nothing broad, classic and rich, while from our mills and mines cry the disappointed and the crushed, the clamor of the mob—in Pittsburgh, San Francisco, Cincinnati,—communism, earthly and devilish, near kin to greed and display.

The dude is a product of commercial prosperity but the tramp, of adversity. This has been true from Absalom, the dude usurper, Nero, Louis XIV Brummel the Beau, down to posing Oscar Wilde; and while the years following the panic of '73 were prolific in vagrancy, our present prosperity finds vent in display and regard for externals. So that now we have the anomaly in a Republic, monied superciliousness hand to hand with supine dependency.

The product of social effiteness, both the dude and the tramp are found in their worst and always contemporary developments in lands of caste; Italy, Russia, Japan under the old regime. India with her Brahmins that ancient race of dudes in their last development, and by their side the swarming beggars, of the Orient. Un-American in spirit and life, both are here examples of abnormal origination of species as it were. However, neither is the missing link of evolution for their presence marks not growth but decay, disintegration of the elements of manliness.

In the rotunda of the capital at Washington hangs a symbolical painting. The foremost figure is that of a sleeping baby with all a baby's innocent tenderness on its face. Next is the mother with a mother's tenderness and terror crouching to protect the child in her arms. Behind her is a painted Indian, one hand grasping her hair and the other uplifted in the act of striking with the tomahawk. Behind him stands the father and husband with arm outstretched to intercept the blow. An ordinary artist would have shown the hunter's dog as taking part in the fray. But he stands quietly, trustfully watching his master as if in no doubt that civilized man would conquer pride of dress and brutal strength. While instinct may foresee a like fate for our new barbarism, true manliness must save the American child from empty smartness and mendacity.

RALPH WALDO EMERSON.

BY ARTIE BENTLEY. '84.

On the banks of the softly flowing and sluggish Assabeth stands the quiet little village of Concord; made historic by the events which happened there during our struggle for independence, and interesting as the home of so many of our brilliant literary men.

Here lived Henry Thoreau, one of America's most eccentric men. Early in life society became distasteful to him and he sought the quiet retreat of a hut on the shores of Walden Pond. Here he held intimate communion with nature, and he has given us some very pleasant descriptions of his observations.

Nathaniel Hawthorne lived in Concord in the Old Manse made immortal by his description of it.

The same Old Manse was once the home of Ralph Waldo Emerson.

It has been said of Emerson, "Such is the beauty of his speech, such the majesty of his idea, such the power of moral sentiment in men, such the impression which his whole character makes on them, that they lend him everywhere their ears and thousands bless his manly thoughts."

He has done more than any other man to inspire our men of action, our men of thought, our ministers and teachers to more noble and ideal lives. It was the influence of his love of liberty, that entered our homes and kindled the fire of patriotism in the hearts of our fathers, brothers and sons; that enabled them to kiss the tear from the cheek of wife, sister and mother, and with one fond look at the old hearthstone at whose shrine the morning and evening prayers had been said, go forth with brave hearts and willing hands to endure and die if need be, that the stars and stripes, baptized in the blood of our forefathers, might wave from Maine to California, and from the Lakes to the Gulf, the emblem of liberty. Lowell says "To him more than to all other causes together did the young martyrs of our civil war owe the sustaining strength of thoughtful heroism that is so touching in every record of their lives."

Though no reformer, he inspired reform of every kind.

In Emerson thought and expression were more closely combined than in any other writer. He saw everything. He looked at things and was not biased in his judgments.

He combined all his faculties and used them in all directions. His mind was always a whole, spherical

and planetary. But it could not have been so if he had not loved and sought the truth.

The peculiarity of his genius was its power to enable others to see as he did. His clear, active imagination supplied him with pictures true to nature.

Emerson was noted for his originality, writing directly from his own mind. His was not a borrowed or reflected light, but the outgrowth of a pure and loving heart. It might be said of him as he said of Abraham Lincoln, "His heart was as great as the world, but there was no room in it to hold the memory of a wrong." Emerson was dearly beloved by the people of the village. He was a social man and all could approach him.

He did not stand apart only writing for the people, but he held daily intercourse with them. He always had a pleasant smile and a kindly word of greeting for every one. His home a plain, substantial, wooden building surrounded and shaded by large trees, stood opposite the village school house. His grounds were often enlivened by the presence and merry laughter of little children, who were drawn thither by their love for him. They intuitively knew that in him they possessed a kind and devoted friend. The school children were often delighted by an invitation to spend the evening with the poet and his daughter at the homestead.

His pure and lofty spirit has been translated to paradise. No more we meet him in the walks of life; no more we hear him in the public walks; no more is he engrossed in the current events of the day. His mortal remains have been laid to rest in the quiet burial ground of Sleepy Hollow at Concord. And every day the children of the village, who loved him in life, and revere his memory, strew fresh flowers upon his grave.

The literature of the nineteenth century has been enriched, ennobled and beautified by the productions of this great philosopher and poet. And on the pages of history will be engraved in letters of gold the name of Ralph Waldo Emerson.

—"John," said a clergyman to his man, "you should become a teetotaler; you have been drinking again to-day." "Do you ever take a drop yourself, meenister?" "Yes, John; but you must look at your circumstances and mine." Very true, sir," says John; but can you tell me how the streets of Jerusalem were kept so clean?" "No, John, I cannot tell you that." "Well, sir, it was just because every one kept his ain door clean."

CLIPPINGS.

A bound volume of catalogues would not ordinarily awaken any great interest. Yet I have turned over the leaves of such a volume of catalogues of Westminster [1853—1875] with decided interest and pleasure. As the familiar names of distinguished ministers of the church were noticed one after another, I could scarcely realize that they once were beardless youths like those with whom we mingle now. An occasional tradition assures us moreover that some of them, however grave and reverend they now appear on Boards of Trustees and in other responsible positions, were not then superior to boyish pranks.

Many lines of interest might be traced through this volume. At present let us follow but one and learn what we may concerning the "Female Students."

The first catalogue, printed in 1853, shows there were seventy-eight in attendance during the year and has this to say of them: "Young ladies are admitted on the same terms as young gentlemen, and for their special supervision and instruction in etiquette, etc., a lady has been selected well qualified for the duties of her station. From the beginning it has been and still is with us a matter of principle and propriety to instruct both sexes in the same classes and to bring both under the same laws and regulations. A number of ladies in attendance are pursuing the regular college course, and we hope their success will tend to demonstrate that the best method of training and largely developing the mind belongs of right to ladies as well as to gentlemen." It was a comparatively new departure and the expectation is modestly expressed. Two years later they speak more confidently. "After an experiment of three years we are well satisfied that this mode of teaching tends to improve both the manners and morals of students." After the experiment had been tried for ten years the same statement was made with this addition: "Some ladies are pursuing the regular college studies and we believe that they will convince the public that they are not behind the other sex in learning all the various branches of science." The days of experiment being now past, the authorities I believe have quit saying anything about the equality of the sexes.

In the catalogue for 1856 the following is found: "Property has been purchased in the village to be used as a female boarding house. The family who have charge of this establishment are perfectly reliable and those who send their daughters will be

expected to put them under the care of relatives living in the village." A rule so closely identical with that adopted by the Board concerning the new dormitory, as almost to justify the charge of plagiarism. They at least have hit upon no novel idea. I presume the building was not purchased as no further mention is made of it. Later it is written, "The Faculty claim the control of the boarding arrangements of the female students who will only board in the families designated by the Faculty for that purpose." Still later it is written, "Young ladies are regarded as forming a special department under the care of the Lady Principal, etc. The boarding arrangements and all other interests of the young ladies are placed imperatively under this supervision." The idea of proper, home-like restraints and guardian care, running through these regulations, was never in the history of the College so well realized as now, when the young ladies are so comfortably and even elegantly provided for in the new Boarding Hall, and so pleasantly and faithfully cared for by Mrs. Sauson.

PRESIDENT TYLER AND HIS WITTY COACHMAN.

A Washington letter recalls a story told of John Tyler, who, it will be remembered, got to the White House through the death of President Harrison: Tyler was very fond of a fine turn-out, but his pocket was not deep enough to correspond with his tastes. One day one of the leading members of the diplomatic circle was recalled from Washington, and his magnificent establishment had to be sold. An important part of this was his carriage, which was at the time the finest by all odds in Washington. Tyler had looked at it many times with longing eyes as its owner had driven it up and down Pennsylvania avenue, and as it had stood now and then in front of the White House. He feared, however, the criticism which was sure to attend the buying of anything by the President at auction, and called his coachman, with whom he was familiar, to advise with him in regard to it. The coachman liked the carriage and was anxious that Mr. Tyler should buy it. "But, Pat," said Tyler, "what will the world say at the President's riding in a second-hand carriage?" "Och! your honor," was the reply, "they will say nothing about it at all, at all. You know you are but a second-hand President, any way, and it seems to me nothing could be more fit." Whether the President bought the carriage or not the reports fail to state.

PECULIARITIES OF LITERARY MEN.

This is distinctively an age of intellect; the human mind is placed to the front; the triumphs of genius are the shrines of our idolatry.

With tranquil converse, the author, whose works we have chosen, entertains us; he visits us in spirit; he is an unseen and an unvisited friend. We assemble around us the men whose thoughts have impelled ages; we form a picture of them; they obey our bidding.

The habits of writers is an interesting study. The characteristics of authors we have from time to time noted; from this memorandum we learn that they are very different: One is a tornado—impetuous; another is an eight-day, chronometer-balanced clock—unvarying. Some take the first thought that comes. There was Lord Byron writing the “Bride of Abydos” in four days; there was Walter Scott writing “Guy Mannering” in two weeks; there was Sydney Smith writing as fast as he talked’ and leaving the punctuation to his wife, Kate; and, on the other hand, there was Gray spending seven years in writing “Elegy in a Country Church-yard”; there was Pope erasing up to the last hour of going to press; Thomas Campbell working a day on two lines; and then there was Dr. Sam Johnson, the mightiest intellect of his time, and the queerest of the queer; witty, caustic; stopping to whirl round in the streets; getting angry if any one interrupted while he was talking; touching the lamp posts as he passed; doing a thousand eccentric things and among them one the most noble, when he stood for an hour bareheaded in the market place at Uttoxeter, making amends to the spirit of his father, whom he had disobeyed fifty years before.

Great have been the sorrows of genius. Milton, old and blind and poor, selling “Paradise Lost” for \$75; Chatterton ending all with arsenic; Schiller translating for a shilling a page; Scott, bankrupt; Goethe, miserable; Saxe, insane.

From scenes of suffering and misery have come words to wreathe the world in smiles. Spencer, dying, according to Johnson, “for lack of bread;” Swift, dying as he himself said, “like a poisoned rat in his hole;” John Howard Payne, the author of “Home, Sweet Home,” dying homeless; Goldsmith, starving; the author of “The Beautiful Snow,” an outcast; Edgar Allen Poe’s temptation coming like his own raven to remain dark, unmoved forever, above his chamber door; broken in heart, forsaken, died Burns, the story of whose life is written in his line, “The gloomy night is gathering fast;” and poor

George D. Prentiss, the author of the most beautiful poem in the English language, palsied, a human wreck from drink, turning to the boys in the streets who mocked him and saying, “You remind me of a hawk after a wounded dove.”

And these are the men who have moved this world like an enchantment: with such storm and stress have they lived; with such flash and flicker have these lights burned. Hence, it may be, the faults of genius; the revelries after the long fast.

Often it happens that genius goes forth in a “chariot of gold, on its arched and garland way,” to be gloat-ed over by public criticism like the vulture over the field of strife; but, at last, when the “fitful fever is ended,” ingratitude gives way to charity, and all that is good in life is enshrined in the cabinet of a loving people’s praise.—*Indiana Student*.

A LETTER.

MESSRS. EDITORS: In your edition of Feb. 16, among other queries, appeared this one: “Is lack of taste for any study, a good reason for slighting it?”

Every student has favorite studies, and, consequently every student has a dislike for certain branches. This exists to a greater extent in some than in others. This being admitted, the question arises, what should be a student’s object in attending College? Is it to fill his mind with bare facts or to train and expand his intellectual capacities? If the former, then your query must receive a simple no. But if his object should be to train his mind, it is certainly evident to all that he can do this better and more easily by pursuing studies which he likes than by studying those he has a distaste for.

Every student has, or should have, an object in attending college, and this object should be to fit himself for some profession which he intends to make his life work. If he wishes to be successful in his profession he must make a specialty of it; and since he can train his mind as well by studying one branch as another, is not lack of taste for a study outside the line of his work, a good reason for slighting it?

[We give space to the above letter because of its reference to the questions which appeared in the issue of Feb. 16th, and because we are desirous of knowing the opinion of the students, but let it be remembered that it is our rule to reject all anonymous contributions. We hope that others will also give us their opinion upon one or more of these questions but that they will also send their names with their communications, in order to insure publication.—Eds.]

THE HOLCAD.

PUBLISHED SEMI-MONTHLY DURING THE COLLEGE YEAR BY THE
STUDENTS OF WESTMINSTER COLLEGE.

NEW WILMINGTON, PA., MAR. 16, 1885.

TERMS: \$1.50 PER YEAR. SINGLE COPY, 10 CENTS.

Entered at the postoffice at New Wilmington, Pa., as second-class
mail matter.

EDITORS.

W. HAYES MOORE,	- - -	EDITOR-IN-CHIEF.
I. N. MOORE,	- - - - -	ASSISTANT.
ROB. L. HAY,	} - -	LITERARY DEPARTMENT.
H. G. GOLDEN,		
SADIE M. McELREE,		
R. J. LOVE,	} - -	LOCAL AND COLLEGE DEPARTMENT.
J. P. VANCE,		
J. L. SNYDER,	- - - - -	EXCHANGES.
RALPH P. ALLEN,	- - - - -	BUSINESS MANAGER.

Information solicited respecting the Alumni and those
who have been in any way connected with the College.

Address all communications to

THE HOLCAD, New Wilmington, Pa.

AS a village, we have now fair rail-road accommodations but we still lack that which in these days is of scarcely less importance, facility of telegraphic communication with the world at large. At present our nearest office is at the Junction three miles away, and the inconvenience thereof has been felt at some time or other by almost everyone here. Telegrams are usually sent from one party to another only when the business is too urgent to await the slower process by means of the daily mails. But as it is now the telegram when received at the Junction is often held there until the next mail is brought from that place and thus no gain is made in speed or at best a messenger is sent on foot to deliver the telegram in which case the cost of delivery is sometimes more than the telegraphic fee. One or two cases of actual occurrence here will illustrate more clearly the inconveniences of our telegraphic accommodations.

A gentleman in a neighboring town sent a telegram to a friend here concerning a matter of interest to both. Of so much interest was it that his friend did not wish to await the slower process of the mails or of the daily press, and yet before the telegram had reached him he had read the news in the morning paper. The telegram was of no interest to him then but still he had to pay for its delivery.

Another case occurs to mind in which an aged

lady came to visit here, and wished her friends to meet her at the station. She sent a telegram ahead to announce her arrival. She came but found no one awaiting her. With much exertion she reached at length the dwelling of her friends and while they sat at supper the messenger arrived, at a speed somewhat less than that of the lightning's flash, bearing the long-delayed telegram and a bill for its delivery.

Many cases might be given to illustrate this matter but we hope that these are sufficient to make clear our meaning. Now, can nothing be done to make our intercourse by telegraph of greater benefit? Why should we not have an office in our town? We have a railroad passing through our town and to construct a line of telegraph along it would greatly facilitate our intercourse with the world at large. Could the company now controlling the Sharpsville R. R. not be induced by our public-spirited citizens to construct a line? Surely it would be of enough advantage to our business men to justify them in urging this upon the R. R. company, and perhaps if the matter was agitated, a fund might be started among the citizens to assist in its construction. By all means let us have some measures started to link us more closely to the outside world, and bring us into that great electric system which forms a network around almost the entire globe.

THE subject of elective courses in our colleges and schools of higher learning is one which is absorbing some interest. Many of our colleges have established such courses if, indeed, a course of study which is subject to the whims and preferences of those pursuing it can be spoken of as established. As a result those colleges which still adhere to the old custom of requiring a certain, fixed course of study to be completed before the student is entitled to a diploma are looked upon by some as behind the times and young men are tempted to seek an education where they can select such studies as are agreeable to their tastes.

A very sensible remark was made not long ago in one of our exchanges that the first thing a young man needs is to have his ideas broadened by a good course of general study, afterward if he desires he has time enough to become a specialist. The idea is likely to prevail in the mind of the young man when he first enters school that all work is lost which does not tend directly toward qualifying him for that course of life which he has marked out for himself. If he has the ministry in view he thinks he should devote his attention solely to the languages,

and obtain relaxation by reading theological works. If the legal profession is his aim he must at once devote himself to the acquisition of legal lore. Does he intend devoting his attention toward alleviating the physical woes of mankind, only enough Latin and Greek are necessary to enable him to understand the terms found in his pharmacopoeia. In short the tendency of young men is to begin at once to build the superstructure of a special education without waiting to lay a broad foundation in a good course of general training.

They forget the old injunction "make haste slowly" and when it is too late they see their error.

Another tendency of elective courses in colleges is to take away the dignity and respect which is due to any man who by faithful labor has mastered a thorough course and graduated from a good college. Two young men may be prepared to enter college at the same time. The one enters a college where a good course is marked out for students. He masters that course, is graduated and receives his diploma from the college authorities.

The other enters a college where he is permitted to choose such studies as suit his taste or tend toward his self-determined life work. He spends, perhaps, as much time in college as the aforementioned student, is graduated and he also receives a diploma but do those two diplomas each represent the same amount of work performed or the same amount of culture obtained from college work? Granting these two men to be equal in natural abilities at the beginning of their college courses do the diplomas indicate that they are equal in acquired abilities at the close of the college course? By no means, unless we admit that all subjects of study give an equal amount of mental discipline. Even if such were the case the two men would not be equal for while the one has secured mental development in his own particular line of study, perhaps in advance of the other yet he has missed the broadening effect resulting from the harmonious development of all his powers of mind. The result of this is that the diploma granted by a college is made no longer an index of the man's mental ability.

In view of these facts we think colleges should, in duty to their students, to themselves and to their sister colleges, require a certain course of study to be mastered before bestowing a diploma.

THE death of Mrs. J. M. Fulton is, perhaps, the saddest event that we have yet been called upon to record. There is nothing that casts a deeper

gloom over a community, or makes men reflect more solemnly upon the mysterious ways of Providence than to see such a woman so suddenly removed from her home, from her friends, from her work. The death of a good woman at any time, and under any circumstances, is a sad event, but when one so devoted to her friends and family, and so active in every good work is called away, there is cause for profoundest grief. Mrs. Fulton graduated here in 1873, and has since been one of the most energetic workers in the U. P. church. She gave her cordial support to every thing that would extend the truth and minister to the good of her fellowmen. She has been one of the most prominent and earnest advocates of the establishment of woman's board in the church. In her own city her influence has especially been felt where her efforts in behalf of the U. P. Orphan's Home, and her prominence in the temperance work have made many friends. By those who are interested in these charitable enterprises she will be greatly missed, and by every one who knew and had been drawn to her by her amiable qualities, but most of all will she be missed at home, in the family circle where as wife and mother she was as tenderly loved. Mr. Fulton has the heartfelt sympathy of his many friends in this community in his sore affliction.

THE list of words which was published in the issue of Feb. 16, has been republished in a neat substantial pamphlet form, and can be had by applying to any one of the editors and paying the sum of five cents. The words are so often used and so commonly mispronounced that any one who will purchase a copy and use it will find it a great benefit to him.

IN another column will be found an interesting article from the pen of Thos. J. Porter, formerly a member of the class of '81. Mr. Porter, it will be remembered, after graduation, attended the seminary, and having completed his theological studies, determined to engage in the mission work of his church. He started for his field of labor in the summer of '84, and is now preaching to the people of Teheran, Persia, with encouraging success. His many friends in the community will be glad to know that his work is prospering so well, and that he is contented and happy in his new field. In a private letter to one of the editors, Mr. Porter says that nothing is more welcome to him than news from

home. The HOLCAD is received regularly and is to him in that far-away city a bearer of good news and glad tidings. We know that Mr. Porter's article will be read with pleasure, and with profit, too, and hope that this is only one of many that shall appear from time to time in these columns. He has the best wishes of many friends, of Westminster and of the HOLCAD for continued increasing success in his good work.

EXCHANGES.

To complain and find fault with other journals is not the design of the exchange department of the HOLCAD, yet there are times when "forbearance ceases to be a virtue." In the beginning of the year, we solicited and obtained quite a number of exchanges. Some of these have come regularly since, others have not. Why it should be so we are unable learn. If you did not wish to exchange, you should not have accepted our proposal. We hope we did not force it upon you. But, after having accepted, if you found that our paper was inferior to yours, and you did not wish to exchange longer, why not say so, and have it stopped in a business way?

—The *Earlhamite* is publishing a continued article on George Fox and his Ministry." It is very interesting and gives one an insight into some of the by-paths of English History that are not brought out by the historians.

—The *Oberlin Review* gives a very interesting account of the Inter-Collegiate contest. Great interest is taken in these contests, and the general belief is that they are productive of much good. Why could not the colleges of Pennsylvania effect an organization of this kind? What do you think of it brethren? Let us hear from you on the subject.

—The literary department of the *Lawrentian* contains several very good articles. The duties the citizen owes to his country are very nicely set forth. The *Lawrentian* complains that nobody criticizes them. Wait patiently, "Life is not all sunshine."

—The prize oration of the Inter-Collegiate contest of Ohio is published in the *College Olio*. "Ancient and modern Civilization" is the subject. It was given by A. G. Greenlee, of Wooster University. He is a Pennsylvanian. May success follow him in the Inter-State Contest.

—There is a law in the Harvard Faculty by which every professor is allowed one year in seven for private study. The advantage of such a rule to the

professor as well as to the institution is obvious. It allows the professor in charge of a department, recreation and leisure to pursue his favorite studies where he will not be interrupted by the regular routine of college work. He is able to make more extended researches if a scientist, or more carefully to pursue some special work if in a classical department. The time allowed during the summer vacation gives the professor who wishes to study ahead but little opportunity for making observations, he does not more than get fairly at work before he is obliged to return and resume his college duties. The disadvantage to the department of which the professor is the head need not necessarily be great. In a large University the assistants are competent to carry on the work in a creditable manner during the absence of the professor, and in so doing they gain an experience and assume a responsibility which eminently fits them for the higher position which they may at some time occupy. The whole system, it seems, is one which will have a tendency to materially improve the various departments and thereby raise the standard of the institution.—*Cornell Sun*.

—The *Oberlin Review* keeps its readers informed of the doings of the university, and never hesitates to censure what in its opinion demands censure. It is a live paper and should be read by all the alumni.—*Pennsylvania Teacher*.

—Harvard has repealed the rule requiring members of the three lower classes to attend church once on Sabbath.

—Vice President Thomas A. Hendricks, will deliver the annual Law School oration before the Yale Alumni and graduating classes at the Commencement, June 23, 1885.

—A Level Head.—A California story tells this story: Said an Indian to a white man: "You go to party at Independence?" "No," said the white man; "I am broke and can't go." "What for you talk so?" said the Indian; "you work all time, earn money; what for you no keep him? Sometime I broke too, buy whisky, drink him up, money all gone. Now no drink long time, work, plenty money, no broke; you do all same, no broke too."

—A member of the Massachusetts Legislature has introduced a bill to the effect that no young lady under twenty-one years of age shall be allowed to attend a roller skating rink after 5 o'clock p. m. and never when young men are present.

A STATEMENT.

The following statement is furnished by the Faculty:

THE CHARGE.

It was as follows:

To the Faculty of Westminster College;

WHEREAS, for certain reasons, we were led to believe the oration delivered by R. E. Stewart at the Junior contest on June 18, 1884, was not of his own production,

We have investigated the matter to the extent of our power and have succeeded in finding an article published in the *Amherst Student*, of June 2, '77, which after careful reading we think to be the oration given with perhaps a few slight changes. We submit a certified copy of said article and ask a full and careful investigation.

I. N. NOORE,
H. W. MOORE,
H. G. GOLDEN,
J. L. COTTON,
J. A. VAN ORSDEL.

THE ACTION OF THE FACULTY.

After careful investigation the following action was unanimously agreed to;—

It has been charged that an oration found in the *Amherst Student* of June, 1877, on "America's Westminster" is the "oration given with perhaps a few slight changes" by Mr. R. E. Stewart, at the late Junior contest. This charge as preferred is not sustained. Yet the facts as brought to our knowledge lead us to the conclusion that he has made an improper and unjustifiable use of the production of another. The plan of the oration, some of its illustrations and some sentences and phrases are taken from it without adequate acknowledgment. None of these things ought to be appropriated without distinct declaration of the sources from which they severally come. Yet additional matter is introduced and the illustrations have been more or less remodeled and given a different form. So that we can readily believe that, though deserving of the censure which this announcement carries with it, he used more of the thought and expression of the oration than he was aware of at the time.

THE ANNOUNCEMENT.

The above action of the Faculty was announced to the students of the College, and the announcement was prefaced by the following remarks by the President:

"What is an improper use of the productions of another in preparing an essay, oration or debate?"

"Manifestly there is a proper use of the writings of others. If any of us were confined to the thoughts of our own minds their poverty would be quite manifest. The whole field of literature, history and philosophy is open to us and by reading and absorbing we may enrich our thought and style. "Reading makes a full man," says Bacon. "Read, mark, and inwardly digest," advises the Book of Common Prayer.

"But having gathered from the store-houses of the past, are we at liberty to use what we have gained without any restriction? Especially when we have sought on all sides for information on some particular subject, the inquiry is legitimate, 'What may I use? and how should I use it?' It is generally conceded that ideas and facts are common property. They cannot be copyrighted but only the forms of their presentation.

"If, for example, your subject be Henry Clay, any facts concerning him you are at liberty to use. If you treat of the Pyramids you may tell all you can learn of their dimensions and interior structure, and no charge can justly be preferred against you. You get no credit for these beyond what you deserve because you are supposed to get them from extraneous sources.

"But there is also an improper use of the production of another which is also manifest. The limits are not so well defined as we might wish. Persons of equal judgment and conscientiousness may fix them on quite different lines.

"We may hold ourselves and others to a greater or to a less strict account concerning what we use from the productions of others. I believe there is no substantial, at least no wide, difference of opinion among the members of the Faculty, yet as they have not read what is here written I do not wish any one besides myself to be held responsible for the few lines I am about to draw.

1. "An order of thought or plan of another, unless it be a very obvious one ought not to be used without proper acknowledgment. By so doing you take not only his ideas but his way of putting them. There are, for example, published volumes of "skeletons" for sermons. To follow one of these through all its divisions and ramifications, especially if they are strikingly excellent, without telling where it was received is taking credit for the best and most distinctive work of another. If the plan is commonplace it matters less. It is but just to say that a less strict view obtains to some extent or such books would scarcely be published.

Suppose it were a debate on the question, "Shall the judiciary be elective?" It has been debated often and a well-ordered argument on one side or the other might readily be found. Any point in it might be legitimately employed in an argument framed by the debater himself. But should he use the very order of thought and methods of statement employed by the other, such use would manifestly be improper because he gets credit for that which belongs distinctively to another man.

2. "*A form of expression* of another ought not to be used without due acknowledgment. If it be a sentence or paragraph containing a beautiful simile or succinct and striking argument let us guard against the false supposition that it is our own. Of course there are familiar phrases and passages that almost any one will recognize as quoted. Moreover quotations from poetry are indicated by the rhythm or measure. But when this is not the case credit should be given to whom it is due.

3. "Acknowledgment may be made by quotation marks, *on paper* if the production be only for the sight of the eyes. But if it be for the hearing of the ear, an announcement should be made *by the voice*. Let the selected sentence be introduced by saying, 'Mr. Carlyle says,' or 'Washington Irving has written,' or more generally, 'In the language of another.' Moreover it is proper to say that under certain circumstances and in certain situations it is more important than in others that full credit be given. When more is at stake, more care is rightfully expected. I have thus briefly indicated what may be regarded as an improper use of another's production. The marks we have given should be used rigidly in defining what is duty for ourselves, though we may use a less rigid rule in judging our fellows. They are such as the officers of an institution should prescribe and enforce.

"It might be well to make use of this occasion to say a word against a similar evil. Let us take a more generic view of this matter. The genus to which this species belongs includes all kinds of unfairness, of taking credit for what does not belong to us. It reaches to English examinations as well as to Junior contests. And if out of your own condemnation in a specific case, you can be made to see the impropriety of getting credit in any direction for what does not belong to you, it will be well. Good will come of all this if there is a purpose generally formed to be absolutely fair to one another, to claim credit only for what is strictly your own in class, in society or in public performance."

The action of the Faculty was then read and these

remarks added: "Such is the action that has been taken by the Faculty and we trust with it will end any further discussion of what from the beginning must have been an unpleasant matter to all concerned.

It is due to Mr. Stewart to add that his conduct has been frank during the consideration of the case and that in view of the above action and also in view of the dissatisfaction of his classmates he has voluntarily returned the medal awarded him which is now in my possession."

—The late Gen. Judson Kilpatrick used to relate this story at his own expense: Soon after the announcement in the newspapers that he had been appointed minister to Chili, Gen. Kilpatrick was met by an old lady who had known him from childhood, and to whose bucolic mind the gallant general's large way of relating some things had sometimes seemed like exaggeration. "Waal, Jud," she said, "I hear that you have been called to the ministry. Glad to hear it. You'll make a real good preacher, but (solemnly), Jud, you must stop lying."

—A rich joke—The one I played on Brown. A foolish and witless piece of folly—The one Brown played on me. An obstinate cuss—The man who will not yield to me. Proper and self-respecting firmness—My refusal to yield to him. A well-trained child—The one that belongs to me. An ill-mannered brat—The one that belongs to my neighbor. A crank—The man whose views do not coincide with my own. A very intelligent person—The man who agrees with me in everything.—*New York Life*.

—W. D. Howells is so fond of delineating women in his stories that his readers wonder where he makes his studies, after hearing that he dislikes society and seldom mingles in it. His intimates explain this by asserting that his wife serves as the original of his characters. He looks at her in different angles and, with the aid of his imagination, evolves divers and diversified persons.

—A teacher in one of the Brooklyn schools inquired the other day if any of her scholars could give the definition of the word "dandy." This seemed a puzzler till a little boy near the front held up his hand and said: -

"I know what a dandy ith."

"And what is it?"

"He ith a boy what kitheth the girlth."

COLLEGE AND LOCAL.

—The gymnasium has been better patronized this term than it has been for a year or two.

—Judging from the appearance of the bills we think Ragan's lecture will be an immense affair.

—McKinlay and Haley moved their drug store to their new room in the Prather Block last Tuesday.

—Several of the students attended the literary society at Wilson's school house last Wednesday evening.

—O. E. Shannon, Esq., of Philadelphia, the Philo's choice for contest judge, has accepted the position.

—Senior orations Monday evening, March 16: Miss Snyder, Messrs. Shields, Stewart, Vance and Golden.

—Dr. Ferguson will deliver the annual address before the graduating class of the U. P. Seminary, Allegheny, Pa., on March 25th.

—The Philo society have instructed their corresponding secretary to inform the faculty as to their duty in the selection of the third contest judge.

—The College Glee Club met on Wednesday evening of last week. On account of this the senior class prayer meeting was postponed until Thursday evening.

—The ladies of Dr. Mehard's congregation at Eastbrook, gave an oyster supper in the church last Wednesday evening. The proceeds were for the benefit of the church.

—The pastors of the various churches in the county, which desire to coöperate in the convention to be held in New Castle soon by Moody and Sankey, are invited to a place in the Central Committee with full privileges.

—The recently elected officers of the Leagorean Society are as follows: President, Miss Mary McElwee; Vice President, Miss Hattie Poppino; Rec. Sec. Miss Flora Irons; Cor. Sec. Miss Etta Brown; Critics, Miss Mina McElwee and Miss Shoutz; Marshall, Miss Jennie Vance.

—It is seldom that we are called upon to record a sadder event than the death of Mrs. Mary S. Fulton, '73. She, in company with her husband Rev. J. M. Fulton, '72, and her two children was spending the

winter at Colorado Springs. On Monday morning, March 2nd, she died suddenly after a brief illness. Her remains were brought to Allegheny last Friday, and the funeral services were conducted in the Fourth. U. P. Church, on Saturday, at 1:30 P. M.

—At a recent meeting of the Leagoran Society, it was voted to donate the old carpet of Leagorean Hall to the Reading Room Association. At a meeting of the latter organization last Wednesday evening, a motion was passed to instruct the corresponding secretary to return a vote of thanks to the ladies for their generosity. The reading room will, we hope, soon present a more comfortable appearance than it has for some time past.

—The question, "When does the 20th century begin?" brought forth in the Ohio Educational Monthly, the following answers:

1. Midnight, Dec. 31, 1899.

2. With the year 2000.

3. In the year 2001.

4. Jan. 1st, 1901. The first hour of the century will be from 1 a. m. to 2 a. m., Jan. 1st, as the hour of midnight does not end till 1 a. m. begins.

When *does* the 20th century begin?

—Dr. J. P. Barr, of Canonsburgh, Pa., delivered a lecture before the Y. M. C. A. in the chapel Tuesday evening, March 3rd on "Missionary Life in India." Dr. Barr spent a number of years in the foreign missionary field, and his descriptions of the customs and manners of the people of India were interesting and instructive. The next morning he conducted the religious exercises in the chapel, and at their close made a very neat address to the students. We feel safe in saying that Dr. Barr's visit to us was highly enjoyed by all, and we hope that he may find it convenient to return sometime in the near future.

—The Rev. W. M. Milroy, formerly Prof. of Greek in this college, writes from Baltimore, where he is preaching and attending lectures in the University. He was at the Inauguration of President Cleveland, and heard his address. He says, "The Pennsylvania National Guards formed about one third of the procession. I don't see why they didn't move the State right down and be done with it." Mr. Milroy is delighted with Baltimore, preferring it as a residence to all other cities except New York. He says the Baltimoreans are more friendly than the people of any other city he has ever been in. (New Wilmington, we are glad to note, is not a city.) His friends here wish the best and pleasantest for Prof. Milroy wherever he goes.

PERSONALS.

—Mrs. Reed now occupies her new residence near Mrs. Alexander's.

—S. W. Douthett, '88, is at home prostrated by an attack of typhoid fever.

—Miss Mary E. White, '81, has changed her address to Zelionople, Pa.

—Mr. R. R. Braham, of Harrisville, was in chapel last Tuesday morning.

—D. O. McLaughry, '87, has finished his term of school and is with us once again.

—J. M. McNall, '87 has been out of school for a week on account of sickness.

—H. D. Gordon, '86, will close his school in about three weeks, and rejoin his class.

—S. McNaugher, '86, attended the funeral of Mrs. Fulton, in Allegheny, last Saturday.

—T. E. Moffat, '88, has so far recovered from his illness as to be able to attend school again.

—Mrs. Junkin, who was visiting her sister, Mrs. Poppino, returned to her home in Grove City last Tuesday.

—Miss Emma Alexander, '78, has finished her term of school, and is at present, at her home in this town.

—Harry Zimmerman, formerly a student of this college was in town last Tuesday. He expects to re-enter college next term.

—Rev. J. M. Fulton, '72, and his children arrived in town last Wednesday, and are now staying at the home of Mrs. M. D. Shafer.

—Rev. D. W. Lusk, '77, recently received a call to the Sixth Presbyterian Church, of Newark, N. Y. His present location is at Philadelphia.

—J. C. Kistler, '86, was called home last week to see his sister who is very ill. By a special arrangement he was allowed to pass his final examinations before he started home.

—O. A. Byers, '86, finished his term of school last week. His scholars gave him a necktie, and the big girls presented him with a pair of slippers as a token of their — well we suppose esteem would be the proper word. He will spend the balance of the term at home, making up his class studies.

SONG FOR THE CLASS OF '86.

Sung to the tune—"I'm the Son of a Gambolier."

In old Westminster College
We're the jolly Junior class;
We are noted for our knowledge
And we're noted for our brass,
And the people all agree
That you'll never, never see
Such a class of handsome students
And so popular as we.

CHO—We're a wonderful, wonderful,
Wonderful, wonderful, wonderful
Junior class.
We're a wonderful, wonderful,
Wonderful, wonderful, wonderful
Junior class.
And the ladies they all sigh
As they see us going by,
And they place their hands upon
Their hearts and softly say, "Oh, my!"

The ladies of our class are all
Superb beyond compare;
Though some are tall and some are small
They all are wondrous fair;
And its always a delight
As we hear them all recite,
They're so smart and they're so handsome
That they charm us all outright.

CHO.

The boys are so poetic
And so fearless and so bold,
And each is so æsthetic
He is lovely to behold.
He strokes his fine mustache,
And as quickly as a flash,
And without the slightest effort
He is sure to make a mash.

CHO.

The Seniors all are jealous
And the Sophies make a fuss;
Because the people tell us
That they can't compare with us;
But we agree with you,
Yes, we feel it through and through,
And, our friends, we do assure you
That we all agree with you.

CHO.

—"Was Rome founded by Romeo?" inquired a pupil of the teacher. "No my son," replied the wise man; "it was Juliet who was found dead by Romeo."
—*The Cap and Bells.*

THE HOLCAD.

VOL. I.

NEW WILMINGTON, PA., APRIL 1, 1885.

No. 15.

A WORD WITH MY SOUL.

Soul, what wisdom hast thou won,
Since thine earth-house was began,
From the loss of precious things,
And fair refurnishings?
Of all the guests that came and went,
Leaving their calm or discontent?
From crumbings of decay—
New openings unto day?

Wouldst thou, soul, escape the Past?
Life's foundation holds it fast
The purity, the sin,
Alike are grounded in:
Therefrom doth lovely leafage spring,
There creepeth mould and tottering,
Who so lies stifled there
Bring boldly to the air!

Soul, no Past can shelter thee,
Pleasant though its rooms may be,
Opening unto earth;
Filled with bloom and mirth,
To-day thou dost in vain return
To kindle fires that will not burn;
As vainly shut its doors,
Or veil its haunted floors.

Soul, thou hast arisen now
To the Present summer glow;
Thy windows are flung wide
To light on every side;
Beloved comrades gather here,
For work, and company, and cheer;
Look in and out and own
How fair the world has grown!

Sayest thou, soul, "Here will I live,
Peace enjoy and blessings give?"
Tarriers of a day,
Dear guests will not stay;
Wild winter comes, the vines are bare;
Storm-beaten walls need large repair;
Night contains thy glad room,
Shrouds thee in lonely gloom.

Build up, soul, a lofty stair,
Build a room in healthier air!
Here there is no rest,
Better climes to best.
Thy friends shall be the eternal stars;

They greet thee through thy casement bars;
Thy homesick feet they lead
Where thou no house shall need.

Learn thou, soul of mine, past doubt,
Thou canst all things do without;
All that through thy Past
Winds and clings so fast;
Sweet picture hidden with a sigh,
As far too perfect to put by;
And all the wealth of thought
Into thy Present wrought.

From that height, soul, thou shalt see,
In the sky-tower, plumbing thee
For unfettered flight
Through the fields of light,
The beauty of their earthly nest,
As never while it gave thee rest;
Yea, in thyself shall find
Joy that seemed left behind.

—Lucy Larcom

TO DIXIE LAND AND BACK.

No. 4.

BY W. P. STEVENSON, '82.

Having "done" the Exposition in our last letter, though hastily and very imperfectly, let us, this warm, pleasant Monday morning, take a stroll about the city. "See New Orleans and die," is a phrase which might be applied to this city though in a different sense from that in which it is understood when spoken of the home of the Neapolitan. Judging from the size and number of the cemeteries, one would be led to conclude that the above advice had been taken by the majority of its visitors. As far as location goes, New Orleans can hardly be said to be the "joy of the whole earth." She is situated in the midst of swamps from whence come nightly the plaintive wails of the sedentary frog, and the swarming billions of fully equipped athletic mosquitoes.

Owing to the constantly increasing deposits of soil etc., in the bed of the Mississippi river, necessitating the building of levees along both its banks whose height must from year to year be increased, the city

is now considerably lower than the river, and so its refuse must be conveyed by surface drains into the sluggishly moving canals which communicate with Lake Pontchartrain at the back of the city. There are and can be no underground sewers for the same reason that there are no cellars in the city, viz: because if you dig two feet beneath the surface of the ground anywhere in that part of the country the hole will immediately fill up with water. Oh, it's a moist place there I tell you. I was not surprised to see advertisements of fever and ague cures abounding on every fence and tree.

Even now while we are speaking, though it was so bright a moment ago, the rain begins to descend in torrents and we flee for shelter into the Post Office building. This is an elegant stone structure somewhat resembling the New York Post Office, though perhaps inferior to it in size, and certainly inferior to it in the accuracy of its system, intelligence of its employes, and accommodations for its patrons. It takes a corkscrew of great length and persuasiveness to draw a letter out of that office, and as for a postal card, Dante's words, "Give up all hope ye doomed that enter here," are written on every one of them. My experience convinced me that nothing but a hydraulic press of extraordinary power could squeeze a card out of that building. I knew there were two postal cards in there for me when I arrived in the city. I went and inquired for them. "Nothing," was the heartless cry of the postal clerk. Then I met my friends on the street by accident, who assured me that they had written and deposited the cards in the office, so we went and unitedly besought the clerk to give them up. Again he denied that there was anything to give. Then I wrote a postal card and directed it to myself and dropped it in the box, and after inquiring for it twice a day for four days I had to come away without it. As a last effort to see it once more I left my address in Allegheny with the clerk and requested him to forward any of my mail which might accidentally work around to his end of the building. My postal card has not appeared yet. My hopes of ever seeing it are growing less and less. However, I am sustained by the thought that having written it I know about what was on it. But the sky has cleared now, as suddenly almost as it darkened, and we can again venture out on the street.

Only a few of the principal streets are paved at all well, while many of the side streets were covered with a mud which apparently was bottomless. Canal St. is paved with square blocks of Massachusetts granite brought down as ballast in Boston ships

which returned laden with cotton. It is the principal street of the city and divides it into two almost equal parts. Curiously enough, the foreigners, French, Italians, etc., are almost entirely confined to one side of the street, while the native born Americans inhabit that part of the city bounded by the opposite side. These different districts are known as Frenchtown and Yankeetown respectively, and there are some persons, I have been told, who have lived all their lives in one part of the city without ever having crossed over into the other. However, we will not imitate such an example as that but between showers will take a walk through Frenchtown. As we walk down towards the French Market we see a constant stream of people passing in and out of a building through double-acting doors. Not noticing any thing particularly dangerous either to bodies or spirits, my friend and I, prompted by curiosity, entered the building with the crowd and were borne by it up an elegant stair-way into a large beautifully frescoed apartment in which about three hundred men were engaged in playing "Keno." In this game for the small sum of ten cents you can stand one chance in three hundred for winning thirty dollars minus fifteen per cent. commission for the proprietor of the house. The other two hundred and ninety-nine chances are, however, that you will lose your dime and see the fellow at your elbow win the prize while you meditate on the sorrow of these sad words, "It might have been." At each end of this room is a roulette table, where you can stake and lose your money on the revolving wheel. In an adjoining apartment, two professional shufflers surrounded by stacks of "chips," dealt out the cards to the lovers of that game of sin, "Draw Poker." A few glances around the room convinced us that the place was not worthy our patronage.

My friend looked reprovingly at me, I looked rebukingly at him, and we both glared fiercely at the proprietor of this gambling den. It did not seem to disturb him in the least, so shaking our clothes free from the tobacco smoke and beer-tainted atmosphere of the place, we went out into the street again wondering at the looseness of morals which would allow such an institution to be run openly, night and day, within a square of the heart of the city. As we start on again we pass a fine, large building bearing on its front, in golden letters, the words "Hotel Royal." This is the best hotel in Frenchtown and corresponds in tone to the St. Charles in Yankeetown. Rates from \$6 per day up, until they run into transcendentalism in Arithmetic. We passed on. The next point of interest we came upon was Jack-

scn Square, which is just in front of the quaint old French Cathedral. In the center of this square is a large equestrian statue of Gen. Jackson. This statue has, by the way, a rather unique inscription, if we consider the time it was put on. For a while during the war, as is well known, Gen. Butler had control of New Orleans. It is also equally well known that he had considerable trouble with the unruly rebels of that place. Well, in some of his walks Benjamin noticed that the statue had no inscription. He said it should have one and suggested this: "The Union must and shall be preserved," as being *a propos* both with regard to time and place. It bears that inscription yet, and from this circumstance it is also known as "Butler's Monument." From here it is but a short distance to the famous French Market—famous for its cheap fruits, foreign gabble, its dirt and its vile smells. All kinds of tropical fruits, fish, meat, etc., are here on sale, and hard hearted or poverty-stricken must be the man who can resist the blandishments of some of the Creole maidens who say, "Mon cher, Mon cher, do buy this. Please do." But the odor of the place is too insinuating in its nature and too florid in its fragrance to admit of a prolonged visit. Wafted to our nostrils on the wings of the gentle breeze are the tidings, that some fish are, and for some days have been, spoiling for the tomb. From another district comes the news that a lot of decaying vegetables are fully ready to take their place in the same funeral procession, and before the returns were half in we were compelled to flee, crying out with Shakspeare, "The offence is rank—it smells to heaven." A cubic foot of that atmosphere cut up fine and boiled in a kettle of water would, I should judge, make a soup strong enough to carry an egg.

About a quarter of a mile farther down is the U. S. Mint, and here we stopped again. By the courtesy of one of the employes we were shown the process of silver dollar making from the time the metal is received in large, pure ingots until, after passing through a great many changes and different hands, it comes forth, at last, from under a pressure of eighty tons, stamped with the appropriate image and inscriptions, and ready to receive the homage of its worshippers. From the mint we return to Canal street by way of Esplanade, which is a fine boulevard and adorned with some very elegant mansions. Reaching Canal street we walk down it to the levee which presents a scene novel and picturesque. The wharf up the river, almost as far as we could see, was covered with bales of cotton and lined with large steamboats loading and unloading the same.

Hundreds of darkies of all shades were rushing to and fro with their trucks, busily engaged in moving the cotton. The white men seemed to be all bosses, and their work consisted mostly in cursing the negroes for their laziness and urging them to greater exertions. It was indeed, an interesting sight to watch the constant stream of darkies running out and in the holds of the vessel like ants into an ant hill, each one bringing out or taking in a bale of snowy cotton, singing or chanting some old plantation song as they rush back and forth. A ragged, careless, happy, set were they, unmindful alike of curses and rude whacks over the head, which every once in awhile they received as a token of their boss's appreciation. Now and then some one's joy would become too full for paltry speech and dropping his truck he would shuffle off a clog dance accompanied with wild gesticulations, much to the amusement of his comrades and the disgust of the overseer.

The wharf below Canal street was mostly covered with long, low sheds in which are stored hundreds and hundreds of molasses barrels filling the air with a fragrance that, in my mind, is always associated with a country grocery. Great as was the bustle on the wharf this Monday, it did not seem to be a bit busier than it was on the previous Sabbath.

The New Orleans' people are not good church goers. They seem to look upon the Sabbath as a day to be devoted to amusements and pleasures. On Sabbath morning our orthodox notions were sadly shocked by seeing nearly all the stores open as usual, peanut venders and corner groceries, barber-shops, saloons and cigar stores doing a thriving business. As we were on our way to church we were passed by the band of Buffalo Bill's "Wild West" show which was parading the streets to advertise the performance they were to give in the afternoon. Posted up in every conspicuous place were bills announcing that a cock fight could be witnessed by going to a certain well known resort at three p. m. Matinees were advertised in all the leading theatres with special attractions for their regular evening performances.

The Exposition was open and excursions up and down the river and out to the lake were being largely patronized. In the afternoon a large crowd followed the wagon, which contained the two nines of lady base ball players, to the grounds where they were to play a match game.

So this Monday evening, as we stood on the wharf among the cotton bales and molasses barrels; and saw the ragged darkies running about in their bare feet; and felt the warm, gentle breeze blowing softly

up the river, we were considerably perplexed to know just what month of the year, what week of the month and what day of the week it really was.

The weather was so pleasant that we could scarcely believe that it was the last of December, while the bustle and fuss of the previous Sabbath had somewhat staggered our belief that we had the right order of days in the week. But no matter what month it was, or what day in the week it might be, there were two things which kept us from being deceived as to the time of day, viz: the deepening twilight, and an ever increasing desire for food. So leaving the levee as the stars were beginning to be reflected in the rippling water which plashed unceasingly against the piers, we walked slowly back towards our lodging house. Supper over, we wandered forth into an adjacent park and sitting down upon a bench, we talked over the events of the day, and as we sat there enjoying the novelty of an orange-scented, rose-perfumed December breeze, we heard the voices of approaching children, and soon an old black nurse with snowy 'kerchief about her neck, and frilled cap half concealing her grizzled wool, was seen leading a dainty, little miss with each hand, while two bouncing boys were romping along ahead of her. As they drew nearer the old nurse said, "Why, chillun, you's mos' tired ole auntie to def. Les' rest heah a spell an' then we'll be a gwine home to mammy," and suiting the action to the word she dropped into a seat neer by. The children teased her to go on but she was immovable. Growing weary at last, however, by reason of their importunity, she proposed this as a compromise. "Chillun," said she, "if ye jes be desiderate now a minit, an' 'spect my confinities, I'll done tell yer a story." The children were appeased at once and with glad cries, "Auntie's going to tell us a story!" "Auntie is going to tell us a story!" they climbed up on the bench where she was sitting and tumbled pell-mell into her lap. "Laws a massa, chillun, ye mus' be still and gib good 'tenshun ter what I'se agwine ter 'spashiate upon, kase it has a moral what yer'll do well to diskiver and notify yourselves ob," said the old lady as she rearranged her kerchief and picked up her spectacles which had been knocked from her nose by the excited youngsters. Then she began:

"Dey done tell me, dearies, dat a long time ago 'fore any ob you'uns was borned dat dere libed a happy famerly ob chillun wid deir parunts on de banks ob de ragin' Knee Shannuck. Dey was lubly chillun, but alas, honies, dey was wun of dem as was a bad'un an' mos' broke he parunts hearts. Dat chile 'squired de habit ob suckin' eggs. He was

afear'd to suck de eggs he could find 'bout home kase his parunts would have spanked 'im mos' emphatic. So he much duplexed in his min' what ter do. He war very hungry fer an egg and yet he not know whar he kin git one. At las' when he nearly starvin', a kind ob distant relative ob hisin done tells him dat when he was at a naybur's whose name was Mam Hurts, O Massa cheese it,"—"O what a funny name," cried all the children at once. "Now you chilluns be still dar," said the old nurse, "yer mus'nt 'terrupt me. Did'nt I done tole yer dat dis was long ago when folkses had queer names? Well dis yer man done showed 'im how ter eat it. But, honies, dough dey fought demselves ter be so smart 'twas curus how dat ting about deir stealin' dat egg got foun' out. Yer see, chillun, dat while dat egg had been good once yet it had been sot on once or twiet and unbeknowns to dem it was spiled and dat man in helpin' his perspective—dat is ob cyurse his distant—relative in swallering de egg in good style got some ob it on his han's an' jes' as soon as dis feller got back among his brudders an' sisters dey smelled dat egg on him's bref an day tole his parunts and dey being tender hearted good ole souls, spanked 'im some an den forgibbed him."

"But what," the children broke in, "did they do to the naughty man who showed the poor boy where the nest was, auntie?"

"Oh," she replied, "they paddled him so hard wid a trustee board dat he was nebber, nebber heard tell ob no more."

"De moral, chillun, is dis—if you mus' suck eggs don't steal 'em an' try ter hab dem fresh, fer ef yer don't"—but I heard no more for my friend seizing me by the shoulder, said in a voice like a fog-horn, "Wake up, and let's go to bed right. You'll catch your death of cold sitting out here in this damp." And so it was all a dream. No children, no old nurse were to be seen anywhere, so blaming it all to the curious climate, I meekly and submissively walked back with him and went to bed.

—A window in memory of the Rev. Dr. Albert Barnes has been placed in Calvary Presbyterian Church, Philadelphia. It consists of nine panels, and is pronounced one of the finest pieces of artistic stained glass in the United States. The chief picture is Raphael's "St. Paul preaching on Mars Hill." In the lower panels is the inscription; "Albert Barnes, born December 1, 1798. Died December 24, 1870."

LITERARY NOTES.

—Dr. Holmes's "Emerson" has gone into its eighth edition.

—Professor Masson declares that Mr. Froude's mood as a commentator on the Carlyles "was too uniformly like that of a man driving a hearse."

—Two volumes of the Rev. Phillips Brooks's sermons will shortly be issued by E. P. Dutton & Co. They will be bound in paper and will be inexpensive.

—The novel in verse with which Lord Lytton (Owen Meredith) hopes to follow up the success of "Lucile," is to be entitled "Glen Averil; or the Metamorphoses."

—Mr. Bryant's poem of "The Unknown Way" has been illustrated, printed and bound in the neatest and prettiest of fashions for an Easter gift. The dainty trifle is published by Dutton & Co.

—Those mistaken people who delight in "Phyllis" and "Molly Bawn," will be gladdened by the intelligence that their author is about to publish another story. It will bear the suggestive title of "A Maiden all Forlorn."

—Mr. Hugh Conway is about to publish a new novel through a newspaper syndicate. The organization paid him \$5,000; and from one newspaper alone in Great Britain it received \$750 for the exclusive right of publication in a great country.

—R. H. Stoddard calls Miss Edith M. Thomas an American Keats. "Her song," he says, "like his, is a mesh of sweet growths, an arbor over which vines are luxuriously trailing—a little hill, upon which her genius is standing tip-toe and fluttering its wings. She has the greatest gift that any poet can have—quality."

—Among the letters of Byron which have just been sold in England was one in which he says: ". . . I will have nothing to do with immortality. . . I am no Platonist, I am nothing at all; but I would sooner be a Paulician, Manichean, Spinozist, Gentile, Pyrrhonian, Zoroastrian, than one of the seventy-two villainous Sects who are tearing each other to pieces for the Love of the Lord, and Hatred of each other."

—It is said authoritatively by friends of Mr. J. W. Cross who are living in this country that his life of George Eliot is purely a labor of love, from which he receives no pecuniary reward. By a mutual agreement when they were married, all property which Mrs. Lewes had acquired from her first husband was

to revert at her death to the children of his first—unfaithful—wife. There were three of these children, though one of them has since died. Half of the proceeds from the "Life of George Eliot" Mr. Cross divides between the children of Mr. Lewes's first wife, and the remainder goes to a poor and needy relative of Mr. Lewes.

—A "Mark Twain Birthday Book" has just been issued in London, and a surprised editor wonders whether it will be put to the use for which it is designed. "Fancy," he says, "asking a gentleman to write his name opposite the following quotation from 'Innocents Abroad': 'He didn't mention that he was a lineal descendant of Balaam's ass, but everybody knew that without his telling it.' Or this one for instance: 'His mouth stood so wide open that you could have laid a ham in it without him noticing.' Two short quotations will show how little chance there will be of getting a fair lady friend to give you autograph on the right date—'February 29. Everybody knows she is repaired—you might almost say built—with artificial bones, and hair, and muscles, from the ground up, put together scrap by scrap.' And then, on March 18, an extract of a most painful character—'So sinfully ugly that she couldn't smile after 10 o'clock Saturday night without breaking the Sabbath.'"

LITTLE THINGS.

A little word if fitly spoken,
Often may correct a wrong;
An act of kindness may betoken
Friendly intercourse along
Life's long pathway, and may be
The gem of life-long constancy.

Kindly words and kindly actions
Little though they oft may be,
Are, indeed, the benefactions
Friends bestow in sympathy—
Little deeds of kindly feeling
Softly our affections stealing.

Cherish, then, each act of kindness,
Proffered by the humblest man,
Let no pride produce a blindness,
Make a friend of whom you can;
Then, indeed, will hours of sadness
Change themselves to hours of gladness.

—Selected.

—Vice President Hendricks and Governor Pattison have accepted invitations to attend the commencement exercises at Allegheny College, Meadville, in June next.

THE HOLCAD.

PUBLISHED SEMI-MONTHLY DURING THE COLLEGE YEAR BY THE
STUDENTS OF WESTMINSTER COLLEGE.

NEW WILMINGTON, PA., APRIL 1, 1885

TERMS: \$1.50 PER YEAR. SINGLE COPY, 10 CENTS.

Entered at the postoffice at New Wilmington, Pa., as second-class
mail matter.

EDITORS.

W. HAYES MOORE,	- - -	EDITOR-IN-CHIEF.
I. N. MOORE,	- - -	ASSISTANT.
ROB L. HAY,	} - -	LITERARY DEPARTMENT.
H. G. GOLDEN,		
SADIE M. McELREE,		
R. J. LOVE,	} - -	LOCAL AND COLLEGE DEPARTMENT.
J. P. VANCE,		
J. L. SNYDER,		
RALPH P. ALLEN,	- - -	BUSINESS MANAGER.

Information solicited respecting the Alumni and those
who have been in any way connected with the College.

Address all communications to

THE HOLCAD, New Wilmington, Pa.

THE lecture by Maj. Dane on the 17th, ult., was well attended. His subject was, "A Summer in Greece," and his lecture showed that he had made proper use of his eyes while there. Taking Athens as a center he described in graphic language the several journeys he made to places of historic interest on all sides. His lecture contained much information of interest to the student of Grecian history, art and civilization. While not so well received as his other lectures here, yet this may possibly be attributed to the fact that the lecture is but a new one which he has not had time yet to polish and perfect.

His remarks in chapel the next morning were well appreciated by the students, perhaps in part because he occupied the first hour of recitation. Just here we might say to any contemplating addressing the students in chapel that the appreciation of chapel speeches is generally directly proportional to the length of time occupied.

Returning from Greece we spent the evening of the 19th in Paris, where, under the guidance of Mr. Ragan, we viewed the splendors of that gayest of cities. When the announcement of this exhibition was made, memories of our boyish experience with magic-lantern shows in country school houses presented themselves, but as picture after picture passed across the screen all these recollections were

forgotten in the splendid panorama opened to our view. Each picture as exhibited was explained by Mr. Ragan, so that the audience not only saw the beauties of the city but learned the history of many spots of thrilling interest.

As a whole the entertainment was a grand success. All, so far as we can learn, were fully satisfied that the evening had not been spent in vain. Although this is the first visit of Mr. Ragan we hope it will not be his last, and we can safely promise him a large and appreciative audience whenever he may return to our village.

THERE has been much criticism of the Lecture Committee for their action in making the lecture of John B. Gough outside the regular course. It has even been charged that his name was put on the list in order to encourage the sale of course tickets but with no intention of giving his lecture as one of the course. As far as the securing of Mr. Gough is concerned we may state for the benefit of cavilers that all possible efforts were made to secure a date for Mr. Gough much earlier in the course, and in fact all through the course, but all endeavors were in vain until now. This date, April 27th, was not secured until arrangements had been made for the completion of the course. We have now received nine lectures, and he who could ask more than nine entertainments, such as have been given us, for two dollars could, we think, make a success in an international competition for "cheek." However, if the proceeds of the course would permit they would give his lecture to those holding course tickets as an extra lecture, but though the patronage has been good the funds in the treasury will not justify their giving one so high priced. We hope that the good people of the town and vicinity will take a proper view of the matter and welcome Mr. Gough with a full house.

ONE of the questions asked in a recent number of the HOLCAD was the following: "As a matter of fact will the history of honor men show that a smaller per cent of them achieve honorable success than those who do not take honors?" This is a good question and one very appropriate for college students to consider. Without, however, attempting to answer it or to give our views upon the subject of honors and honor men, we quote several passages from a lecture delivered by Joseph Cook, in Boston, a few years ago. These extracts furnish one answer,

and coming from such a source, they should have weight. He says: "Faithfulness to college studies sends one into the brown wheat-fields at last with reaping machines of the first order. Except the large culture of the higher powers of the soul, there is nothing we need more to insist upon as a remedy for skepticism than sound scholarship. If students do not care to compete with each other from motives of ambition, let them from the love of usefulness, put themselves on the list of those who by successful competition in college have given a prophecy of their success in the competition of subsequent life. Macaulay once said that the general rule, beyond all doubt, was that men who are first in the competition of the schools have been first in the competition of the world.

Who are some of the men now in public life in America whose college life has been a prophecy of their success in life? I undertake to affirm that the upper quarter of a college class furnishes more men of eminence and high usefulness than the lower three quarters, taken together. I beg the pardon of every one who on account of ill health or from any other cause, may have dropped behind in the competitions of a university course. There are some illustrious exceptions; and any who have fallen below the first quarter no doubt, were geniuses who cannot be brilliant in every particular. I believe Mr. Emerson and Mr. Hawthorne did not lead their classes in scholarship, although Mr. Emerson was class poet and Mr. Hawthorne particularly requested his faculty that he might not receive a part at commencement. But of the graduates of Harvard between 1800 and 1850 who have obtained renown, how many have ranked in the first quarter of the class to which they belonged? Four-fifths. The first twenty have usually furnished more men of distinction than the lower eighty in any one hundred of college graduates. Examining statistics which have recently been collected very painstakingly by Mr. Thwing, I find that, among those now eminent in America, President Woolsey in 1820 took the first honors of the year. President Eliot in 1853 was one of the first scholars of his class. President Porter in 1831 had third rank. President Seelye in 1853 had one of the very first places. President Smith, late of Dartmouth, took in 1830 the third rank. President Barnard in 1828 had the second rank. President Walker in 1814 was a leading scholar in his class. President Felton in 1827 was graduated with high distinction. President Hill in 1843 was the second scholar in his class at Cambridge. Prof. Bowen who leads now the philosophical department at Cam-

bridge was the first scholar in his class in 1833. Professor Pierce in 1824 excelled his classmates as much in the knowledge of mathematics as he does now his fellow professors. Professor Dana in 1833 was the fourth scholar in his class. Leonard Bacon in 1820 was the fourth. Professor Tyler of Amherst College, in 1830, was only one-half of one per cent. behind that scholar who afterwards became known to the world as Professor Hackett. It is well understood that there is no infallibility in college marks. Who knows which was the better scholar, Tyler or Hackett? They were both excellent scholars and have been very distinguished men. The little differences between the ranks are not insisted on in forming college estimates. Something, however, must be taken as the rule by which to rank men, if you appoint the parts according to the ranking-list, and so such an apparent injustice may occur as here. But the general rule stands, nevertheless, that the upper quarter furnishes as many distinguished men as the lower three-quarters.

You say that these men are all professors and presidents, and were peculiarly influenced in after life by an academical position. Take some of our writers. Bancroft, Prescott, Palfrey were all in the front quarter of their classes. Motley had an excellent rank. The poet, Longfellow, at Bowdoin, in 1825 was near the head of his class—among the first three or four. It is notorious that the career of Edward Everett in college was as brilliant as it was outside in everything connected with scholarship. Daniel Webster was probably the second scholar in his class at Dartmouth, in 1801. Mr. Evarts was among the very highest at Yale in 1837. Rufus Choate is one of the three who in a hundred years have been graduated at Dartmouth with a perfect mark."

—
THERE has been some discussion of late concerning the proper relation of the Faculty of a college to the college paper. We think that this question is one of sufficient importance to be worthy of a place in our columns, for upon the right decision of it depends to a large extent the success of college journalism. In some colleges the Faculty seem to think that the college paper should be devoted to heralding to the world the praises of the college and its authorities. So long as good is spoken of them in its columns, even though the editor may have found it necessary to lull his conscience to sleep while doing so, all is right, but if he presume to criticize, a howl is raised that it is detrimental to the best interests of the college.

In some colleges, again, the Faculty assume the prerogative to say that no mention must be made in the college paper of certain events occurring in the college, events sometimes of vital interest to the alumni subscribers. Thus they practically assume authoritative control over an enterprise which they expect the students to carry on, and for the success of which the students are held responsible by the public.

The college paper should be in a special manner the organ of the students. Through its columns they should have the opportunity and the privilege of expressing their opinions without hindrance from the Faculty. It may be urged against this, that one student on account of personal enmity toward the school or toward some member of the Faculty might do incalculable injury by stirring up dissatisfaction through the columns of the college paper. To this we would answer that if the tone of the college is what it should be all such attempts would be smothered in their inception by an overwhelming opposition of public sentiment among the better class of students. Besides, such an objection as the one urged above assumes that the students are the sworn and natural enemies of the college and of the Faculty. When we say that the college paper should be the special organ of the student, we do not mean that it should form a medium through which each individual student may give expression to his personal animosities, but that it should faithfully reflect the sentiments of the students collectively.

To the patrons of a college paper it is due that the students be allowed freedom in the expression of opinion through its columns. The alumni subscribe for a college paper published at their *alma mater*, because they feel interested in the college and wish to rejoice in her continued prosperity or to assist her in adversity. As students they knew her and as students they still watch her progress. In no way can they do this so well as through the columns of a paper controlled by students. Any dictation, however, by the authorities of the college is utterly subversive of this end and the patrons of any college paper have a right to demand this freedom.

IN the last issue of the *Holcad* reference was made to the excellence of our telegraphic service, by which, if the elements were favorable and nothing else interposed, it was possible to receive a message almost as soon as a letter; but this is only one of the many advantages which our enterprising village offers to its citizens, and only one of the many reasons why she claims recognition as a center of busi-

ness and influence. Excellent, indeed, as is the telegraphic service, the railroad facilities of the town compete with it for the palm of superiority. It would puzzle the most conscientious judge to decide the case between them. There are four daily trains to and from New Wilmington. For the accommodation of travelers, one or another of these trains may be caught at almost any hour in the day, as regularity with the management seems to be only a question of personal convenience. Having taken any train south, the passenger is generally sure of being allowed the privilege of remaining long enough on board to get the worth of his fare. If he boards the train going south from here, and desires to go still further south after arriving at the junction, he is accorded the pleasure of waiting from fifteen minutes to two hours for a passenger train or a freight, as the case may be. If he is going north from the junction, he can take his train at some uncertain time within the next two hours. In the meantime, he can contemplate the beauties which nature and the railroad company have presented to his view both without and within the station-house. In coming from the south to New Wilmington, especially if the traveler arrives at the junction in the evening, the same happy experience awaits him, with this exception in his favor, that he knows positively that he will be permitted to wait an hour at least, at the end of which time he can probably be prevailed upon to resume his journey, having been assured that he will finally reach his destination. And these advantages, be it understood, are not limited exclusively to passengers, but are extended with characteristic magnanimity to the mail service, so that the dwellers in this favored place may expect their mail to come and go at almost any time—but positively at no regular time.

Another thing of which our citizens and influential men should be, and evidently are proud of, is the accommodations given them by the Express Company. It is well known that goods expressed to New Wilmington come directly and quickly. A package from New Castle must be sent first to Youngstown, Ohio, then to Sharpsville and finally to New Wilmington—in short it must make a circuit of about one hundred miles in going ten.

Though these arrangements may be positive advantages, many persons would prefer disadvantages. Why should these be so, when almost every other town of the same size enjoys greater conveniences? Now when it is possible for us to realize the advantages which modern improvement and modern invention give, why do we suffer ourselves to be so

imposed upon? Is there any reason at all in view of the population of New Wilmington, and its importance as a business and educational center, why we should not have a telegraph line, regular trains making good connections, prompt mails and a direct express service?

Is there any reason why New Wilmington cannot have these if her citizens exert themselves to have them? These inconveniences are an injury to the town, and they reflect upon the citizens. Strangers have a bad opinion of the place before they see it, simply because of the difficulty they have in sending anything promptly by mail or express, or any message by telegraph, or in coming here themselves. What New Wilmington needs is more influence—more public-spirit. If she is lacking in this—and verily, it seems that she is—efforts should be made to arouse it. She should surely have, when they can be had, the same advantages which surrounding villages of less importance enjoy. We express an earnest desire that more interest shall be taken in these affairs and that the citizens will soon awake from their lethargy, and see the necessity of remedying these things which do their town less good than they should.

EXCHANGES.

—The *Academy Student*, published at St. Johnsbury, Vermont, comes to us in a neat form. The tone of the paper is good, though the reading matter is somewhat limited. Better, however, have little that is good than much that is of an inferior character.

—The *University Press* is with us once again. We were almost led to believe that it had entirely deserted us. We gladly welcome its return to our table and hope it will appear regularly hereafter. The students of the University have our sympathy in the loss they sustain in the death of Prof. Sterling. He was the pioneer educator of the great North-west, and the father and the founder of the University.

—The weekly *Courier* comes to our table from Lawrence, Kansas. It is a wide-awake college journal and bears the air and vigor of the West. An editorial begins thus: "We have met the enemy and they are ours. We have received the handsome appropriation of \$50,000." Oh, that Westminster had a few such enemies!

—The *Student* of Cumberland University, Lebanon, Tenn., is got up in good style. "By-words and Pet Expressions" and "Woman's Rights" are both ex-

cellent. One of the editorials complains about the graduating "fee," and desires to know why [this extra charge should be made at the completion of the prescribed course. My dear sir, that fee keeps the Faculty in spending money. They don't like to change the old way of doing things.

—The *Pennsylvania Teacher* is one of our regular visitors. This educational journal is designed principally for the teacher. It is very ably edited, and deserves the patronage of every friend of education and instructor in the State.

—The March number of the *Owl* contains a very good article on George Elliott. It is taken for granted (?) that this article was written by a Freshman as the paper is published by a Freshman and this article is not credited to any other source.

—The literary department of the *Woooster Collegian* contains two articles that are specially worthy of note, "The Riddle of the Sphinx," and "The nature and History of Art."

—The last number of the *Sibyl* sustains its reputation. Though published but five times a year, yet it contains more real worth than many papers published twice as often.

—The *Phi-Rhonian* is an amateur journal of more than ordinary merit. Its editorial and literary departments compare very favorably with those departments in college papers. We congratulate its editors.

—The *St. John's Collegian* comes to us from Annapolis, Maryland. Though yet in its infancy, it speaks well. There is much in its columns to attract the attention of the student and general reader. The form of the paper is the only objection that can be made to it.

—The *Delaware College Review* is a good exchange. We find in it much readable matter, and always welcome it not only on this account but because it makes its appearance regularly. We wish all our exchanges would follow its example.

—A man in a sleeping car went through a terrible accident, in which the car rolled down an embankment, without waking. It was noted, however, that as the car struck the bottom, he murmured, "Don't, Jane; I'll get up and start the fire."—*Ex.*

—One of the prettiest and wittiest compliments ever passed is contained in the lines by Sheridan, addressed to Miss Payne: "Tis true I am ill, but I cannot complain, for he never knew pleasure who never knew Payne."

CONSTITUTION OF THE ALUMNI ASSOCIATION.

ARTICLE I.

NAME AND OBJECT.

SECTION 1. This organization shall be called the Alumni Association of Westminster College.

SECTION 2. The purpose of this association shall be the strengthening of the friendship among graduates and the fostering of the interests of the College.

ARTICLE II.

MEMBERSHIP.

SECTION 1. All alumni of the College shall be recognized as members in virtue of graduation.

SECTION 2. An annual tax of \$1 shall be collected from each member of the Association to meet necessary expenses. Whatever remains in the treasury shall be applied, under the direction of a committee composed of the President, Vice President, Recording Secretary, Corresponding Secretary and Treasurer, in the purchase of books for the Alumni Alcove of the College Library.

SECTION 3. The rights of membership shall be withdrawn from those who fail to pay the assessments for three years.

ARTICLE III.

OFFICERS.

SECTION 1. There shall be a President, Vice President, Recording Secretary, Corresponding Secretary, and Treasurer, to be elected at each annual meeting immediately after the reading of the minutes, and to serve for one year, whose duties shall be those usually pertaining to such offices.

SECTION 2. There shall be an Executive Committee consisting of the President and two associates elected at each annual meeting, to which shall be referred the unprovided for arrangements connected with the annual and public meetings and other matters the association may assign.

SECTION 3. The Treasurer shall keep a list of all members; notify them of their dues in season; report those delinquent for three years; and make a full statement at each annual meeting of both the income and outlay.

ARTICLE IV.

MEETINGS.

SECTION 1. The annual meeting shall be held on Tuesday evening preceding Commencement, at five o'clock.

SECTION 2. A public meeting shall be held on that same evening at half past seven o'clock.

SECTION 3. The Executive Committee shall call a special meeting when requested to do so by five members.

SECTION 4. The records of all meetings shall be deposited in the Alumni alcove.

ARTICLE V. PERFORMANCES.

SECTION 1. At each annual meeting there shall be an original poem, an essay, an oration and a history of the class which graduated fifteen years before.

SECTION 2. The manuscript of these performances shall be letter-paper size and shall be preserved in the Alumni Alcove as the property of the Association.

SECTION 3. The executive committee at each annual meeting shall nominate a poet, an essayist, an orator and a historian for the coming year, which shall not preclude additional nominations, and the Association shall elect suitable persons to occupy these positions. In the event of a refusal to serve, or a vacancy from any cause whatever, the committee shall at once choose another performer.

SECTION 4. If the person elected forwards a manuscript, the executive committee shall designate some one to read it.

—Speaking of the Compulsory Education bill now before the Massachusetts Legislature, *The Boston Saturday Evening Gazette* says: "The fact that in the State of Massachusetts there are over ninety-three thousand persons who are incapable of signing their names is surely a strong argument in favor of those who insist on compulsory education. Unwise haste, however, in attempting to remedy the evil is to be deprecated, for ignorance has a certain number of rights that wisdom should respect. In the first place, it is to be remembered that illiteracy is a misfortune and not a crime, and that, as a rule, its victims are the slaves of duty and not of indifference. They labor for bread to support themselves and others, and for all practical purposes a well-nourished stomach is to them a more imperious need than a well-stocked brain. Now, the bill drafted by the State Board of Education and which will, probably, become a law, is unjust to the very people whom it seeks to aid. Under the penalty of a fine it forbids any one to give employment to a minor below the age of fourteen who cannot read and write;—that is, it deliberately robs ignorant poverty of a large portion of its scanty income to gratify those who force good by whirlwind and reap intellect by tempest. The minor must give up his employment and go to school, this being the modern panacea for all evil."

—President Seelye, of Amherst College, is gaining health, and his physicians think there is no cause for alarm concerning him.

COLLEGE AND LOCAL.

—The HOLCAD thanks Mr., Mrs. or Miss McLaughry, or all, for an excellent cake.

—A gold medal will be given to the lady reading the best essay at commencement.

—The Junior contest will take place this year on Monday evening of Commencement week. The society contest will be on Wednesday evening.

—Mr. Aufrecht, 68 Federal street, Allegheny, offers very low rates for photographs. During the months of April and May the best cabinets can be procured for \$2.50 per dozen. Good and classical work only allowed to leave the gallery. We advise our patrons to call to see him.

—The Seniors have secured the following rates on photographs: Rothwell, of Washington, Pa., three dozen of cabinets for \$10, and \$2 per extra dozen. Two dozen cards for \$3.75, and \$1 per extra dozen. Ryder, of Cleveland, three dozen cabinets for \$10, and \$2 per extra dozen. The class will divide about equally between these two places. These terms are offered not alone to the class but to any of the students who may wish photographs.

—The contract for building the 2nd. U. P. Church in this place has been let. Mr. R. M. Jamison does the work for \$8,600. The church is to be finished by the first of November. It will be the finest building of the kind in or near New Wilmington and will, doubtless, make Church avenue the finest part of town. It is certainly gratifying to know that so much has been done, and we will now venture a hope that we will, before the close of the year, really see the church.

—The last lectures of the course were given on Tuesday and Thursday evenings of last week by Major Henry C. Dane and Mr. H. H. Ragan. Major Dane in his usual impressive manner related to the large audience an account of his travels during "A Summer in Greece." The lecture was of special interest to those who are interested in Grecian history. By "special request" the Major occupied the whole of the first hour with his address in chapel next morning. On Thursday evening the church was again filled with a large audience to hear Mr. Ragan's lecture on "Paris, the Magnificent." The lecture was illustrated by means of a large camera and canvas on which many of the beautiful buildings and parks were delineated. Mr. Ragan is a very pleasant talker, and his vivid descriptions of scenes and places, and his interesting historical narratives made

the lecture one of the most enjoyable of the course. On April 27, the committee expect to secure the services of John B. Gough, of temperance fame. This lecture will be independent of the course, but we feel confident that it will be well patronized.

—The following resolutions were passed by the Mission Sabbath School of Colorado City, Colorado, March 8, 1885:

WHEREAS, it has pleased Almighty God to sorely bereave our beloved Superintendent, Rev. J. M. Fulton, by the death of his wife, therefore:

Resolved, That we as a Sabbath School hereby express our deep sorrow at this his deep affliction and extend to him our heartfelt sympathy in his great trial.

Resolved, That by this dispensation of Providence we be admonished to greater faithfulness in God's service, and endeavor to be prepared for the summons of death when it comes to us.

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be sent to our beloved Superintendent, and to the church papers for publication.

PERSONALS.

—W. G. Hope, '84, is visiting in town.

—R. W. Morris has returned to Philadelphia.

—Prof. Wallace will spend his vacation at his father's, near Wooster.

—W. T. Burns, '80, was in town Saturday looking up Republican voters.

—Prof. Taggart has purchased the Clark property on the Upper Diamond.

—Miss Jennie Duffield, '86, will not return to college till next fall term.

—Willis Dunn, '87, finished his term of school on Friday before examinations.

—Webster, '86, will spend his vacation with his room-mate Barrackman, '87.

—The Rev. H. W. Crabbe, '65, has been called to the 1st U. P. church, Mercer.

—"Jack" Watson, formerly of '81, is a member of the staff of the Pittsburgh *News*.

—The Rev. J. K. McClurkin's, '73, congregation are about to build a new church.

—Dr. J. B. McMichael, '59, lectured in Morning Sun, Iowa, Friday evening, March 13.

—Jesse D. Moore, '82, returned a couple of weeks since from the Medical Department of the University

of New York. Jesse bears his degree of M. D. gracefully, and has not yet decided where he will hang his shingle.

—Mr. Lindsay of the Junior class of Allegheny College, spent his vacation at his home.

—The Rev. D. W. Lusk, '77, has received a call from the Presbyterian church, Newark, N. J.

—J. A. Courtney, '82, Prof. of Latin in Grove City College, is visiting the New Orleans Exposition.

—Rev. J. M. Fulton left town last Saturday morning on a visit to his parents at Businessburg, Ohio.

—The address at the next meeting of the Prohibition League will be delivered by Prof. Wallace.

—Miss Hattie Black, '85, and Miss Maggie Brown, '85, are "holding the fort" at the boarding hall.

—Miss Emma Alexander, '78, will open the next term of her school in Mahoning county, about May 1st.

—Miss Lizzie Say, of Greenville, a former student of this College, visited friends in town a few days ago.

—Miss Viola Snyder was sick with a bad cold and not able to attend examinations at the end of the term.

—An addition was made to the Faculty some two weeks since. It is a boy and boards with Prof. Graham.

—Mr. J. Q. A. Irvin is studying law in connection with his duties as Principal of the public schools of Etna, Pa.

—The Rev. S. W. Gilkey, '77, has been elected Professor of Ancient Languages in Tarkio College, Missouri.

—Prof. A. C. McClelland, formerly Principal of the Union School, attended the senior orations March, 23rd.

—Miss Bessie Snyder, '85, and her cousin, Miss Maggie Snyder, of Harrisville, are visiting friends near Pittsburgh.

—Porter, of the Freshman class, has been sick with a sore throat and was not able to attend the examinations.

—J. S. Thompson, '88, has been appointed Assistant Librarian. Hereafter the library will be open every afternoon.

—Lint Roseburg, a member of the class of '84 in its First Prep. year, is a prominent member of the Pittsburgh oil exchange.

—Miss McKee of the 2nd Prep. and Miss Telford of the Freshman class do not expect to return to

College next term. Miss Telford will probably return next fall.

—Prof. Thompson is spending his vacation at Clifton Springs, N. Y., where he hopes to obtain relief from the rheumatism.

—J. W. McClung, '86, will not return to college next term but will make up his studies at home and return to his classes next fall.

—The Rev. E. O. McFarland, '82, has been invited to supply, for a time, the Presbyterian congregation of Glenolden, Delaware County, Pa.

—W. R. Mehard, '80, has been elected a member of the Board of Trustees of the 2nd U. P. Church, J. A. Van Orsdel, '85, having resigned.

—Dr. Alex. Allen, '68, is much better and able to be around the streets of Pittsburgh. He expects to return and take charge of his practice soon.

—The Rev. A. H. Harshaw, '74, of *The Midland*, is at present in New York City. He has preached in the Jane street church for the past two Sabbaths.

—John McKee, of Centerville, formerly a member of the present Junior class, has bought and is operating a drug store in Portersville, Butler county.

—The Rev. J. A. Kennedy, pastor of the 2nd U. P. church in this place and a graduate of Monmouth has been elected Professor of Mathematics in Tarkio College, Missouri.

—J. S. Hill, '87, will not be in school next term. He expects to fill the position of Assistant Principal in the Slate Lick Classical Institute. He has our best wishes for his success.

—A. J. Mitchell a member of the present Junior class during the 3rd Preparatory year, has been elected commencement orator of the Allegheny Literary Society, of Allegheny College.

—Jas. Whitla, '83, and J. A. McLaughry were in town last week spending their vacation. They have been very successful in conducting their academy, and expect an unusually large attendance in their spring term which began last Monday.

—The Rev. R. N. Hammond, '74, has been preaching in Clinton, Mass., since Jan. 1st. The *Clinton Times* publishes the following article: "The Rev. R. N. Hammond preached an able and a very interesting sermon last Sabbath morning at the United Presbyterian church, on "Woman's Sphere and Duties in the Church," from Psalm 86: 11-14. It was careful and critical in expository statement, sound in argument and clear in application to present duties and the present time. The mention of eminent women of Bible times and those of a later day, and of what they wrought for God and humanity, enforced practically the truth that all, even the humblest of the flock, may do something for the upbuilding of sound doctrine and practical religion in the world."

THE HOLCAD.

VOL. I.

NEW WILMINGTON, PA., APRIL 15, 1885.

No. 16.

DO WE WELL TO MOURN?

Yes, grieve! it can be no offence to Him
Who made us sensitive our loss to know;
The hand that takes the eap filled to the brim
May well with trembling make it overflow.

Who sends us sorrow means it should be felt;
Who gave us tears would surely have them shed;
And metal that the "furnace" doth not melt,
May yet be hardened all the more instead.

Where love abounded will the grief abound;
To cheek our grief is but to hide our love;
With withered leaves the more bestrewn the ground;
The fuller that the rose hath bloomed above!

Yes, grieve! 'tis Nature's—that is, God's—behest,
If what is Nature called is Will Divine!
Who fain would grieve not cannot know how blest
It is to sorrow, and yet not repine.

The Spectator.

HABIT.

Habit at first is but a silken thread,
Fine as the light-winged gossamers that sway
In the warm sunbeams of a summer's day;
A shallow streamlet rippling o'er its bed;
A tiny sapling, ere its roots are spread;
A yet unhardened thorn upon the spray;
A lion's whelp that hath not seented prey;
A little smiling child obedient led.
Beware! that thread may bind thee as a chain;
That streamlet gather to a fatal sea;
That sapling spread into a gnarled tree;
That thorn grown hard, may wound and give thee pain;
That playful whelp his murderous fangs reveal;
That child, a giant, crush thee 'neath his heel.

—Selected

TO DIXIE LAND AND BACK.

No. 5.

BY W. P. STEVENSON, '82.

Seeing an excursion down the river by steamer advertised one evening as we went home tired out with tramping around the Exposition buildings, my friend and I determined to avail ourselves of the op-

portunity afforded for visiting some of the famous sugar plantations which line the river bank. So, early the next morning, we started out, each armed with an umbrella, having learned by sad and humid experience that when in New Orleans one umbrella in the hand is worth at least six in the rack at your boarding place. Beautiful was the sight that morning as we walked down the levee to our steamer "Neptune." As far as we could see the wharf was covered with cotton bales and barrels of sugar, its sides were bristling with a forest of masts and the noble river, "the father of waters," full almost to the top of the levee, was rolling grandly on towards the gulf. Our boat, the "Neptune," and another called the "Eclipse," started out about the same time, and it afforded us not a little amusement to see the anxiety betrayed by our crew as to whether or not we should be left behind. After running a few miles, neck and neck, as it were, our vessel vindicated her right to be a namesake of the old Sea god by leaving her rival in the lurch. I rather think we all felt better that our own boat was the victor. We enjoyed our twenty miles ride down the river very much though the scenery was far from being picturesque. We passed some very handsome plantations and, if the statements of the captain were reliable, very valuable ones too. The Captain was a character. He had been on a Confederate gun boat during the war, he said, and he held very decided, if not very complimentary, views of the Northern or Radical rule which, as he said, had made them all poor. He said the Yankees were a groveling, money grasping set, with no chivalrous instincts and destitute of the high-toned feelings which were the peculiar heritage of the sons of the "Sunny South." I did not argue the matter with him. After sizing him up I concluded that I was making a low estimate when I put his weight down at 225 lbs. It made me homesick to hear this man talk. My respect for his avoirdupois was all that saved his life—or mine—'twas the dreadful uncertainty that worried me. It was not long, however, until our destination, Poydras plantation, could be seen.

The steamer was run up so close in shore that her prow almost touched the bank. Then by means of a small engine on the deck the gang plank was run

out and by it we went ashore. The excursion party on our boat was composed largely of ladies and most of them were school teachers from Chicago. My earliest recollections cluster around the muscular form of a lady teacher. She made many and deep impressions upon me which, owing to their *striking* nature, have never ceased to haunt my memory. Consequently I have always been accustomed to look upon the lady teacher with awe and veneration. So when it began to rain with its usual fluency as our party left the river bank and started towards the plantation, it was not without fear and trembling that I offered my umbrella to one of these ladies who, like some other foolish virgins, had started on a trip without making all the necessary preparations. I was determined, however, not to throw my life away foolishly, so I selected one of the mildest looking ones I saw and offered her what shelter I could without doing too great injustice to myself. She accepted cheerfully and a very charming lady she proved to be. The "big house" of the plantation was about a mile from the river and the road to it lay between a high osage orange hedge on one side and a row of orange trees protected by a high paling fence on the other. The beautiful golden fruit hung in tempting clusters just above the top of the fence. The lady looked at the oranges frequently as we walked along. I could see the tenth commandment benedict lower and lower beneath the weight of her growing desire until at last it broke clear across and she looked at me and said, "My son accumulate an orange for my delectation." With me to hear of course was to obey, and I immediately proceeded to accumulate. Two oranges were secured as the result of my efforts and while I set them both down to her account I kept one as the reward of my toil. I then noticed that the white-wash which had previously adorned about four palings in that neighborhood had transferred its affection to my garments but I counted that a small cost for the honor of plucking an orange from its parent stem. But the orange itself was a heart-breaking disappointment. Sour? Well I should say it would make a man's teeth water at a hundred yards. Shades of glucose? Why I almost dislocated my jaw in the attempt to give appropriate facial expression to my feelings. One orange like that, I should think, would be sufficient to coagulate the milk of human kindness in the breasts of every passer-by and permanently sour the dispositions of an entire community. As soon as I could keep one eye open long enough at a time so as not to be suspected of winking at her, I looked

at the countenance of my companion and seeing there an expression which from past experience I had learned usually preceded an unpleasant scene I folded my umbrella and hurriedly stole away.

As soon as I got to the sugar house I took a big handful of sugar from the heap and then sat down beside a big hogshead of molasses to tone up my system. It then became apparent to me how it was that oranges ornamented the roadside and adorned many of the streets and avenues of the city undisturbed by the small boy. The small boy knows better. He does not want the lock-jaw nor the enamel caten off his teeth, nor the St. Vitus' dance, so he avoids those ornamental oranges. Well, the sugar refinery was quite a sight; we went all through it. The boss courteously showed us the whole process of sugar making, from the time when the cane, fresh from the field, is thrown on an endless revolving carrier and passed through between two immense iron rollers which squeeze out every drop of juice, until after passing through furnaces, vats, pans, cooling rooms, revolving drums, etc., it at last pours in a sugary stream down a spout, ready for the barrels and hogsheads which are to carry it away. After looking about the refinery until satisfied, we took a walk through the grounds which surround the planter's house. The place had a neglected appearance. The flower beds and walks did not show much taste in their construction nor industry in keeping them in good repair. Back of the planter's home was a small orange orchard through which we walked and from one of whose trees we picked oranges which were really delicious. Just beyond this orchard were the huts of the negroes, whose business, as well as whose pleasure, it was to raise cane. No joke is intended.

These hovels were very small and cheerless looking, indeed, but the darkies apparently thought very little and cared less about that. There were multitudes of ragged little picaninnies running around in their bare feet and rubbing mud into each other's wool. The mothers of these hopefuls did not seem to be oppressed with household cares and in one instance a group of them were sitting on a rickety old bench singing "Massa's gwine away," with great unction. As there did not appear to be anything more to detain us we concluded that we, like the "Massa," would be "agwine away" too. So we walked slowly back to the river bank and embarked on our steamer again. Our ride up the river was through the midst of a heavy rainstorm, and so we were compelled to stay within the cabin of the steamer. The monotony,

however, was relieved by a conversation with a very intelligent planter who related to us the discouragements and difficulties against which a planter on the lower Mississippi had to contend. He said that for weeks every year the levee had to be watched and guarded night and day and that even then, in spite of all that they could do, the river would often break through and wash away in a moment the labor of years. He said the danger from this source was being increased by the growing numbers of planters who were abandoning the production of sugar-cane and beginning the cultivation of rice. These parties made sluices in the levee through which they flooded their lands, and at these points dangerous breaks often occurred. He concluded our little talk as we reached the wharf at New Orleans by remarking, that in his opinion the prospects for the sugar planters on the lower Mississippi were not very rosy and that as far as he himself was concerned he was going to quit the business as soon as possible. As we looked out on the rain we thought that the prospect of the half-mile walk that was before us was not remarkably cheerful either, but at last it was accomplished and we found ourselves within the palatial apartments of our boarding house.

In another occasion we took a little trip outside the city limits to visit the old Spanish Fort, this place combines the varied and irresistible attractions of an old fort with its dismantled walls, dismantled cannon and crumbling ramparts, a flourishing beer garden, and a zoological garden whose inmates were six twelve foot alligators caught right there in the lake, one meek heart broken looking wild-cat, some wild ducks, some parrots and a porcupine. From a tower situated at one end of the grounds we obtained a very extensive view of the surrounding country. On one side of us was Lake Pontchartrain stretching away as far as the eye could carry, while in the other direction nothing was to be seen but an apparently equally extensive swamp, covered with reeds, low bushes, and scrubby trees from whose branches hung long festoons of grayish moss. There were a number of bath houses along the shore of the lake and we had resolved to patronize one of them just for the name of going in swimming in December but a heavy rain coming up as usual a little ahead of schedule time saved us all trouble and expense in that direction. We returned again to the city and concluded that as a place to sit and catch chills and fever or to walk around and get a portion of your anatomy caught and swallowed by a hungry alligator we could recommend the Old Spanish Fort with all our hearts. One other little trip I must mention

briefly. Taking the cars one afternoon we went out to go through some of the many cemeteries which are around the city on the side towards the Lake. There are fourteen cemeteries in all and we were told that they contained as many dead as there were living inhabitants in the city. The curious feature in these cemeteries is that all the graves are above ground. This is rendered necessary by the swampy nature of the soil about the city. The rich have separate, costly and beautiful vaults of marble and granite, while the poorer people have to be content with brick vaults which are built in long, continuous rows, looking like a line of coke ovens only that the vaults are three, and sometimes four and five stories high, and into these openings a man is thrust like a letter into a pigeon hole. Cremation, I should think, ought to be popular there if anywhere. In fact, it will become a necessity in time. As we walked through these cemeteries I noticed the expression on my friend's face growing more and more melancholy. I asked the cause of this ever-deepening gloom, and in reply he said, "I haven't seen an epitaph yet of a man over fifty years old and now just look here," and he pointed to the row we were passing, "see those dates." I saw them. They all ranged between three months and ten years. I looked at him again. "Well," he said, "we are either in the infant department or else there can't be much said for the longevity of the people about here. In either case, we had better go back to the city. Perhaps we can get back once without going through the rain." So we went back, and after a supper which had even a more depressing effect than the "Tombs of the Innocents," we retired to the privacy of our room and relieved our surcharged emotions by drawing up and signing the following resolutions:—

Resolved, A Pennsylvania farm, salted with stones and peppered with stumps, would be more palatable to us than Poydras Plantation, sweetened with sugar, spread with molasses and washed down with Mississippi water.

Resolved, Rather than be so deluded and befuddled as to call the Spanish Fort a "Pleasure Resort," as the New Orleans people insist on doing, we would hire ourselves out to a Northern man to break rails and maul stones for the rest of life.

Resolved, Instead of being buried in a musty old bake-oven in a New Orleans cemetery, we would prefer to be eaten by an alligator and then have the alligator fired out of a gun.

Resolved, We will start home to-morrow.

And we did.

ELOQUENCE.

A debating club is generally a great place for grandiloquent speeches, but the following specimen is rarely surpassed even by the most celebrated local orators. A writer in *Harper's Magazine* tells the story as follows:

Away back in the times of General Jackson's reign of popularity, when in the greater part of Missouri 'nobody was nothing' that did not go for Old Hickory, those times brought to the surface of public life some odd specimens of politicians. Many of them did not know much except to hurrah for General Jackson, abuse the tariff and the Bank, and vote the Democratic ticket. To be on that side was enough to elect any man to office, regardless of his claims or qualifications. But still, a desirable and convenient mode of preparing candidates for the Democratic track was the organization of debating clubs in the villages and country settlements, where all the aspiring candidates for popular favor might meet and show off their powers of speech. On such occasions it was customary for any member of the club to invite any friend that he might see proper—who, of course, would be requested to take part in the debate. On one occasion, a rising Democrat, Colonel Sam, from the back country, happened to be in town when the embryo Congress was in session. He was pretty well "filled" with whisky. He had a friend in town, a Dr. Sam, who invited his namesake, the Colonel, to attend the debate. The invitation was at once accepted by Colonel Sam, who supposed, of course, that there could be no other subject for debate than war and bloodshed, which he was always ready to debate. The question before the club for debate and settlement that evening was, "Was Queen Elizabeth, of England, justifiable in beheading Mary Queen of Scots?"—a question which had long disturbed the learned world, and was then referred to that august body for final decision. A number of learned and eloquent speeches were delivered for and against the question at issue; when Dr. Sam arose and introduced his friend, Colonel Sam, to the club, and, on his motion, the Colonel was invited to take part in the debate, which invitation the Colonel readily accepted. The Colonel was received with decided symptoms of applause as he slowly arose, steadied himself by the back of a bench, and addressed himself to the President. It is impossible for me so to condense as to give even an outline of his speech, but I will give you the substance and a part of his words. He commenced: "Mr. President, when I

consider the momentous importance of the awful responsibility that now rests on me, and the fate of the millions of the rising generations to come that rests on the decision—yea, as it were of the drop of a hat—I say, Sir, it almost overcomes my senses to think of it. [Tremendous cheers on all sides.] Sir, what is the nature of this great question that now convulses our whole land, from Salt River to Indian Creek?" [Renewed cheers and laughter.] Encouraged by these demonstrations of applause, the Colonel continued: "Why, Mr. President, when I think of how this question stirred up our forefathers in the Revolution—of how they fit, bled, and died in defense of this great principle, it is enough to make their spirits rise from their graves to think that any man, or any set of men, would dare to dispute it in this free land of liberty! [More applause, and convulsions of laughter.] Mr. President, I am most done my speech, but when I observe such evidences of approbation all around me, and hear such loud cries of 'Go on! go on! my heart gits almost too full to speak. I can only say, Mr. President, in conclusion, with such evidences of approbation of my humble efforts in this great cause, I declare here in this stand, and before all this vast crowd, that I am willing to spill the last drop of blood that runs in my veins in defense of our rights, which is now threatened by this monster usurpation, monopoly!' [Continued roars of laughter.] Dr. Sam joined feebly in the laugh, but he was evidently disappointed and chagrined at the exhibition made by his friend the Colonel, whom he had supposed to be a man of some pretensions to intelligence, and probably hoped at some future time to make useful as a political ally.

The Colonel seemed just then to recollect that something had been said about a debate and question; and turning to his friend the Doctor, inquired: "Sam, which side was I on?" The Doctor replied, somewhat snappishly: "On the side of Queen Elizabeth." The Colonel did not seem to comprehend what the answer meant, and coolly remarked, "Queen Elizabeth! Don't know anything about her; never heard of her before. Some Eastern woman, I suppose!" and took his seat amidst the loudest cheers, stamping and roars of laughter. The President tried to restore order and conclude the debate, but it was utterly impossible, and the club adjourned itself without further debate. This was about twenty-five years since, and whether the question has ever been settled our informant saith not. The Colonel still lives and hails from Indian Creek, still occasionally debates disputed points, and is said to be a truly loyal Union man.

A PROPOSED IMPROVEMENT.

The habit of finding fault with one's college is a very bad one, indeed, for a student to fall into; yet it is one which is indulged in to a greater or less extent by the student of nearly every institution of learning. It is not that there are no faults in such institutions, or nothing in them which needs correcting, but what condenses the habit most is the fact that it encourages disloyalty to one's *alma mater*.

College papers are frequently the mediums through which these complaints reach the public ear, and on this account they are unpopular with the faculties of many colleges, resulting in some cases in the strict scrutiny by them of all matter previous to publication, thus killing all freedom of speech and casting a pall over the efforts of every one connected with the paper. But while it is impolitic as well as unjust for students to make use of their paper for purposes of too free criticism, yet the college journal is in many respects their organ, it should voice their sentiments, look out carefully for their interests, and where it sees anything to their advantage it should at once bring it to their notice.

The object of this article is not so much one of criticism as simply to present a plan which will be undoubtedly a great advantage to the students at least in a pecuniary sense.

It has long been a subject of much dissatisfaction among the students that they are compelled to buy their books at the college book rooms. At first thought this may seem strange, as it is certainly a great accommodation to be able to procure them in the college building, and in some respects it is very convenient, but in many cases it is far from advantageous.

The students are, with very few exceptions charged fully as much as the books could be bought for at any other place, and in many instances considerably more. As the college has a sort of monopoly in this line, no other store in town keeps these books, and thus the students are compelled to purchase at the book rooms unless they themselves go to the trouble of sending to the publishers.

In addition to this one is never sure of getting the book he wishes unless he has first left an order for it with some member of the faculty. In case he fails to do this, he is compelled to do without a text book until his order is forwarded to the publishers, great care being taken by those who conduct the rooms that there shall be no old stock of books on hand at

the end of the year. Whether the proceeds of these transactions go to enrich the treasury of the college, or drop into somebody's private purse is a question which has very little reference to the subject. Certainly a college has a right to increase its funds by supplying the wants of her students, and surely they are justly entitled to a liberal compensation for doing so. Why has not any professor, too, as good a right as anybody else to increase his wealth by trade?

This is not the question; but it is one of whether the students can not procure their books in some other way with as little trouble to themselves and much less expense. The plan which has been proposed by some one is that which is now in operation in several of the larger colleges, namely, the coöperative system. By this plan, books are procured for very little more than the publisher's price, and the student thus saves from twenty-five to thirty per cent. One of the advantages of having this systematized, and in buying books in quantity is that in this way they can be purchased much cheaper. This plan would combine all the advantages of the present system with a great saving in the price paid for books, and would in this way be a great advantage to all concerned.

The students, at present, have an organization somewhat similar to this, by which they obtain their reading matter. The Reading Room has been conducted now for many years, and has been eminently successful. Why not enlarge its scope a little and make it the College Book and Reading Room, where, in addition to reading matter, members of the College may obtain books, etc., at cost price.

The subject is at least worthy of consideration and it is to be hoped that some action may soon be taken in reference to it.

WHO INVENTED CHESS?

The Hindoos say that chess was the invention of an astronomer who flourished several thousand years ago, and who was possessed of supernatural knowledge and acuteness. The Greeks claim that it was the invention of Palamedes to beguile the tedium of the siege of Troy. The Arab legend is that it was devised for the instruction of a young despot by his tutor, a learned Brahmin, to teach the youth how a king was dependent upon his subjects for his safety, Oriental chess is of two kinds, Chinese and Indian chess. The Chinese game is played generally in Eastern Asia, but in India and the adjacent islands, and with some slight modifications all over the civilized world Indian chess is played.

THE HOLCAD.

PUBLISHED SEMI-MONTHLY DURING THE COLLEGE YEAR BY THE
STUDENTS OF WESTMINSTER COLLEGE.

NEW WILMINGTON, PA., APRIL 15, 1885.

TERMS: \$1.50 PER YEAR. SINGLE COPY, 10 CENTS.

Entered at the postoffice at New Wilmington, Pa., as second class
mail matter.

EDITORS.

W. HAYES MOORE,	- - -	EDITOR-IN-CHIEF.
I. N. MOORE,	- - -	ASSISTANT.
ROB. L. HAY,	} - -	LITERARY DEPARTMENT.
H. G. GOLDEN,		
SADIE M. McELREE,		
R. J. LOVE,	} - -	LOCAL AND COLLEGE DEPARTMENT.
J. P. VANCE,		
J. L. SNYDER,		
RALPH P. ALLEN,	- - -	BUSINESS MANAGER.

Information solicited respecting the Alumni and those
who have been in any way connected with the College.

Address all communications to

THE HOLCAD, New Wilmington, Pa.

WE are compelled again to ask the indulgence of our patrons for the delay of this issue. All of the editors spent the whole or a part of vacation out of town and no one returned until after college had opened. The date of this issue coming so near the first of the term, it seemed almost impossible, in the midst of the work that always attends the commencement of a new session, to collect and arrange the material all by the 15th. The HOLCAD heretofore has appeared regularly and we trust this will be the only exception.

WHO has not looked back to his earlier school days and wondered why so many who were his companions then have, as it were, fallen by the wayside? This line of thought and perhaps the answer to this inquiry were suggested by meeting not long ago a former school-mate who had shown good natural ability but who has since entirely given up all efforts to obtain a higher education. He then had high aspirations and was zealous in his efforts to reach a position in which he might exert an influence for good.

His chosen profession was that of medicine, but he listened to that advice which has wrecked so many lives, that a college education is not necessary to success in the healing art. He gave up school and engaged at once in the study of medicine. We were surprised to learn, not long after, that he had given that up and was content "to be as his father had been." The true facts in the case are, he lacked that energy and perseverance essential to success in any undertaking. Just here is where so many fail. If proficiency in any line of effort could be had for the taking, they would gladly avail themselves of it, but they lack the determination to climb slowly up the hill of endeavor to the commanding height which seems almost inaccessible. They meet with difficulties by the way and, with perhaps a sigh of regret, they bid farewell to all their lofty aspirations. Such men will never deserve promotion in any sphere in life. For such men there are positions in the world but they are low, very low down in the regions of obscurity. Are you, young man, content to occupy one of these places.

THE weather is supposed to furnish an inexhaustible supply of material for correspondence and conversation and this year has not disappointed the most sanguine expectations. Weather prophets have in vain predicted the end of winter, but spring refuses to come at their bidding. The long continuance of cold weather reminds one of the weather prophet who, a few years ago said that warm weather would not come until the ice had thawed off our northern lakes, and the ice would not thaw off the lakes until warm weather had come. However, as the snowflakes fill the air, we can fairly test the pleasures of hope in the apparently vain longing that summer will sometime come.

AS we mentioned in our last issue arrangements have been made by which the College library will be kept open a part of each afternoon. The advantage of this will be apparent to all. There are many books on the shelves

which are intended only as works of reference. While the library was opened only once a week for the purpose of giving out books these works were practically useless. No one cared to take them out for a week when all he wanted to read in them could be read in an hour or, even if he should wish to do so, before he would have an opportunity it would be too late for the information to be of any use to him. Under the present rule he can go at any time and find in them what he wishes to know.

A FEW days ago we received a copy of the Eighth annual catalogue of the Martha's Vineyard Summer Institute. We are indebted for this to J. C. Rolfe, formerly Professor of Latin here and at present Instructor in Latin at Cornell University. Prof. Rolfe is now at the head of the above named Institute and gives his personal attention to the departments of Latin and Greek. This Institute is designed to afford the opportunity of combining study and pleasure. Martha's Vineyard is a very pleasant summer resort where teachers who have been closely confined during the year may find relaxation and at the same time perfect themselves in their line of work. To afford instruction to all, classes are organized under competent instructors in every branch of study.

To any who wish to take such a course as the Institute offers we take pleasure in recommending it, knowing that the management is in the hands of one who will spare no efforts in behalf of his patrons.

COLLEGE has re-opened with unusually bright prospects for this term. While a few of the old students are not present, several who have been with us for a few terms have returned to continue their course, so that the attendance will be fully equal to what it was last term. We are glad to welcome back also some who were students a few years ago but who have in the meantime been engaged in other business. Although important changes have been made in

the college and surroundings we hope they will feel sufficiently at home to remain until they have finished their college course. The Musical Department is unusually full this term. When the addition of this department was first suggested doubts arose as to the propriety of establishing it but the experiment has proved successful. Although this is only the second term it has been in practical operation, the time of the professor in charge is fully occupied, and we hope that advantage may accrue to the other departments of the college also through the opportunity afforded of reaching perfection in musical culture.

"THE HOLCAD has a list of words covering a page which have been mispronounced by juniors and seniors in public orations. The list covers the last seven years. It seems some ingenious fanatic has kept the record. It also has a page of words which have been corrected in the classroom. This list is incomplete."

We copy the above from the "Simpsonian," published at Indianola, Iowa. They seem to have a novel idea of fanaticism out there. We all know how easy it is to pronounce a word incorrectly. Many of the mistakes in pronunciation are made through carelessness and many are made in using our common words. This list has been accurately kept and carefully prepared. Gathered as it has been, during a period of seven years and from the public performances given, were a student or public speaker to study this list carefully so as to avoid the errors contained in it, he might approximate very closely to practical precision in pronunciation.

EXCHANGES.

- Yale has spent \$50,000 on her athletic grounds.
- It is said that President McCosh, of Princeton, attended ten colleges and graduated at six.—*Ex.*
- The influences which have been at work at Harvard against Greek classes has finally prevailed. Greek is now placed under the electives of the course.
- The *University Press*, of Wisconsin, thinks that the students should have a hand in the running of the college, and that they should be admitted to

faculty meetings. Students as a class do not care to take part in running the affairs of the college, and if they did, the right should not be granted. If students are deprived of their legitimate rights and can not effect the faculty with a "respectful petition" there is only one way left, and that is, "to grin and bear it."

—The *Illini* comes to us from Illinois. It is a neat well-gotten up journal, and contains short, spicy editorials. Its literary department is somewhat limited.

—The *Phi-Rhonian* states, "That William and Mary College, at Williamsburg, Va., had but one student at the beginning of the present collegiate year, and was obliged to close its doors. After a life of 191 years, the *alma mater* of Washington, Randolph, Tyler, Breckenridge and Scott—next to Harvard the oldest in the United States—dies for the want of support. This fact shows either that prestige counts for little, or that the Southern 'chivalry' do not defend their most precious interests."

—Of some of the things learned in a college course that are not down in the catalogue, the *Campus* gives the following: "That many a student comes with habits of economy largely developed but leaves with an astonishing propensity for disbursing the paternal revenue. Some come full of ambition for mastering things, and put in from six to eight hours of hard study every day, but before two years have passed they learn the art of taking the world easy and get along with from three to five hours study. They come with practical ideas of life, fresh from the work of the world; they go back into it with theoretical notions of things which are totally destroyed within a year.

Some come directly from the farm and are as bashful and awkward as possible, but when they get to be Juniors look like New York dudes on a holiday. Some come from homes surrounded with elegance and refinement, but learn to respect the ability and esteem the friendship of the student who works his way."

A CREDIT TO WHICH RACE?

Rev. David Strang, of Lincoln, Tenn., tells the following story in *Midland*, of a former colored student of Westminster College: "Though never personally acquainted with Mr. Quarles, I felt a personal interest in him as one of the few colored students of Westminster College. He studied there when the Rev. R. A. Browne, D. D., of New Castle, was President of

the institution. Dr. Browne described him as a 'bright mulatto,' and on that point turned the story which he told me of the young man's ready repartee. In his turn he gave a speech in the 'morning hall.' It was a good one and well delivered, and the Doctor in remarking on it before all said, 'That was an excellent speech, Mr. Quarles, a credit to your race.' 'Which one?' he responded instantly."

SELECTED THOUGHTS.

A single book may make or mar a life.

Politeness is loving thy neighbor as thyself, and showing it in action.

Our reputation is what people say of us; our character is what we know ourselves to be.

Reading without thought is the sepulchre of the soul.

A character well formed is an object far grander to behold than any pyramid of Egypt.

You cannot dream yourself into a character; you must hammer and forge yourself one.

And, my boy, when life is over, it is not over.

Be good, and let who will be clever.

Thus make the present and the vast forever, One great, sweet song.

"Our brains are seventy-year clocks. The Angel of Life winds them up once for all, then closes the case and gives the key into the hands of the Angel of Resurrection. Tie-tac! tie-tac goes the wheels of thought; our will cannot stop them; madness only makes them go faster; death alone can break into the case, and, seizing the ever-swinging pendulum, which we call the heart, silence at last the clicking of the terrible escapement we have carried so long beneath our wrinkled foreheads."—Holmes.

—The Freshmen and Sophomore classes were engaged the other evening in one of their periodical "rushes," as they call them, and had attracted a great crowd both of participants and spectators. Just then there came by one of the college tutors, a very tall and extremely nervous and excitable man, who of course deemed it his duty to put a stop to the affair. Accordingly, elbowing his way into the middle of the crowd, where his great height made him conspicuous above all the rest, he broke up the "rush" with these words: "Disperse to your several homes, or you will all be treated as *such*!"

THE COLLEGE WORLD.

There are at present five Japanese students at U. of M.

Columbia men "cut" when the Prof. is five minutes late.

The University of West Virginia declines to admit a colored student.

Harvard is considering a proposition to shorten the course to three years.

The young ladies of the Ontario Ladies college have organized two base ball clubs.

The average required for a diploma at Harvard has been raised from 40 to 50 per cent.

Cornell University has arranged for a course on the literary and practical side of journalism.

The University of Washington Territory begins its career with one hundred and thirteen students.

At Yale not a single Freshman conditioned in German passed off his examination at the last examination.

There are seventy post graduates at Princeton and of these forty are in President McCosh's class in Philosophy.

"The best school of journalism in the world," said Chas. F. Thwing, "is the editorial board of a college paper."

When Mr. Evarts was in college, it is stated, that he led the entire college in debate, and was always on the winning side.

The growth of education in this country is marvelous. Tutors at Harvard get \$800 to \$1200 a year, and the trainer in athletics gets \$2,000.

Twenty-one Freshmen were lately suspended in a Welsh college, because a professor could not find out who placed a tin tack in his tricycle seat, business end up.

One of the old time regulations at Yale directs that "A student shall raise his hat at a distance of ten rods from the president, at eight rods from a professor, and at five rods from a tutor."

Dr. McCosh wants a fund of \$50,000 to increase the salaries of certain professors in Princeton College. He will probably get it. No college president was ever more successful in raising funds, yet his boast has always been that he never asked for a dollar.

STORY OF E. B. WASHBURN.

Probably one of the best Ministers we ever had abroad was Washburne, at Paris. He made more of a mark for himself in modern times than any other Minister we have sent to Europe. Yet Washburne was the hero of an incident of social misfortune which would have driven any of the delicate creatures now swarming after a foreign place to commit suicide if they had been similarly unfortunate. Washburne was one evening at a court dinner given by Napoleon III. It was the custom at these dinners when the Empress arose to retire with the ladies, for the gentlemen to rise from their seats and step back from the table, so that she could pass down the line between them. By this all could avoid turning their backs upon the Empress. Washburne had very tender feet. During the dinner his feet gave him a good deal of annoyance. To ease himself he had quietly slipped off his patent leather pumps under the table. He was absorbed in conversation toward the close of the dinner, and was caught unawares when the Empress made the signal for departure. He was suddenly obliged to step back without having time to put on his pumps. He stood in his stocking feet, grave, dignified and self-possessed. In the row of grinning diplomats who stood at his right and left, he betrayed none of the embarrassment he must have felt, and was never heard to allude to the incident by any one.—*New York World*.

—Good old Deacon S—— lived and farmed it away down in Eastern Connecticut. It was his custom to go with several of his neighbors, nearly every year, down to the "Shore" for a *clam-bake*. The old Deacon was very fond of these bivalves, and on one occasion he ate and overloaded his "capacity" to such an extent that he was sore distressed; his faith in prayer, however, was strong. Leaving his party, and being followed by some of the younger members a little way off, he was heard to supplicate thus: "Forgive me, O Lord, for this great sin of gluttony, and I will never eat any more clams!" Then pausing an instant, he added: "*Very few if any* —Amen!"

—Last season a botanical phenomenon was witnessed on the shore of Todos Santos bay, Lower California, when an apple tree blossomed and bore large, perfect fruit on its trunk an inch from the ground.

COLLEGE AND LOCAL.

—Judging from present appearances, we predict good sleighing for commencement.

—The hour for chapel services Sabbath evening, has been changed from 6:30 to 7 o'clock.

—The Moody and Sankey convention held in New Castle, April 7 and 8, was well attended by the citizens of this town.

—The following is a quotation from an examination paper in New Testament History, belonging to a member of the Senior class: "Paul went to roam."

—The Seniors will get their commencement invitations printed at Wright's in Philadelphia. They have selected a handsome design, and expect to have on it cuts of the college and dormitory buildings.

—The Y. M. C. A. held their first meeting of the term in the college chapel last Sabbath afternoon. Much interest was manifested. Prof. Mitchell was present and delivered a short address, which was highly appreciated by all. The outlook for the work of the present term is cheering.

—At a business meeting of Philo Society last Friday evening, the following officers were elected: Pres., Aiken; V. P., Swan; Rec. Sec., Gordon; Assistant Sec., Hutchinson; Cor. Sec., Byers; First Critic, Dunn; Second Critic, McNaugher; Marshall, Love.

—The following was found recently on the black-board in the President's recitation room. It is believed to be the production of one of the senior members of the Faculty:

"The junc-bug has a pretty wing,
The lightning-bug has fame;
The bed-bug has no wing at all,
But he gets there all the same."

—The temperance lecture under the auspices of the W. C. T. U. will be delivered in the college chapel, Saturday evening the 18 inst., by the Hon. J. B. Finch, of Nebraska. The ladies of the Union have generally decided that the lecture shall be free. Mr. Finch's reputation as a temperance lecturer is well known here and it is hoped that he will have a large audience.

—The Tenth Annual Session of the Westminster Institute will open Monday, June 29, and close August 7, 1885. The instructors for this year are J. R. Millin, '84, and W. H. Moore, '86. The design of this Institute is twofold; to prepare teachers for

their work by a thorough drill in the common branches, and to fit students for college. The Institute has been conducted very successfully in the past, reflecting great credit upon both students and instructors, and we feel confident in predicting a session of unusual interest this coming summer. We take pleasure in recommending this school to any who contemplate teaching, or entering college next fall, as we are sure that the instruction will be thorough and satisfactory.

JOHN B. GOUGH.



—John B. Gough the most famous lecturer now living will give his most popular lecture "Peculiar People" at the First U. P. church, Monday evening, April 27th. Mr. Gough is an old man now. This is his forty-third lecture season, and it is quite probable that he will not lecture very much longer. The people of this vicinity should make an effort to hear him on this occasion for they will never perhaps have another opportunity.

—The following is a list of the books purchased for the new Boarding Hall:

Poems—Scott's, Lowell's, Taylor's, Bryant's, Cary's, Emerson's, Whittier's, Tennyson's, Longfellow's, Holmes', Lucy Larcom's, Frances Haver-gal's and Sidney Lanier's.

Fireside Travels, by Lowell; Loiterings in Pleasant Paths, by Harland; A Naturalist's Rambles about

Home, by Abbot; My Winter on the Nile, by Warner; Twice Told Tales, by Hawthorne; Memorials of Frances Havergal; English Traits, by Emerson; Saxon Studies, by Julian Hawthorne; Sacred and Legendary Art, by Jameson, 2 vol.; Our Daughters, by Mrs. Reaney; Memories of French Queens; U. S. History, by Bancroft, 6 vol.; Country Cousins, by Ingersoll; Pleasant Authors for Young Folks, by Amanda Harris; Woman's Work in the World, by Newton; Winter Sunshine, by Burroughs; Agassiz's Methods of Study in Natural History; Kavanaugh, by Longfellow; Natural Law in the Spiritual World, by Drummond; Life of Lady Jane Grey; Vacation Cruising, by Rothrock; Familiar Letters of John Adams and his Wife, and Women of the Day, by Frances Hays.

PERSONALS.

—J. C. Adair takes instrumental music this term.

—Miss Stella McMillan, '86, will not be in college this term.

—Mrs. Annie Snodgrass, '79, is visiting her father Mr. H. M. Prather.

—Miss Zina Snyder, '84, will "keep-house" at the Snyder fort this term.

—H. W. McKean, '82, was the guest of his parents in this town last week.

—C. L. Stevenson, '88, and J. P. Warden, '87, are in school again this term.

—Dr. J. B. McMichael, '59, will dedicate the new church at Lincoln, Nebraska.

—Miss Patterson was absent the first two days of school on account of sickness.

—T. B. Work, '82, has been licensed to preach by the presbytery of Monongahela.

—S. B. Patton and McClymonds, of the Freshman class, will not be back this term.

—Prof. G. E. Carnahan, '81, is at present Principal of the slate lick Classical Institute.

—Kistler, '86, tarried a few days to attend the Moody & Sankey meetings in Pittsburgh.

—Harry McKean, '82, expects to go west and locate and practice law in Southern Kansas.

—W. G. Hope, '84, is attending the spring term at Western Reserve Medical College, Cleveland.

—Prof. Taggart, moved into his newly-purchased residence on the West Diamond, last Thursday.

—C. H. Robinson, '83, was granted temporary license and has gone to Ireton, Sioux Co., Iowa.

—Miss Taylor, '83, has finished her school at Natrona and returned to her home in Wilkinsburg.

—H. K. Lemmon has returned to college, and fills again his accustomed place in Westminster life.

—Miss Sadie M. McElree, '86, will not be in college this session but will pursue her class studies at home.

—Messrs. Gordon and Dunn, '87, Byers and Hay, '86, have closed their schools and rejoined their classes.

—Dr. Alex Allen, '68, returned from Pittsburgh last week. He is again in the enjoyment of good health.

—The Rev. E. N. McElree, '58, will be installed as pastor of the U. P. church at Beaver Falls, Tuesday, April 14.

—W. H. Moore, our editor-in-chief, has been confined to his room several days on account of sickness.

—The Rev. W. B. Barr, '75, of Grove City, has received a call to the U. P. congregation at New Brighton, Pa.

—T. F. Cummings spent his spring vacation at his home in town. Thos. has registered as a law student in Pittsburgh.

—Prof. Taggart, occupied the pulpit of the First U. P. Church, last Sabbath, in the absence of the regular pastor.

—The Second U. P. congregation, of New Castle, have extended a unanimous call to the Rev. J. Q. A. McDowell, '78.

—G. E. Carnahan and D. R. McDonald, both of '81, were licensed by the presbytery of Allegheny on Tuesday, April 7.

—Miss Lizzie McDowell, of Millbrook, has entered college, she expects to take music and an irregular course of college studies.

—Jas Sword, '84, has finished the winter term of school which he was teaching, and now concentrates his energies on Blackstone.

—W. O. Huston, '80, will graduate this spring from the medical department of the University of Pennsylvania at Philadelphia.

—Harry Zimmerman a former student of the class of, '84, will be in college this term and expects to spend most of his time on Latin.

—J. H. Vance has returned from lectures at Jefferson College, Philadelphia, and will study this summer with Dr. Linville, of New Castle.

—John Houston, who finished the sophomore year here with the class of '84, is a partner with leading dry-goods house of Greenwich, N. Y.

—The Rev. S. W. Gilkey has accepted the Professorship of Ancient Languages in Tarkio College. Hereafter his address will be Tarkio, Mo.

—The Rev. Dr. Ledyard, pastor of the Presbyterian congregation, of Steubenville, O., had been chosen by the faculty 3rd judge for the society contest.

—Willis Dunn's scholars presented him on the last day of his school with a gold pen-holder and pen and an inkstand. Prof. Hay's scholars wishing to encourage his heroic endeavor, presented him with a fine moustache cup.

—J. D. Rankin, '82, has gone to Denver, Col., to preach two months before taking charge of his congregation at West Middletown, Washington, Co., Pa.

—Frank Scott, '84, has finished the term of school which he has been teaching, at Conyngham Luzerne, Co., and will conduct a select school in the same place.

—Warren S. Welsh, a member of our Senior class during the Freshman year, represented one of the Washington and Jefferson literary societies at their late contest.

—The Rev. J. C. Hunter, '76, has resigned the pastoral charge of Mifflin and Jefferson congregation. Correspondents will hereafter address him at Colorado City, Colorado.

—John McKee, a former member of the Senior class, was married two weeks since to a Miss Campbell, of Plain Grove township. John's many friends unite in wishing him much happiness.

—S. G. Huey, '83, intended to remain in town during vacation, but was called home a few days before school opened to attend to some business, and will not be back till the latter part of the month.

The following article is clipped from the *Western Shovel*, published in Warren, Marshall Co., Minn.: A call having been made by the Presbyterian of Red River, for the services of Rev. A. H. Carver, that body at its recent session appointed a committee consisting of Revs. H. M. Dyckman of Casselton, Wm. Travis of Fisher's Landing, and J. P. Schell of

Euclid to take charge of the installation exercises which took place on Tuesday evening.

The exercises were opened by an anthem by the choir, after which Rev. Wm. Travis offered prayer following which Rev. T. F. Allen of the M. E. church of this place read a portion of Scripture.

Rev. Dyckman preached the installation sermon, Rev. Travis delivered the charge to the congregation, and Rev. Schell, charge to the minister. The entire program of exercises was exceedingly interesting and impressive, and was listened to by a large and intelligent audience.

After the close of the exercises the congregation remained for a time congratulating the newly installed minister,—Rev. Carver, and greeting the former pastor—Rev. Dyckman. Thus a new impetus for good was given the society which is hoped will be of great benefit to this community.

Vassar College is determined to keep in the front rank in providing educational facilities for the young women who grace its halls. Its masculine competitors, with any pretensions to completeness, have gymnasiums, and Vassar's alumnae have already raised \$7,500 of a necessary \$20,000 to secure one for themselves. Then will they realize the truth of the ancient saw "a sound mind in a sound body." The new departure of Vassar may have a wondrous effect in certain directions. A girl with a well-developed biceps will look somewhat incongruous in a sleeveless dress, and close acquaintance with Indian clubs, dumb bells, and parallel bars will make her hands about as soft as a well-baked brick. And should she become fond of the "manly art of self defense," it is more than possible that the near future will see a troop of sun-browned Vassar maidens watching with interest the pugilistic exhibitions that take place in Madison Square Garden, New York. Then there is another phase of the question. It may be that gymnastics are to be cultivated as a part of the domestic economy training. This latter is the most distressing thought of all.

—A miniature gold mine was recently discovered on the teeth of a bullock killed near San Francisco. The jaws, with the teeth attached, were boiled, and when exposed to view the entire row of teeth was found to be thickly covered with pure gold, and considerable gold was also found in the pot in which the head was boiled. The coating was submitted to a chemical test and was found pure. It is supposed that the animal must have drank from some stream abounding with the precious metal, which became attached, grain by grain, to the animal's teeth.

THE HOLCAD.

VOL. I.

NEW WILMINGTON, PA., MAY 1, 1885.

No. 17.

VIA SOLITARIA.

AN UNPUBLISHED POEM BY HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.

Alone I walk the peopled city,
Where each seems happy with his own;
Oh, friends, I ask not for your pity—
I walk alone.

No more for me you lake rejoices,
Though moved by loving airs of June,
Oh! birds, your sweet and piping voices
Are out of tune.

In vain for me the elm tree arches
Its plumes in many a feathered spray;
In vain the evenin' s starry marches
And sunlit day.

In vain your beauty, summer flowers;
Ye cannot greet these cordial eyes;
They gaze on other fields than ours—
On other skies.

The gold is rifled from the coffer,
The blade is stolen from the sheath;
Life has but one more boon to offer,
And that is—death.

Yet well I know the voice of duty,
And therefore life and health must crave,
Though she who gave the world its beauty
Is in her grave.

I live, O lost one! for the living,
Who drew their earliest life from thee,
And wait, until with glad thanksgiving
I shall be free,

For life to me is as a station
Wherein apart a traveller stands—
One absent long from home and nation,
In other lands.

And I, as he who stands and listens,
Amid the twilight's ehill and gloom,
To hear, approaching in the distance,
The train for home.

For death shall bring another mating,
Beyond the shadows of the tomb,
On yonder shore a bride is waiting
Until I come.

In yonder fields are children playing,
And there—oh! vision of delight!—

I see the child and mother straying
In robes of white.

Thou then, the longing heart that breaketh,
Stealing the treasures one by one,
I'll eall the blessed when thou makest
The parted—one.

—*St. John's Collegian.*

THE PROBLEM AND ITS RESULTS.

Man's obligation to the state and the state as the servant of man have long been incompatible problems in the economy of government.

Corporate responsibility is the outgrowth of a law that pervades society and defines the social relations of every individual. Man, through a natural instinct, seeks the companionship of his fellow being, and his nature without that companionship is divested of one of the fundamental functions of its endowment. The state is not a vast, unwieldy mechanism which springs into action by chance, exists for a time, and which then must fall to destruction; but it is the kindred tie that binds humanity into great moral and political organizations. The nation is a moral organism, containing all the relations of life, and it is maintained through the institutions and by the enactments which grow out of these relations. A government is but a system of laws, and each law to be binding must be based upon a moral principle. A nation's social standing depends upon its laws being judiciously enacted and dispensed. The citizen, as a factor in this great social organization, is a moral agent bound to fulfil his obligations to a higher power; and the nation as a moral individual must be obligated to that supreme power to which it owes its origin. The citizen is accountable for every law that is enacted by the state, and the statute that is not based upon the moral law bears its fruit in the corruption of the citizen. Man's responsibility to the state is reckoned from the standpoint of national perfection. In a republic like ours where we stand upon the last acquired round of political ascendancy, overlooking the vast panorama of civilization, we are held accountable for the application of every lesson that can be gleaned from the laden treasuries of history.

The constitution of a government is but the outgrowth of its history, and every amendment marks an epoch in the nation's progress. The constitution of our government is not the result of any arbitrary decision of war, but of plan, foresight, and design. Before its framers lay the volumes of recorded history and the legislation of past ages. A strange combination of influences directed the deliberations of the Federal Congress. That body was to undertake the solution of the severest problem that had ever entered into a nation's destiny, for they were about to write down upon the page of history the ultimate idea of government. They had already vindicated their principles in the high court of war with the foremost nation of the world, and now those principles were to be crystalized into a national code of laws. That Congress was not only to consolidate the vast and varied interests of a continent, but to express the will and opinions of three millions of people and, amid the wreck and chaos of ruined colonial governments, rear the solid superstructure of a great republic. Here, within the walls of Independence Hall, met Puritan conservatism and Quaker tolerance; here, in common cause were enlisted the democratic opinions of the Whig and the royal conceptions of the Tory; and in the blending of these heretofore antagonistic ideas of government was effected the fusion of elements which have given to America her broad and towering supremacy.

The dogmatic creeds of New England and southern freedom of thought were merged in the formation of a system which abolished the Puritan idea of an established religion, and founded a government on the broadest principles of religious freedom and political security. The Quaker in turn inserted that element into the American social system which has placed her far in advance of the institutions of Europe, and forever demonstrated that arbitration is the proper mode for the settlement of all national difficulties.

The history of our progress, is as a nation the record of the results which have sprung from the solution of the problem of nations, that great problem of the relation of the citizen to the state which has been the theme of every philosopher and statesman from Aristotle to the diplomatists of the Revolution, and the solutions of which have formed the annals of every nation and triumphed in the systems of modern republicanism. Do the results of the American solution of this question deserve the reputation and honored place in history which they have acquired? Have the citizens of this republic kept secure this

great trust, and can our history show results that will prove the advanced standing of our institutions?

Our history reads like the story of Utopia. But yesterday, we were a handful of patriots struggling for supremacy; to-day, we are a mighty people standing upon the heights of political excellence triumphantly reviewing the crooked pathway of our national progress. Let England's queen revel in her hoarded wealth of foreign plunder while her kingdom totters in the presence of nobler systems; let the diplomatic Bismarck look down from his Berlin palace and observe his own skilled hand quietly manipulating the powers of southern Europe; let the imperial Czar tremble in the presence of a threatening volcano, charged by the enslaved denizens of the northern empire; let the hermit kings of the East slumber in the darkness of ignorance and superstition, only to awaken when the trumpet's call announces the approaching dawn of free thought; but let America peacefully solve the national problems of her age while Europe and the East tremble with the spasms of war just concluded, or the premonitory symptoms of war to come.

The first of America's problems is the problem of her educational and political institutions. It is the solution of this problem that has given our nation her supremacy abroad and her security at home. The character of any nation depends largely upon the character of her leaders who are the outgrowth of the institutions which they represent. To-day the world is just beginning to comprehend its wonderful legacy bequeathed by the leaders of public opinion in America. No longer do we search among the ruined sepulchres of antiquity to pay tribute to the rhetorician and orator; no longer do we stand bewildered amid the tombs of Westminster Abbey and admire those monuments left to posterity in that city of departed masters, whose slumbering remains testify to eight centuries of the world's development; but yonder lie Webster and Adams, whose eloquent lips once proclaimed the true spirit of our institutions, and whose memories shall be treasured forever as the rich possession of mankind. In the coming cycles of time, when freedom and liberty shall establish the constitution of all government, the teeming millions of mankind will deposit no trophies on the sepulchres of kings, but will pilgrim to the sacred shades of Mount Vernon or the martyr's shrine at Springfield, and there kindle anew their patriotism over the ashes of Washington and Lincoln. The modern traveler when he visits our national capitol has his attention drawn toward Arlington Heights. There, a quarter of a century ago, dwelt the great imperator

of the Rebellion; on that beautiful landscape toiled the belabored bondsman; the towering domes of that proud capital never excited patriotism in the heart of a slave; but to-day Arlington Heights, decked with the monuments of our martyred dead, stands a fit emblem of that heroic struggle whose crimson shower purged and established the honor of our institutions.

Our vast territory is washed by two oceans and the greatest chain of lakes on the globe. The Mississippi rising amid the bleak forests of the north, rolls steadily southward and enters the sea amid the orange groves that line the shores of the Gulf. When the great Napoleon signed the treaty that gave us Louisiana, he forever gave to England a maritime rival. Along the shores of the ocean and sea have occurred the great events of civilized history. Starting around the Mediterranean it now envelops the Atlantic, but as the course of empire is moving westward, the Pacific shall soon be the theatre of action and this achievement shall be our own.

The American idea of government has already taken hold of the nations and is moving on toward an ultimate conquest. The unsettled powers of Europe are striving for deliverance from the rut of tyranny. France, rising from the cruel shock of Napoleon's lost power is slowly solving the problem. England's day of regal authority is almost ended. The powers of Central Europe are fast yielding to the cry of the disfranchised masses. Asia, the Dark Continent, and the South Sea Islands, are catching the spirit of our institutions, and the dark cloud is now disappearing before the bright rays of the dawning era. The Anglo Saxon race, true to the spirit of its mission, is destined soon to surround the globe and inhabit every clime; when this race of destiny shall establish its great cosmopolitan idea, the world emerging from the philosophy of darkness shall bask in the genial sun of modern republicanism.

America to-day has solved the problem of government. In the crucible of war, in the slow and steady growth of public sentiment, in the calm and measured progress of legislation, have been decided the issues which have determined our political destiny; but there is still another problem which rests with America for solution—a problem the unfolding of which effects not only our own future but the future of a world—the problem of our religious institutions. Christianity, the central and controlling principle of our national life, has steadily moved westward hand in hand with the impulsive pioneers of civilization, until, to-day, the chimes of the church bells rising from the shores of the Atlantic are answered yonder

where the waters of the distant Pacific lave the golden sands from the slopes of the rugged Sierras. But this spirit is not confined within our own borders, the mission work of America is circling back over the trodden paths of civilization and lifting from oriental darkness those nations lost in heathenism, even in the ancient cradle of the race where were delivered the first messages of truth fresh from the lips of the Son of God. Like the sun in his majestic course it is here lost in the struggling deserts of humanity, there basking for a moment in the hope of victory, then clouded with superstition and despair, it is moving on to a final victory, when it will burst forth in all its true brilliancy to gild the last minutes of the world's existence.

Thus in a land of written constitutional liberty where slavery marched in solemn procession to the utmost verge of acquired territory, it was reserved for us to teach the world that under the American banner, the songs of freedom should no longer be faintly sung; that while Garibaldi, Victor Emmanuel, and every great and good man in the world was struggling, suffering and dying, sometimes on the scaffold, sometimes in the dungeon, and often on the battle field rendered immortal by their blood and their valor, 'Republican Liberty,' 'Freedom of Thought,' 'Christianity,' and 'Universal Education,' the prime American ideas were marching in triumphal procession through the arches of freedom, destined to emancipate the world from the dominion of that despotism which has so long fettered liberty and corrupted conscience. It remains for the American people consecrated by the bloody covenant of war to guard well these mighty principles, and when the scroll of recorded history shall have been unrolled and submitted to the scrutiny of Him who is the King of nations, may there be crowned in final triumph before the thronging millions of eternity, the results of the American problem.

THE DEIFIED GANGES.

BY W. M. BARR, '88.

The belief in the sacredness of certain rivers seems to have been quite common among idolatrous nations and incidents connected with their mythical origin and their worship are strangely interesting; especially so are those associated with that most noted of deified rivers,—the Ganges.

Hindoo mythology attributed the origin of this river, to the descent of the goddess Gunga from

heaven, who is represented as a white woman wearing a crown and sitting on a certain sea-animal.

The account and object of the descent of the goddess which is related with considerable minuteness in the sacred book of the Hindoos, is in substance as follows: A certain king committed the sacrificing of a horse to his sixty thousand sons. The reigning power in heaven being jealous of the king, descended to the earth and after having assumed a different shape, stole the horse and carried into patalu and placed it near a certain sage. The sixty thousand sons after a fruitless search through the earth, finally found the horse in patalu standing by the sage who was absorbed in devotions supposing him to have stolen the horse they immediately administered a severe beating upon him. The sage, recovering from his abstraction of mind, by some superhuman power reduced them all to ashes. The king heard no more of his sons for a long time until he was one day informed of their sad fate. Immediately he sent a messenger to the sage to solicit for his sons. The sage informed the messenger that he would restore them to the king only on the condition that the goddess Gunga would descend to the earth. The king offered a sacrifice, left his throne and lived as a hermit and died in the forest. At length after many years, at the intercession of a great-grandson of the dead king, the goddess descended to earth and it is further related that as soon as she fell, the sixty thousand sons of the king ascended to heaven in chariots. Such are the circumstances connected with the origin of the Ganges, as related in the sacred works and although so incredible to us, the dark Hindoo, bound in the fetters of ignorance and superstition, receives the account with undoubting faith in its truthfulness and counts it life's greatest good to die in or within sight of the waters of the sacred stream.

The extent and character of the worship of the Ganges can only be judged when we consider the immense population of the country, the naturally religious disposition of the people and the numberless blessings their religion declares to accrue to those who worship the river. Festivals are held at places on the river, considered to be particularly sacred. The times when these festivals are held are fixed by the sacred writings. These writings assert that if a person, guilty of the most heinous crimes touches the waters of the river and at the same time sincerely desires the forgiveness of his sins, they will be immediately forgiven and further, that he who thinks of the Ganges, though he be eight hundred

miles away at the time, shall be freed from sin and entitled to heaven.

Such is the belief in the efficacy of the waters that Hindoos travel hundreds of miles, enduring untold hardships, in order that they might bathe in the river and carry homeward some of the waters for sacrificial and medical purposes. Often they bear with them the bones of relatives, whose bodies were burnt far from the river, which they throw into the waters in the hope that it will bring salvation to the deceased.

A curious story is told in one of their works which illustrates their belief in the saving powers of the waters.

"A Bramhun, who had been guilty of the greatest crimes, was devoured by wild beasts; his bones only remained. A crow took up one of these bones, and was carrying it over the Ganges, when another bird darting upon it, the crow let the bone fall. As soon as the bone touched the Ganges, the Bramhun sprang to life, and was ascending to heaven, when the messenger of Yomnu, the judge of the dead, seized upon him, as a great sinner.

At this time Narayunu's messengers interfered and pleaded, that the sins of this man, since one of his bones had touched the Ganges, were all done away. The appeal was made to Vishnoo, who decided in the Bramhun's favor. The Bramhun immediately went to heaven."

The greatest solicitude of the dying Hindoo is to end the last moment of his earthly life near the Ganges. It has frequently happened that the dying have been dragged from their beds and carried long distances and left to die on the river banks. Sometimes the relatives of the dying man remain and in his final agonies spread the sediment of the river on his breast and wrote the name of some deity on it. It is considered a great disgrace for a man to die away from the Ganges, for according to their notion, he not only does not receive the help of the goddess in his dying moments but makes his after memory ignominious. Many of the horrifying customs connected with the worship of this river have been abolished since India came under English rule. Many are disposed to pick holes in the policy of England with lesser nations but as respecting India it can be truthfully said, that in that land at least, England has done much to elevate and ennoble a race sunk into the lowest depths of ignorance and superstition.

—Columbia's library has received an addition of 15,000 volumes during the past year.

SATISFACTION TWO TIMES.

The following lines, copied from an exchange are susceptible of two meanings. A cross old bachelor reads the first and third and second and fourth lines together, and seems to find an internal satisfaction in reading them thus, from some cause or other :

The man must lead a happy life
Who is directed by his wife ;
Who's free from matrimonial chains
Is sure to suffer for his pains.

Adam could find no peace,
Until he saw a woman's face.
When Eve was given as a mate,
Adam was in a happy state.

In all the female hearts appear
Truth, darling of a heart sincere ;
Hypocrisy, deceit and pride,
Ne'er known in woman to reside.

What tongue is able to unfold
The worth in women we behold ;
The falsehood that in women dwell
Is almost imperceptible.

Fooled be the foolish man, I say,
Who will not yield to woman's sway ;
Who changes from his singleness
Is sure of perfect happiness.

BEWARE OF BOYS THAT SING.—I once heard a boy going down street singing at the top of his lungs. "Dare to do right, dare to be true!" singing it so loud that he woke up all the babies on the block and set every lost dog in the ward to barking, and as he sang he smashed a window, broke a chicken's leg with a stone, "sassed" a market wagon, shot a farmer in the eye with a "nigger shooter," hit a dog with a shinny club that made poor Carlo howl till his back ached, pulled a picket off the fence, slapped a little boy and took his cookie away from him. He disappeared inside the school-room, and above all other voices I could hear his soulful shriek in the morning song, "Oh, how I love my teacher." And before prayer was over he inked a boy's nose, put two bent pins where they would do the most harm, salted a claim of shoemaker's wax on the teacher's chair, scratched his name on the desk with a pen, ate an apple and fired the core into the ear of the good boy with a thin neck, who was never tardy or absent.
—Burdette.

—The Second Adventists of Concord, N. H., are making preparations for the end of the world, which they predict will surely come the 19th of May.

THE HABITUAL DRUNKARD DEFINED.

The term "habitual drunkard" is thus defined by a Maryland judge: "An habitual drunkard was such person as had acquired the habit of getting drunk frequently; that it was not necessary that such a person should be always drunk, or that he had to be drunk every day or every week; but that if he had acquired the habit of drinking to drunkenness, although there might be periods or intervals when he was sober, he was to be regarded as an habitual drunkard, within the meaning of the law. The law is a police regulation, and intended to prevent the sale to such persons as had such a habit, because in such case one drink was supposed to be calculated to stimulate the desire for more, probably beyond his control, and render likely such indulgence as might result in disorderly conduct, and possibly breach of the peace and other evil consequences."

PRESIDENT PORTER, of Yale College, argues in a late number of the *North American Review* that the dropping of Greek out of the academic course by any one institution as Harvard has permitted to be done, is a breach of good faith with respect to the meaning of the degree of Bachelor of Arts. There is of course the widest possible difference of standard between the various colleges of the country; and the radical objection holds that the degree no longer tells "how much and how well a man has studied." Yet the language of a college diploma is that its possessor is entitled "to the honors and dignities which are by all men everywhere accorded to this degree." And this *does* mean that the graduate is supposed to have studied four years under the guidance of his college; and that a large part of his study has been in the Greek and Latin classics. President Porter's point seems to be well taken. There are of course dishonest schools of all sorts. They are to be left out of the account. But "the Arts" means Greek and Latin almost as much as "Medicine" means Physiology and Materia Medica, or as "the Law" means a knowledge of contracts and of forms of procedure—*Exchange*.

—Some excitement has been caused in Georgia over the discovery of a tree, the limbs of which are said to be thickly studded with cotton balls, in which is hidden away the finest kind of cotton, equal in quality to any ever raised in the South. The tree was discovered by a number of negroes who were clearing up a field in Clarksboro district, Jackson county. It is about fifteen feet high and nine inches in diameter, the limbs commencing at a distance of five feet from the ground.

THE HOLCAD.

PUBLISHED SEMI-MONTHLY DURING THE COLLEGE YEAR BY THE
STUDENTS OF WESTMINSTER COLLEGE.

NEW WILMINGTON, PA., MAY 1, 1885

TERMS: \$1.50 PER YEAR. SINGLE COPY, 10 CENTS.

Entered at the postoffice at New Wilmington, Pa., as second-class
mail matter.

EDITORS.

W. HAYES MOORE,	- - -	EDITOR IN-CHIEF.
I. N. MOORE,	- - -	ASSISTANT.
ROB L. HAY,	} - -	LITERARY DEPARTMENT.
H. G. GOLDEN,		
SADIE M. McELREE,		
R. J. LOVE,	} - -	LOCAL AND COLLEGE DEPARTMENT.
J. P. VANCE,		
J. L. SNYDER,	- - -	EXCHANGES.
RALPH P. ALLEN,	- - -	BUSINESS MANAGER.

Information solicited respecting the Alumni and those
who have been in any way connected with the College.

Address all communications to

THE HOLCAD, New Wilmington, Pa.

THE Music Department has thus far been very successful. Under the efficient management of Prof. Austin, the number of students has increased so rapidly, and such thorough work has been done that no one doubts that Westminster has added to her course just what she has long stood in need of. It seems certain that if it continues to grow in favor that the services of an assistant will soon be needed. The new upright piano which has recently been placed in the conservatory is a very fine one. It was bought because another was needed by the department, and also to make it unnecessary to hire one for use at public entertainments connected with the college. We are glad for Westminster's sake to say that she prospers so well, and feel sure that this year will mark an era in her history.

IT is a pleasure to speak in our columns of the recent lecture by John B. Gough, and of the lecturer himself. Though time has robbed him of some of his former power, yet he still possesses wonderful vigor when before his audience. We doubt not that the excitement of the occasion brings back to him a part of the strength of his

earlier years, and stimulates him to exertion which otherwise would be impossible. To those who heard him for the first time he seemed as strong as a man much younger, but those who have heard him before say that he has lost much in power and energy.

Of his lecture it is needless to speak in terms of commendation. Words are weak when attempting to describe the indescribable. He seemed to make no attempt to choose his forms of expression, but there was that in his language and manner which was more effective than smoothly flowing sentences and polished oratory. We shall make no attempt to give our readers an outline of his lecture, for without the earnestness which he breathed into it they could gain but a dim idea of its power and grandeur. Any sketch, however full, would be no more like the lecture when delivered than the dead, cold body is like the living, active, thinking man.

One sentence only we quote, because it is worthy the careful consideration of all, and especially here, where so many characters are being formed. In speaking of the true gentleman, he said "he must be noble, truthful, chivalric, pure in speech and in life."

NO one can any longer doubt that there are a few temperance speakers on the platform to-day doing a more effective work than John B. Finch. Wherever he goes he is listened to with unusual interest, and his words never fail to make impressions which linger long with every hearer. There are too many people in this country who regard the evil of intemperance as not a very serious one, who do not realize what a powerful influence it has in business, in politics, and in almost every department of public and private interest, who do not know, in fact, what liquor corporations and liquor men have done and are doing to debase and to ruin the man, to undermine the very foundations of our free institutions, and to call down the vengeance of heaven—who do not know what it can do and will do unless arrested in its fearful progress by the loyal Christian citizens of our land. Let all such listen to the logic of Mr. Finch. Let all such

hear him as he depicts the scenes of misery and want, of debauchery and crime, of suffering and pain, in every large city of our land. Let him tell them, in his own words of force and meaning, how happy homes have been ruined, how promising lives have been wrecked, and immortal souls lost forever; and let him show how intemperance is tightening its grasp upon every kind of business, and upon every department of the government, and how morality and religion must suffer, and all that is good and noble and pure and elevating must give place to what is vile and debasing, and they will be aroused, and see too clearly the enormity of the evil and the necessity for work. The time is coming, is almost here, when no man can afford to be indifferent, when every one will have to assume an attitude on this great question, either for or against it. The sooner every one sees his duty and does it, the sooner will the work be done and the power of the evil be broken. Let us hope there will soon be more men in the field like Mr. Finch, so earnest, so faithful, and so convincing in argument.

IT is usually considered that our eastern colleges, Harvard, Yale, etc., are the leading colleges of this country, and in one sense they are. Being the oldest, they have done much toward lifting the nation to its present high position among the nations of the world in respect to enlightenment and culture and for this we feel disposed to give them full credit. To them our nation has owed some of the master minds that have directed her affairs in times of prosperity, and counseled her in days of darkness and adversity. To them the culture of our nation looks for still further advancement, and on them it depends to a great extent for direction and guidance. Perhaps no greater influence is exerted upon the educational affairs of this country than by our New England colleges. They are watched with eager eyes, and many institutions all over the land are ready to follow their example. That they realize to some extent, if not as fully as they should, the responsibility resting upon them is shown by the refusal of the authorities of Har-

vard College to make attendance on morning prayers optional to all students over twenty-one years of age and to others upon the desire of their parents or guardians. We quote from the Cornell "Sun" the reasons given for this refusal: "First, that the college can ill afford the loss of reputation which would ensue on its being the first of all the literary institutions of New England to abandon religious observances. Second, that there is an intrinsic fitness in devotional services in educational institutions. If abolished there would be placed upon that department a signature of insignificance. Next, that as the daily religious service is to a great extent a means of moral and religious benefit to students, it is a daily reminder of spiritual relations and of a higher and better than this earthly life."

The first of the reasons given above might be considered purely politic, detracting much from the credit due those having the matter in charge for their refusal. However, the second and third reasons contain the true principles on which all such petitions should be refused. In the associations of college life and the pursuit of intellectual attainments there is a very strong tendency to drift unconsciously farther and farther away from those things which tend toward moral advancement, and it is indeed proper that by attendance at morning services the students be reminded daily of "their spiritual relations" and of a higher life.

THE beautiful weather of the past two weeks has been thoroughly enjoyed by every Westminster boy and girl. Winter lingered so long in our midst and made himself so severely felt that the coming of Spring with all the attendant joys was hailed with great heartiness. It may be that these mild invigorating days have not caused any marked increase of interest in class-room work or given to any considerable number a new impulse to engage with greater earnestness in other literary work; but one thing is certain, it has revived among the boys many old sports, and will bring about good re-

sults, by giving exercise and by diverting the mind from college work, if only for a little while each day.

The student who lives among his books and cultivates his intellect at the expense of his health, whose only exercise is the exercise of the mind, will realize when too late the folly of his course. A sound mind and sound body make the man, and one can give little satisfaction, little comfort, without the other. That both body and mind suffer from a lack of proper care and culture no one doubts, and yet almost every student neglects to consider this fact with the seriousness he should. Too many, indeed, can never be made to believe that physical culture is a necessity, a duty, until sad experience brings its lesson, and vain regrets and blighted hopes and fading prospects fill life with misery and sorrow.

* It is to be regretted that students generally exercise so little. As for Westminster, her gymnasium is patronized too seldom. We know there is little enough apparatus in the gymnasium building, but certainly the proper use of what we have would bring good results. [And just here it may be to the point to say that we are in need of a piece of ground where base-ball, foot-ball, and sports of a similar nature can be engaged in, and where that exercise can be taken which is more congenial and more beneficial than the attractions the gymnasium offers. We think this is a matter whose importance the Board of Trustees has too long overlooked. It is now extremely difficult to hire for any price a suitable piece of ground within a reasonable distance from town. It is hoped by every student that the college authorities regard this matter as worthy their consideration, and that they will make an endeavor to procure, if possible, a few acres to be used for the above purpose. These sports surely should be encouraged. It seems that a field for athletic sports is a very necessary part of college property, and the students of Westminster very respectfully request the Board of Trustees to do the best they can for them in reference to this matter, feeling sure that the money thus expended will pay good interest.

NEWSPAPERS OF TO-DAY.

People generally, and even those who may be termed steady readers and close observers, have but a faint conception of the magnitude and influence the press of this country has attained. From a careful examination of the advance pages of the 1885 edition of the *American Newspaper Directory*, issued May 1st, by Geo. P. Rowell & Co., of New York, it appears that there are 14,147 newspapers and periodicals published in the United States and Canada; of these the United States has 12,973, an average of one paper for every 3,867 persons. In 1884 the total number of newspapers was less by 823 than at present, and while the gain this year is not so marked as in some previous years, it is still considerable. Kansas shows the greatest increase, the number being 78, while Illinois follows with a gain of 77. It is curious to notice that New York, the scene of so much political activity during the last campaign, should have only about one-third as many newspapers as the state of Pennsylvania. As an index to the comparative growth and prosperity of different sections of the country, especially the Territories, the number of new papers forms an interesting study, and may well occupy the attention of the curious.

A NEW FEMALE COLLEGE.

The buildings at Bryn Mawr, Pennsylvania, for the new college for women will be ready the coming summer, and the first term will open in September. The total cost of the buildings was \$200,000, and they are pronounced the equal of those at Vassar. The college was founded through the bequests of the late Joseph W. Taylor, of Burlington, New Jersey, who furnished the money for the buildings, besides endowing the institution with \$800,000. Dr. James C. Rhodes is the president, and he announces that the purpose of the college is to offer to women all the advantages of the best collegiate education. The course of study will be nearly identical with that at Johns Hopkins University, an institution of the highest rank. There is to be a commodious, well appointed gymnasium, and the corps of teachers will be selected from the very best in the country.—*News*

—A Vassar girl writes: "I haven't seen a man in a month of Sundays. We were out taking a 'constitutional' Saturday, and came across a scarecrow in a cornfield. All the girls ran for it at once, and I only managed to secure a part of one of the skirts of its coat. Still, it was something."—*Ex.*

EXCHANGES.

The *Monmouth Collegian* is a very ably edited college paper. The news department is well filled. The literary department contains two very good articles, "The Huguenots," and, "The Catholicism of the Nobility." It would add much to the convenience of the paper, if it would adopt the regular journal form.

—We notice in the *Owl* that several Sophomores of Allegheny College, have made the "Junior classification." This is not an unusual occurrence in that college. They claim to have a good four years course, but any person of ordinary ability can, with a little shoving, get through in three years.

—The April number of *College Cabinet* contains a very logical treatise on the "Origin of Government." It criticizes an exchange for saying, "That government is a necessary evil" and "That it is of human origin." It is plain to be seen that the writer understands what he is talking about. This article, if nothing else, shows that the department of "Political Philosophy" is a success. The following is the closing paragraph of the article :

"Government is requisite for the preservation of the peace and harmony of the community. It is as essential for the complete attainment of all our aims and purposes as is our physical constitution. It is, therefore, as all the best thinkers and philosophers of ancient and modern times have agreed in declaring, beneficent ordinance of God, designed for the advancement of human interests, it must have its origin from the Allwise creator. This being the case, we must believe that the sole ultimate source from which government authority springs is the will of God."

The *Beacon* from Boston University is a paper of unusual merit. It bears much the same relation to College Journalism, as the culture and refinement of Boston does to the other American cities. It very ably discusses "The College Curriculum" both pro and con.

—The college papers of the United States are doing good work in drawing the students of different colleges together, showing the various methods of instruction, wiping out old prejudices, getting the young men better acquainted and uniting them in the bonds of a common aim and interest —*The University Courier*.

—Henry Ward Beecher's average at Amherst is said to have been only 57 on a scale of 100.

MUSIC AS AN EDUCATOR.

BY T. M. AUSTIN.

To a great many persons the study of music means nothing more than a pleasant past time, a giving of so much time to mere amusement; but that this view is being rapidly dispelled and music as an art and a science is being given its place as such, I need but refer to the secular press of the day and the actions taken by a great number of our colleges and educational institutions in establishing musical departments, thus acknowledging its educational advantages.

Perhaps if a few effects of the study of this science upon the mind were stated, it might change the opinion of some one in regard to it, if so, I shall feel amply repaid, as it is the greatest object of my life to have this subject stand in its true light.

It may be proper, in this connection, to state that by the science of music is not meant simply the ability to perform to a limited extent upon any instrument, but, in addition to this, a knowledge of its laws, constructions and theoretical performance.

Probably the greatest effect produced is upon the aesthetical part of the mind. I think no one will deny that pure music, such as is produced by the great masters, lies in the realm of the beautiful, and as the laws of Psychology are such that a continued use of this faculty tends to strengthen it, the only conclusion we can reach is that the study of the beautiful which is contained in music will elevate the mind as regards its conception of all things beautiful as they lie in nature, and thus strengthen that power for life. And as this is a faculty from which we receive some of the greatest pleasure which we enjoy, why should it not be thus strengthened?

Another important function in cultivating the mind is that of attention, and probably in no other science is this used to a greater extent than in music. Who can produce an instrumental piece with its almost myriads of notes which at times must be rendered with a rapidity bordering on the marvelous, with these notes distributed on two distinct staves to be played at the same time, without holding his mind with closest attention to it. "But," some one may say, "you are citing an extreme case." In reply to which we answer that really more attention is required from a beginner practicing one of the easiest exercises than in the example cited above, as music is a very progressive science and takes the fullest application of the brain to master it in all its stages. Then in the subjects of harmony and counterpoint, in which are comprehended the laws of the

science and which are admitted by mathematicians to lie in the realm of mathematics, the strictest application and attention are required; for who has studied any branch in the department of mathematics and not found this true?

In this same line of thought lies the subject of accuracy. The laws of harmony are such that none of its rules may be violated without producing the most ear-piercing results. For instance, take one of the profound chords of Beethoven and produce it with but one note wrong, and what is the result? A blur that can only be compared to a sheet of paper with a great blot of ink on its perfect surface. Any breaking of its laws by the performer continually warns him of his inaccuracies and urges him to a more careful rendering. This is true in all of its branches, instrumental, vocal, and the writing of music for production.

One of the great points aimed at in education is to get the mind to work as speedily as possible. It is, therefore, a question of great importance among educators to find the branch of study to do this the most effectually. We invite the attention of such persons to the advantages music offers in this line. Slowness of perception is one of the first things a pupil must overcome in commencing this science; and especially is this true in instrumental music. To a person beginning, it seems almost an impossibility for any one to produce so many notes at one time, and when you explain the rapidity with which they must follow each other, they often despair of ever learning, but the placing of them in their proper grade and encouraging them to persevere soon enables them to leave difficulty after difficulty behind them and comprehension becomes quicker and quicker until hundreds of notes can be perceived and produced where tens were accomplished before with difficulty. Then in addition to the many notes produced one must pay attention to the quality of tone, to the various marks of expression, to the phrasing of sentences, to the *tempo* required and numerous other things which must all be done at the time the notes are produced, thus keeping the mind ever on the alert. Who will deny that using the mind thus with thought crowded upon thought will not tend to quicken the mind in all of its actions?

As we have mentioned before, this science is progressive, in this being unlike many others, which often presents the greatest difficulties in the opening chapter. The study of music is especially well adapted to the mind of a beginner. There are easy lessons which may be readily comprehended even by the

youngest minds when stated plainly. And as they progress it keeps getting more difficult at every step, leading the mind ever forward; thus it accommodates itself to all brains from the smallest in musical knowledge to the master minds of such men as Beethoven, Mozart, Mendelssohn, Wagner, Chopin etc., and even these at their eminence look forward into the great realm and see work for minds far superior to their own. The great benefit of this gradual progression will be readily appreciated by all teachers or those interested in educational matters.

Many other effects of the study of music on the mind might be given, but perhaps these are enough to set persons thinking on this subject and thus lead them to discover the beneficial results obtained by a thorough study of the science. And who, in view of these facts, will deny that the study of music might not be made highly advantageous in the great plan of education? And why should it not be given a place in our colleges and schools with the other sciences?

ITEMS.

—The leading jurist of Japan is a graduate of the University of Michigan.

—The first prize for English composition in Yale was recently taken by a Chinese student.

—In several colleges in Illinois and Indiana match games of base ball have already been played.

—The Faculty of Amherst College excuse a student from reciting, who cannot master his lessons by two hours study.

—Fresh (reading Virgil)—“ ‘And thrice I tried to throw my arms around her’—that was as far as I got, Professor.” Professor—“That was quite far enough.”—*Ex.*

—The people of Italy are not far behind us in trying to get an education. There are 3,000,000 scholars of both sexes, or about one-ninth of the population in the schools.

—The Latin scholars of Milford High School in their derivation of English words from Latin roots and stems make the following report: From *mitto*, 655; *facio*, 545; *duco*, 208; *ago*, 200; *premo*, 181.

—Out of 3,590 graduated last year from the various colleges of the United States 500 became ministers, 500 doctors, 10 merchants, and 1,890 base ball players.—*Sibyl*. One of the merchants has since failed and joined a league nine.—*Ex.*

COLLEGE AND LOCAL.

W. B. Smiley, '80, has been elected a delegate to the next General Assembly.

The postoffice has been removed to the corner of Market and Vine streets.

N. L. Heidger, '84, preached before the Presbytery of Chartiers, on Tuesday April 14.

—There will be a match game of baseball between the Sophomore class and the rest of the college next Friday afternoon.

—Judging from the number of students who are limping about the campus these days, we infer that foot ball is pretty hard work.

S. W. Gilkey, '77, has been released from his pastoral charge, and will occupy the Chair of Ancient Languages in Tarkio College, Missouri.

J. D. Rankin has been received as a licentiate by the Presbytery of Chartiers, his call from the congregation of West Middleton having been sustained.

The lecture by the Hon. John B. Finch last Saturday evening was a pronounced success. Mr. Finch's experience in the temperance work has fully qualified him for all the duties of a lecturer on the subject. During his stay in town he was the guest of Prof. Mitchell.

The following persons have been elected in the editorial staff: Miss Irons, Messrs Gordon, Morrison, Barackman and Webster.

The gentlemen of the Junior class have bought a foot-ball, and in order to develop their kicking propensities have rented a field from Mr. Henderson, near the First U. P. Church. No doubt football will become the most popular game of the season, as some of the other classes will probably follow suit.

—Freshman class enroute to Prof. Thompson's room.

Freshie remarked as they were going up the stairs. "Good morning Miss—, how are you this morning?" She—"Oh! I'm as cross as a bear." He—"Is that so? Well then I guess we ought to be caged for I'm that way too." She—"You wouldn't scratch would you?" He—"No indeed, bears don't do that, they *hug* don't they?" Exit reporter.

—The lecture by John B. Gough last Monday evening fully met the expectations of the people. Mr. Gough's name has appeared on the list of Westminster's lecturers for a number of years, but his services were never secured until this season. The audience

in attendance was fully as large as any that has assembled during the year, although the lecture was outside of the course. Quite a number of persons were in chapel next morning expecting to hear another address from Mr. Gough, but owing to the infirmities of age he was not able to be present.

—The ladies of the Logogorean Society will give a supper and an entertainment in the Hall on Thursday evening, May 14th. There will be plenty to eat, fruits, meats, and all kinds of delicacies—everything in fact, to attract the ordinary college student. The entertainment will consist of tableaux, charades etc. Supper 25 cents. Entertainment free. Come one. Come all.

—The game of base-ball, Sophs vs. the rest of the College, resulted in favor of the "rest of the College." Score 15 to 12.

PERSONALS.

—M. B. Snyder, '84, is at home this spring studying medicine.

—Rev. J. A. Kennedy preached in the chapel last Sabbath evening.

—J. G. D. Findley Esq., '61, is slowly recovering from his long illness.

—I. N. Moore and J. L. Cotton, of the Senior class, will not be in college next year.

—Miss Decima A. McKee, '84, attended Mr. Gough's lecture last Monday evening.

—Rev. A. H. Harshaw, '74, has received a call from the Jane St. U. P. Church, New York City.

—Dr. Ferguson was absent last Sabbath assisting Rev. J. W. Witherspoon at communion services.

—Sam McKinney, formerly of the class of '88, was in town attending the lecture last Monday evening.

—Miss Jessie McNaugher, of Allegheny, is visiting her brother Samuel McNaugher, of the Junior class.

—Miss Flora Irons, '87, has been unable to attend school for more than a week on account of sore eyes.

—Rev. Nathan Winegart, '74, has been released from the pastoral charge of Franklin and Utica congregations.

—Rev. J. McFarrar, '75, Philadelphia, attended the theological commencement of Lincoln University, on April 22.

—R. B. Ewing, M. D., West Grove, Pa., who has

been sick much of the winter is well again and able for his extensive practice. He often speaks kindly of his college and remembers pleasantly his college days.

—Sanders McCullough Collins, formerly of '85, was married recently. He is a prosperous farmer in Lancaster county.

—Dr. Ferguson preached before the Ladies Missionary Society of the Fifth U. P. Church, Allegheny, last Sabbath evening.

—Hon. A. P. Moore, of this town, was married Thursday, the 25th, and started on his wedding tour the following Monday.

—Prof. M. A. Sutton was the guest of the McFarland Club last Saturday. Prof. Sutton is at present teaching in Zelenople.

—Rev. H. G. McVey returned from Ohio last week. His father who has been ill for some time died on Sabbath, the 19th ult.

—Miss Mary Harper, daughter of Dr. Harper, of Xenia Seminary, is in town visiting her friend Miss Black, of the Senior class.

—Prof. N. M. Crowe, '83, is meeting with great success at Prospect Academy. His students now number one hundred and thirty-eight.

—C. H. Wilson, '84, who has been attending Union Seminary all year was recently elected chaplain of Magdalen Asylum, in New York City.

—W. P. Stevenson '82, sailed for Europe on the 25th ult. He expects to write the last of the series, "To Dixie Land and Back," after his arrival on the Continent.

—J. C. Kerr, Oxford, Pa., a former student of this college, met with a severe loss in the death of his oldest daughter, a young lady of admirable character and spirit.

—Rev. M. A. I. Sahm, pastor of the Lutheran Church, Fayetteville, has accepted a call from Center county, and will take charge of his new congregation next month.

—Yale College has in the way of trophies 69 base balls won from her various adversaries. Each ball is painted the color of the stockings of the vanquished nine, and is lettered to indicate the time and place of winning.

—Advice to a Freshman: Honor thy professor in the days of thy youth, that thou may'st be solid with him before thy senior year.

A TIMELY SUGGESTION.

Do not keep the alabaster boxes of your love and tenderness sealed up until your friends are dead. Fill their lives with sweetness. Speak approving, cheering words while their ears can hear them, and while their hearts can be thrilled by them. The things you mean to say when they are gone, say before they go. The flowers you mean to send for their coffins, send to brighten and sweeten their homes before they leave them.

If my friends have alabaster boxes laid away, full of perfumes of sympathy and affection, which they intend to break over my dead body, I would rather they would bring them in my weary hours, and open them, that I may be refreshed and cheered by them while I need them. I would rather have a bare coffin without a flower, and a funeral without an eulogy, than a life without the sweetness of love and sympathy. Let us learn to anoint our friends beforehand, for their burial. Post mortem kindnesses do not cheer the burdened spirit. Flowers on the coffin cast no fragrance backward over the weary days.

—So not even a Junior is allowed to say "well!" The hopes aroused in his *well*-stored and *well*-regulated mind during the *well*-remembered Freshman year, when his *well*fare and that of this *well* appointed institution were for the first time firmly welded are now *well*-nigh extinct. The *well*-spring of his *well*-directed ambition is *well*-drained. No longer does it *swell* with *well*-grounded anticipations of a much-to-be *wel*comed time, when from "the *well* of English" as many *wells* might be drawn as conduced to his *well*-being. The reward of *well*-doing is *well*-known, and in this *well*-defined case is *well*-deserved as *well*. But, *well*-a-day! *well*-a-day! Such a *well* meant consideration appeals only to *well*-balanced minds and—*well*, for the present the *wel*kin will ring with.

"Fare*wel*l the tranquil mind! Fare*wel*l content!"

—Beacon.

—No book is worth anything which is not worth much; nor is it serviceable until it has been read, and re-read, and loved, and loved again, and marked so that you can refer to the passages you want in it, as a soldier can seize the weapon he needs in an armory, or a housewife bring the spice she needs from her store. Bread of flour is good; but there is bread, sweet as honey, if we would eat it, in a good book; and the family must be poor indeed which cannot, once in a while, for such multipliable barley loaves, pay their baker's bill.—*Ruskin*.

THE HOLCAD.

VOL. I.

NEW WILMINGTON, PA., MAY 15, 1885.

No. 18.

THE FABLED LORELEI.*

[FROM THE GERMAN OF HEINE.]

What it portends, I do not know,
That I so sad should be;
A legend of the long ago
Comes back in memory.

The air is cool, it cometh night,
And calmly flows the Rhine;
Upon the mountain summit, bright,
The setting sun's beams shine.

A lovely maiden dwelleth there,
And wonderfully fair;
Her golden jewels flash and glow,
As she combs her golden hair.

She combs it with a comb of gold,
And sings a song the while,
That has a witching power untold—
A sweetness to beguile.

Around the boatman and his boat,
The angry billows sweep;
The rocky ledge he does not note—
His eyes are on the steep.

I think the boatman and his skiff
At last sank in the main,
He steered his barque against the cliff,
Seduced by Lorelei's strain. —W. F. W.

It is a Rhine legend upon which the poem is founded, that on the east bank of the river, near Oberwesel, where there is a high promontory, around which the river makes a turn with a swift current, there dwelt a fay, who was accustomed to attire herself in view of the mariners passing by, and who would so rivet their attention by her beauty and singing as to make them forget the dangers of the passage until they were at the mercy of the current and dashed to destruction against the rocks.

UNWRITTEN POETRY.

Man's imaginative power is ever forming new creations. From contemplating the objects of sense his mind turns and wanders among the realms of the ideal world and pictures upon its tablets the most agreeable fancies and forms of beauty. In times of solitude the memory loves to linger upon the past, and fancy to picture bright dreams for the

future, and with prophetic forecast to rend the veil of future destiny, and disclose the panorama of shifting scenes which lie beyond the range of mortal vision.

Fired with poetic imagination, the bards of the ages have seized the pen of fire which has held enraptured thousands in its spell; and the sweet accents of the poet's harp have found a sympathetic chord in the hearts of every nation. But not to the poet alone is the power of poetic fancy confined. Ah no! In the depths of every human heart there is a fountain of pure and hallowed feeling from which arise emotions that language fails to express,—feelings which the soul alone can understand and appreciate. Many a heart everflowing with sublime thought and holy imaginations needs but the power of expression to cause nations to do it homage. The "thoughts that breathe" are there, but not the "words that burn." Nature's inspiration fills the soul with emotions that are too deep for utterance, and the poetry of the heart, enclosed within its own mysterious shrine lies forever concealed. It is not he alone whose pen may paint with matchless skill the glories of a sunset scene, or trace the beauties of a summer landscape that appreciates these beauties. Nature has her charms for all; and though to a gifted few has been granted the expression of poetic genius, yet their influence is felt more powerfully, perhaps, by those who stand in silent adoration of her power. Go stand by Niagara's boiling flood and gaze upon the turgid waters as foaming and surging they dash over the precipice into the abyss below, and hurl back their spray in defiance against the rocky ledge. Or, standing upon the beach, behold old Ocean's crested billows advancing with tremendous power and rolling their breakers on the trembling shore; while like gems upon the ocean's bosom the verdant coral isles surround with mighty ramparts the placid waters in a safe enclosure, where, protected from the fury of the storm, they reflect from their glassy surface the stately palms upon the beach. Amid these mighty demonstrations what emotions swell up in the heart that no power of speech can express and no pen can describe!

Listen to the loud-rolling thunder as it echoes through the storm; watch the forked lightning as it

leaps from cloud to cloud, or as descending with irresistible power it strikes down in its fiery path the monarch of the forest, or shatters the proudest monuments of human art. And when the conflicts of the elements ceased, and the bow of promise hung upon the dark stormcloud seems to smile upon the scene of desolation, there is poetry which the soul alone can read. Unwritten poetry! It is stamped upon you vast firmament which with its star-gemmed coronal keeps nightly vigil over aslumbering world; when with her countless luminaries she encircles the mountain's brow with a halo of light, or sheds her soft rays over woodland and plain, adorning with a thousand fantastic shadows the varied landscape. It is written upon the bosom of the mighty river as it rolls its waters onward to the sea; upon the broad expanse of the ocean, as when slumbering in calm repose, undisturbed by the raging elements, it reflects the midday sun or the starlit sky, as well as in the dewdrop that sparkles in the rising glories of a summer morning. On the lofty mountain peaks whose summits crowned with eternal snow and bathed in sunlight, reflect the splendor of the king of day. On forest tree and tiny flower,—yes, wherever the hand of Nature has shaped the forms of life and beauty, there are scenes upon which the eye may gaze with admiration, but the emotions of the soul are known only to itself. Amid these grand and glorious scenes how keenly the soul feels its own weakness, and its need of dependence on a Higher Power. Realizing the fact that it is finite, the soul reaches out to the Infinite, and thus, by exercising the law within his own nature, man approaches the Source of his being. But most comforting thought of all, the revelation of the Word opens to the hungering soul the store of God's goodness, and discloses the glories of immortality. And while here below nature affords the soul a field of boundless research among her beauties, there the soul entering more fully upon its eternal career shall expand its powers, and form as it were a closer union with God himself. But how shall its raptures be described? The tongue is silent, and the pen refuses to perform its mission. Faith alone catches glimpses of the unseen. Man is not able to comprehend all. "For eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither have entered into the heart of man, the things that God hath prepared for them that love Him.

THEIR VISITOR.

One day a few weeks ago while the editors of this highly respectable journal were gathered in the office busily engaged at their various duties, an occurrence took place which for a time cast a gloom over the entire staff. All were hard at work—a fact which it is perhaps unnecessary to state in connection with this board—and the hum of industry prevailed the room.

The College and Local department was ransacking its brains for news. The members of the Literary Committee were diligently correcting proof—asking each other questions concerning the matter before them, and remarking upon it in a manner which perhaps added more to the general hum than to the edification of their brethren. The Exchange had just dipped his pen in red ink and having assumed a tragic attitude was about to make a fierce attack upon a sister journal which had been so unfortunate as to offend. The business manager sat at his desk balancing his accounts for the last year, a work in which he found neither pleasure nor profit, while the editor-in-chief sat grasping his hair in both hands, and endeavoring to write an editorial on the last cold spell. All were fully occupied, when some one knocked very gently at the door, so gently, in fact, that all failed to hear it except the editor-in-chief and he mistook it for an idea rapping at the door of his mind. Of course he made haste to admit it, but on finding his mistake he extracted a handful of his silken locks and looked around wondering what he could have heard. Just then the rap was repeated, a little more loudly this time, but still very faintly. The Chief beginning now to realize what he had heard, rose gloomily and went to the door. As it opened every one raised his head to see who the visitor might be, for they knew by the rap that it was not the usual wrathful subscriber come to settle his difficulty whatever it might be, even at the risk of being dunned for his last year's subscription. As the door swung open a strange figure presented itself. It was that of a young man, tall but extremely slim, with his threadbare coat buttoned tightly round his shadowy form. He was so pale that he seemed almost transparent and his glassy gray eyes had a kind of vacant stare which betokened a mind for which the unromantic present had no attractions. His hair was long—so long, in fact, that it hung a short distance down his back, while the ghost of a mustache imparted a delicate shade to his upper lip.

—A senior says that after trying for two years to photograph his girl upon his heart all he got from her at the end was a negative.—*Ex.*

Although his body was so slender and light, his legs seemed wholly incapable of its support, and

bent outward with such a decided curve that it gave one the impression that they intended to break in the near future. Altogether he was a curious specimen, and they all gazed at him in wonder. At first some thought that he was a lunatic, lately escaped, for his eyes had the appearance of one not in his right mind, but the sprig of trailing arbutus in his button-hole and the role of manuscript under his arm soon dispelled that thought. For an instant all was uncertainty and then the terrible truth broke on them all at once. It was a spring poet.

A scene of the wildest confusion now prevailed in the usually decorous sanctum. The editor-in-chief and assistant fainted away; the different departments sought refuge in various parts of the room. The business manager was frantically endeavoring to lock himself in his desk, and the poet was evidently master of the field. He had already begun to unfold his manuscript when the Exchange, probably rendered bolder by the red ink which he had been slinging a moment before, and realizing that something must be done, rushed out from under the table where he had taken refuge, and springing upon the poet stabbed him sixteen successive times with a stub pen. With a gasp the victim fell to the floor, and was dead. When all began to realize that their visitor was dead they crawled out of their different hiding places and congratulated the Exchange on his bravery. But e'er long remorse began to gnaw in their breasts, and as they carried the remains of the poor poet to their last resting place, they concluded to publish his poem as a sort of propitiation for their murderous deed. The following is the poem:

SPRING.

The spring has come with its wonderful power,
The winter blasts are fled,
The buds are bursting and many a flower
Springs from its earthy bed.

I wandered out of the busy town,
Of wondrous sights in quest;
But soon I squatted serenely down
On a mossy log to rest.

(It was a most unfortunate sit,
For the mossy log was damp;
And shortly after I had a fit
Of a horrible kind of cramp.)

But to return—I sat and gazed
And looked and gazed in awe;
All filled with wonder and amaze
For wondrous sights I saw.

A blackbird sat on a hickory limb
Flicking his teeth with his claw,

While near him a frog was singing a hymn,
And beating the time with his paw.

A crow was perched not far away
Sounding a loud caw, caw;
So great were his efforts, I'm sorry to say,
That he dislocated his jaw.

And now a potato-bug old and weak
Came strolling slowly by;
He looked so sad he could hardly speak,
And a tear was in his eye.

Said I—"Old chap, hold on I pray,
You're looking rather bad;
Why what is wrong, old fellow, say?
What makes you feel so sad?"

He stopped and willingly took a seat.
From his eye he wiped a tear.
Said he—"I don't have nothin' to eat
And won't have soon, I fear.

"I know potatoes will never sprout
The summer will be too cold.
You think 'twill get warmer? Oh, get out!
Can't stuff me, I'm too old."

So saying, he pulled some saw-grass out
Of a pocket in his coat;
And before I discovered what he was about,
He had gone and cut his throat.

What a sad and solemn world is this!
So filled with pain and strife;
A bug can't extract enough of bliss
To keep it from taking its life.

But soon I was called from this mournful theme
By a strange and terrible sight;
And all at once I began to deem
That the prudent thing was flight.

For a fierce mosquito of giant height
Stood leaning against a tree.
He was working away with all his might,
And I stole a glance to see.

Yes, there he stood and sharpened his lance
Blunted by last year's wear;
While now an I then he'd begin to dance;
And oh! to hear him swear.

I looked no more, I was filled with fear,
With a strange and wild dismay.
As I didn't wish to feel his spear,
I silently stole away.

—Peterhouse College, the oldest of the seventeen colleges in the Cambridge University, has just celebrated the six hundredth anniversary of its founding. It was founded in the reign of King Edward I.

"HER LITTLE HIGHNESS."

BY REQUEST.

Mr. Robert Burdette is something more than a humorist. The following letter to a friend, speaking of the death of his wife, has pictures in it as pathetic and touching as those in Dickens' "David Copperfield."

"ARDMORE, July 3, 1884.—Dear Mrs. Pilling: So many times have I tried to write to you since Carrie fell asleep, and so many times I did not write because I have so much time. It is not easy to do anything when one has so much time. I wrote more and wrote more easily—I accomplished more when there was a restless little head to be soothed and petted; when there was a hot, tumbled pillow to adjust; when there was a helpless little hand to hold until the ache went away. Now I have nothing to do, and so do nothing.

She did not pass away in forgetfulness of you. Too many times your coming had brought comfort to our home; too many times you had come with hope and courage and strength in your hands. She thought of you in the closing days, and often spoke of you.

I wish you might have seen her when she lay at rest. I would like you to have that picture of perfect rest, of eternal peace, of quiet, untroubled sleep—the dear little face not marked by one line or mark of pain and sickness—I would like you to have that picture of her to carry in your heart, because I know how dearly you loved her.

Her last Sabbath on earth was without acute pain, but she was very restless, her breathing was distressed, she ate nothing. She wanted us, Dora and Robbie and myself, to be near her all the time, as for months past she had constantly expressed the same desire. Many times she hoped we could be alone, just our own little family, when she passed away.

Several times during the afternoon she asked, "How does the day wear on?" During the closing weeks of her life she had always used that expression in asking the hour. Dear, patient little sufferer! The day did indeed "wear on" with her.

Suddenly night came on: she was weary, but complained of no acute pain, and seemed glad when the darkness came on. Dora took my place at her side at sunset, and until 9 o'clock I walked on the lawn; for weeks past Dora and I had divided the watching between us. Carrie seemed so happy and contented to have one of us near her all the time.

When I came in at 9 o'clock there was no change

to make us apprehensive. A score of times within the year we had felt more fearful that the end was near. It made Carrie restless and distressed her to have us sit up, so I partially undressed and lay down by her side. The night grew cold, but she did not appear to notice it. The windows were wide opened for air, but her breathing was no easier. She did not sleep. Part of the time she closed her eyes, but for the greater part of the night her eyes were open, the patient light that blessed our home shining in them.

At times her mind was busy with persons and places and scenes remote in time and distance. All the night long I heard her whispering softly, as though she talked with the angels who were ministering unto her. When I leaned closer to listen she would turn her face toward me, smile, and bid me never mind, she was only dreaming. Constantly the position of her head had to be changed; her pillows were hot, she said. Four or five of them were kept in almost continuous rotation, changing every two or three minutes. She did not complain, she did not appear to notice that she was restless. About 2 o'clock in the morning she asked again: "How does the night wear on?" and then I wanted the family, but she said, "No, it is not necessary." "I do not think," she said, "the end is very near."

The morning air was blowing chill and strong through the room, but she did not appear to feel the cold very much; and only had one light extra blanket thrown over her. About 4 o'clock I heard her say softly and lovingly:

"Sit closer to me, Dora."

Then I knew she was back in her old home on the bluff in Peoria, the beautiful home of her girlhood; once more she was on the white columned porch with Dora, her darling sister always dear to her, and always by her side, and they were looking at the sleeping waters of the starlit lake. She was sitting alone with Dora. Just pluming its snowy wings for flight, the soul turned back one moment to the morning of life, and my darling nestled closer to the side of the loving and beloved sister.

The gray light of early morning was creeping in through the open windows, and on her patient face, glorified by suffering, was shining another fairer light, that I know was streaming from celestial portals opening for her. She smiled sweetly as I crossed the room and stooped to kiss her, and said: "Bob, dear, it is

"The chill before the dawning.

Between the night and morning."

It was the hour at which she had expressed the

wish that she might pass away, and I knew that she referred to a favorite verse in a poem that she loved. I said:

"Yes, dear; I think the sun will come very soon now."

Her face grew radiant as she smiled again, and said:

"Yes; He will come for me this morning."

Dora was quickly at her side and we knew there were watchers whom we could not see standing in the room. She who was so nearly past all suffering was solicitous only for our comfort, and in quiet, loving tones, gave some little instructions. "You must keep well and strong."

The nurse entered the room, but Carrie could take neither nourishment or medicine. "I want nothing," she said. Her breathing became more laborious. The doctor arrived, but she could not swallow the medicine, and he held her hand, bade her good-bye, and went away, promising to come in again during the morning. About six o'clock Robbie came into the room and kissed "his little mamma," and stood close by her side.

There was no fear, no dread in all the scene. She could only speak in short, broken sentences. As I repeated the beautiful promises to her, how her face kindled as she smiled upon us, turning her dear face from one to the other. Even as she entered the river, she said, "The sun was shining on it." She did not shrink. The waters were not so cold nor so bitter. She had no fear, for she relied on the strong right arm of Righteousness.

Moved by a sudden impulse, about half an hour before she passed away, Robbie rushed to her side, threw his arms about her, and, holding her close, kissed her. She kissed her boy, and tenderly said: "God bless my baby!"

It was her last blessing on earth. "Lord," she said in broken accents, checked by her troubled breathing, "into thy hands I commend my spirit." Still she looked at us smiling, until a few moments before the end. She asked for a drink of orangeade, but could not swallow. "Even so," she whispered, "come quickly, Lord Jesus." Her head fell back in my arms. Like a flash of sunlight the "bright, white light" swept across her face, carrying away the stain and cloud of disease, her face turned upward and her eyes grew strangely radiant. "Mother!" she called joyously as a child springing into a mother's arms, "mother! mother!" and she was folded in the arms of the angel mother, who passed away when she was a child. Her face was white as the starlight, her radiant eyes were not dimmed when she

closed them, and for the first time in many years she slept without a pain.

Velvet mosses cover the little mound where she sleeps, and graceful ferns fringe it around. She rests in the church-yard of quaint, old-fashioned Lord Marion Church. It was her own wish, made nearly or quite a year ago.

I think the angels must have been glad to see her come. So many of them had ministered unto her, and strengthened her in her pilgrimage of suffering, and I know they rejoiced when she came to be with them. There never was so brave, so patient a life among men; there could be no life braver, even among women.

We will always be glad to hear from you, Mrs. Pilling. We will remain in Ardmore, in the house sanctified by her life and death, until next April, anyhow.

Robbie and Dora unite in sending love to you. You'd hardly know your little white-faced boy, he is so ruddy. Good-bye. Sincerely your friend,

ROBERT J. BURDETTE.

—From the Wooster Collegian.

TO THE SENIORS.

Across the moon-lads of the Not

We chase the grewsome When.

And hunt the Itsness of the What

Through forests of the Then.

Into the inner consciousness

We track the crafty Where;

We spear the Ergo to igh, and beard

The Ego in his hair.

With lassoes of the brain we catch

The Isness of the Was.

And in the copses of the Where

We hear the Think bees buzz.

We climb the slippery Which bark tree

To watch the Thisness roll,

And pause betimes in gnostic rhymes

To woo the Over-Soul.

—Chicago Adversary.

—The present Senior class in Washington and Jefferson College consists of 33. Total age, 752 years, 8 months, 12 days; oldest man, 27; youngest, 19; total weight, 4,964 pounds; average weight, 150 13-33 pounds; heaviest man, 185 pounds; lightest man, 127 pounds; total height, 191 feet, 3 inches; average, 69 7-11 inches; tallest man, 6 feet 2 inches; shortest, 5 feet 5½ inches; Democrats, 14; Republicans, 19; 12 will study theology; 11 law; 2 medicine; 5 will be business men; 2 chemists and 1 farmer.

THE HOLCAD.

PUBLISHED SEMI-MONTHLY DURING THE COLLEGE YEAR BY THE
STUDENTS OF WESTMINSTER COLLEGE.

NEW WILMINGTON, PA., MAY 15, 1885

TERMS: \$1.50 PER YEAR. SINGLE COPY, 10 CENTS.

Entered at the postoffice at New Wilmington, Pa., as second-class
mail matter.

EDITORS.

W. HAYES MOORE,	- - -	EDITOR-IN-CHIEF.
S. P. BARACKMAN,	- - -	ASSISTANT.
J. L. SNYDER,	} - -	LITERARY DEPARTMENT.
SADIE M. McELREE,		
H. D. GORDON,		
D. C. MORRISON,	} - -	COLLEGE AND LOCAL DEPARTMENT.
FLORA J. IRONS,		
JNO. H. WEBSTER,	- - -	EXCHANGES.
ROB. L. HAY,	- - -	BUSINESS MANAGER.

Information solicited respecting the Alumni and those
who have been in any way connected with the College.

Address all communications to

THE HOLCAD, New Wilmington, Pa.

IN another column will be found one of the most touching and beautiful articles that Mr. Burdette has ever written. Though this has appeared in a number of college papers, and is here published by request, we do not feel that any apology is necessary from us. There is no reader of the HOLCAD who will fail to see its depth of feeling and beauty of sentiment. It shows that a man can be humorous yet serious, trifling yet earnest; that he who laughs most heartily feels sorrow most keenly and weeps most bitterly. We believe every one can read this letter with profit and can admire the author.

WE are beginning to wonder what has become of our village improvement committee. It is said that the soldier who boasts most loudly and wears his colors with the grandest air of bravery, while surrounded by admiring friends is generally the one who fails to report when he comes within range of the enemies' guns. So it seems to be with our committee. While Nature was fast asleep in her snowy sepulcher and all

signs of life were crushed by the icy fetters of winter, some of our citizens became very enthusiastic over the adornment of our naturally beautiful village, but the severity of the winter seems to have cooled their enthusiasm so completely that it has failed to respond to the reviving influences of spring. Now, when the time for work has come, the excitement has all died away. Arbor Day passed without the slightest recognition, and now the time for transplanting ornamental trees is almost past and New Wilmington's prospects for rural beauty are none the brighter.

This is certainly not because there is no need of improvement. Our barren squares might be transformed into beautiful lawns, our dilapidated walks and leaning fences might be changed for something more attractive and substantial.

This work would certainly pay in this village which depends so much on the prosperity of the College. But we have not yet given up to despair; we still have hope that something will soon be done in this direction.

AN article appeared in our last number on the educational power of music. We heartily endorse the sentiments of the Professor. Music is a branch of education which has been sadly neglected in some of our colleges; and in her past history this is especially true of Westminster. The lack of musical taste among the students has been painfully prominent. But we hope that these days are about to end. We can hardly expect to reap much fruit as yet from an institution so young as the musical department of Westminster College, but it is doing good work, and, in time, its influence must be felt.

Greek, Latin and Mathematics are very good to develop brain power, but there are finer qualities in the human soul which will respond only to the touch of the more aesthetic studies.

The world is full of harmony and beauty if we can only learn to see it. An education which does not take this into consideration is incomplete. An intellectual giant may lack the good taste and fine sensibilities which are necessary to make him a

useful member of society. The cultivation of the mind in this direction is at least worth an effort.

Now that the development of the musical talent has been undertaken, we believe that those having the department in charge will spare no pains to give it the attention which it deserves and make it as efficient as any other of the College.

ONE of the most gratifying things to those who are interested in educational work is the yearly increase in attendance at the colleges all over the United States. It may be that the proportion of our population is very small, but this is gradually increasing, and from various indications we have reason to believe that it will increase even more rapidly in the future than it has in the past. It is becoming more evident that, at no distant day a good college education will be required of every young man who desires to enter any of the three great professions. The fact that many have succeeded, have even become men of prominence and influence and authority without the training of a college course, does not argue that every one can do so. Even such men, great and influential as they may have been or may still be, would have been better qualified for their work, and would have done it better had they had the discipline a good college gives and the culture it affords. However great any man's natural ability is, it can never be lessened by study or by any information he may acquire, even if he acquire it at a college. Perhaps there are few men in the Methodist church who have more influence or who have done more or better work than Dr. J. H. Vincent, yet he said recently that he would give ten thousand dollars if he had the training which every first-class institution gives. What does this mean? It means simply that he now sees where such discipline and training would be of service and regrets that he has not had it. And what is true of the minister is true of the lawyer and of the physician. Neither in this age of education-advancement and learned inquiry can afford to be ignorant of the branches now taught in every college, especially the classics; nor can he do

without the discipline of mind so necessary to proficiency in any profession. This question deserves attention and should be studied. The testimony of the best of men cannot be without weight. When they feel a loss from carelessness and a lack of thoroughness in preparation, no young aspirant for fame or success should presume to think that he can reach the goal of his ambition by disregarding what such men deem so necessary. Every one who contemplates entering any profession should seriously consider whether he can give up the advantages of a course in college.

WITH the last issue of the HOLCAD the members of the editorial board from the Senior class laid aside their pens, having finished the work which for almost a year they have found both pleasant and profitable. With this issue the newly elected members from the Sophomore and Junior classes assume their duties, we trust, we believe, to find the work as agreeable and to do it as well as those whom they succeed. To those who retire, those who remain would say a few words—of regret, that the relations which have pleasantly existed for a year must be broken, of congratulation, that they go to engage in greater work and to exert an influence in a wider field of usefulness. We cannot but feel that the associations of the year have yielded a valuable experience. We all know the editor's trials and the editor's rewards, and whatever may be the work to which in the future any or all of us may be called, we shall know how to sympathize with every editor when sympathy is needed, and how to rejoice with him when his labors are successful, or the thoughtfulness of patrons or friends make him glad. The duties which have devolved upon us have necessarily brought us close together. We have known each other better, during the past year, than we shall ever again. Each one of us has made some kind of impressions upon the other, and may we not believe that all these have been for good, and that wherever in other years, we may be, we will always revert to the days of our editorial work as of pleasant memory. The

good wishes of those who remain follow those who now sever their connection with the paper into their respective fields of labor, and judging from the efficiency of their work in the past, we predict for them a successful future career. We cannot but feel glad with them that their days of preparation are almost over and they are almost ready to engage in the more active duties of life. Indeed, we can scarcely restrain a wish that we stood with them even though we look forward with pleasure to the work of the year that remains. There is something in the close of college work particularly impressive and suggestive. The time which has been so long looked forward to has at last arrived, and the young man is almost ready to begin the work upon which his heart has long been set—almost ready to try the fortunes and misfortunes of the world on a larger scale. He begins to feel that life is real, that life is earnest, and that his influence and responsibility are increased, and his field of operation limited only by his abilities and will. In all this there is no little satisfaction, and yet, withal, much regret. This is a turning point in almost every one's career, to which, perhaps, he has looked forward with longing, and through which he passes in deep reflection. He looks in both directions. The past and the future make the present a solemn reality. The greatest satisfaction at such a time is to be able to look upon the past with thankfulness and pleasure, and into the future with confidence, and to feel that honesty of purpose, fidelity to right and uprightness of conduct have prompted every act and led the way along; to realize that the years of patient preparation have brought their reward, by qualifying for a greater work. Again we wish our retiring brethren success in all they undertake, and health and happiness in all their work.

For those who take their places we have only words of hearty welcome. The ability and fitness of each one justify us in assuring our patrons that the respective departments will be well filled. The prospects for the HOLCAD are bright. The editors are encouraged and look forward to a year of congenial work.

EXCHANGES.

—The *College Chronicle* for April is on our table. It is bright and spicy. An article entitled "The Kaleidoscope," contains some good suggestions in regard to essay writing. Three long columns are devoted to eulogizing the performances given in the Literary societies. The space so devoted, we think could be filled with something more interesting.

—One of the most interesting of our exchanges for this month is the *Bethany Collegian*. Among the editorials appears a very good article on newspapers which discusses the question, "Whether the newspaper is to be a teacher, or simply an exponent of certain doctrines which it can discard the moment public opinion becomes averse to them." On this point the writer has the following—"From a pecuniary point of view to follow public opinion rather than lead it, would be an advantage. From a moral point of view to lead public opinion rather than to follow it is far grander and nobler. Between money on the one side, and a question of morals on the other, every newspaper must choose. * * * Fifty years ago public speakers moulded public opinion; to-day, it is the newspaper. Upon no one devolves greater responsibility than upon the editor of a great newspaper. The editor's *vo* does more to mould public opinion than the preacher, lecturer and public-speaker combined. The speaker addresses the hundreds only, the editor the thousands. It is for the latter to take up great principles and develop them and instruct his many readers in regard to them. * * * No position is more responsible for he is at once a benefactor and philanthropist. We need but point to two men, Horace Greeley and Thurlow Weed, to show what influence and power an editor may obtain. Scott says of Roderick Dhu,

One blast upon his bugle horn
Were worth a thousand men.

The editor with his pen can summon ten times as many. But the future editor should bear in mind to be an instructor rather than a pupil of public opinion: a guide rather than a vacillating camp follower."

—We clip the following from an editorial in the last number of the *Lawrentian*. It is, we think, not only worth reading but also worth remembering: "Just in proportion as the student saturates himself with the thought of others will he be able to produce something genuine himself. Reading may make his style terse and rugged for a time, but even ruggedness is preferable to flowery emptiness. A shallow

mind may be able to make common-places jingle in a rhythmic flow of words but such productions are insipid. The products of other minds, thrown into the furnace of reflection fuse and take on the shape of the mould of the reader's mind. Reading and thought encourage each other. Thought glows and becomes intense only when brought into contact with thought."

OTHER COLLEGES.

—A class in Arabic has been formed at Cornell.

—Fifteen per cent. of the Yale Freshmen use tobacco.

—Of Harvard's 1,617 students, 968 are from Massachusetts.

—Switzerland is said to be the native place of education.

—Harvard is thinking of shortening the course to three years.

—There are 31 colored students in the Freshman class at Yale.

—The Mormons are about to found a college at Salt Lake City.

—The Senior class at Amherst will graduate in "cap and gown."

—Students at Yale are allowed six unexcused absences per term.

—Daily chapel has been discontinued at Wisconsin State University.

—Vassar has received \$1,000 as a prize fund to promote the study of Shakespeare.

—Cornell, Michigan and Virginia Universities have made chapel attendance optional.

—French or German has been made a full equivalent for Greek in the University of Toronto.

—Princeton Seniors are to be assessed \$8.00 per capita to pay for the exercises of class day.

—The Princeton Faculty have forbidden the playing of base ball, except on college grounds.

—The literary society at Yale is the oldest in the United States, having been organized in 1768.

—The whole number of students in the various collegiate departments of the United States is 32,000.

—The new catalogue of Oberlin College, Ohio, contains the names of 1,314 students, forty-eight different States, Territories, and foreign countries being

represented, but Ohio furnishes more than one-half of the whole number. Among the foreigners appear Japanese, Hawaiians and Zulus. The college is for both sexes. One of its peculiarities is that the college is bound, while it shall exist, to open every recitation with either singing or prayer.—*Ex.*

—The largest class in Sanscrit in this country is at the University of Penn. It consists of eleven enthusiastic members.

—The oldest college student on record is at the University of Vermont. He is in the class of '85, and is 83 years old.

—Out of the 3,590 graduates from the various colleges of the United States, over fifty-two per cent. are base-ball players.

—It is stated by an Egyptian traveler that there is a Mohammedan University, 900 years older than Oxford, situated at Cairo, and is still flourishing, as in the days of Arabian conquests. It contains but one room; the floor is paved, and the roof is supported by 400 columns. Ten thousand students are said to be educated there to preach the Moslem faith.

TO COLLEGE BOYS.

\$25 for an essay.

We will give \$25 for the best essay on the subject, "Why a National Prohibition party?" The conditions are:

1. The essay must not contain less than 1,500 words or more than 5,000.
2. It must reach us on or before June 1st, 1885.
3. The writer must be an undergraduate student in some college.—*The Voice.*

—Whitelaw Reid gives as the indispensable requirements of a journalist, a thorough familiarity with the party history of the country, and with the general history of the country and of the world together with a knowledge of common, constitutional, international law, political economy, logic, principles of criticism, English literature, and the French and German languages.—*Ex.*

—A student of English classics having been asked to read from Shakespeare the passage in which the following occurred: "My father did something smack of dishonesty," read "My father did something smack," and said, "Professor, what does that mean?" The Professor replied: "Not having been there, I do not know."—*Ex.*

COLLEGE AND LOCAL.

—May-day the 25th.

—Snow the 10th of May.

—Most useful—broad-brimmed hats.

—The latest is the white apron craze.

—Another late feature is blue dresses and white tape.

—The Sophomores have challenged the Faculty to a game of foot ball.

—The Leagorean Society has dispensed with performances for two weeks.

—The first awning in town was put up a few days ago by McKinley and Haley.

—Contest invitations will be printed at Benuage and Elliott's in Philadelphia. They will be ready by June 1.

—Rev. J. M. Mealy has been elected by the Shemango Presbytery, as a delegate to the Presbyterian General Assembly.

—Some of the Professors are demeriting the students once in a long time, when they are not paying attention to the "matter in hand."

—The article in the last issue on "The Problem and its Results" was from the pen of J. Alex. Van Orsdel. We neglected to give the proper credit at the proper time.

—A game of base ball was played last Saturday between the College boys and a nine from the New Castle High School. The score stood 19 to 16 in favor of the College boys.

—Dr. W. E. Van Orsdel, of Sharon, formerly a student of Westminster, read an original paper entitled "Dental Education, Proper," before the Dental Association in Erie. Those who heard it speak of it in the highest terms.

—Jas. Bracken of Bracken & Co., of Greenville, was in town again last week taking orders for the firm. The faculty, students, and a number of the citizens have patronized the firm for the past two years, and their work has always given satisfaction

† —The game of base ball between the Sophomores and "all the rest of Mankmd," last Thursday afternoon, resulted in favor of the Sophomores by a score of 24 to 23. At the close of the 9th inning the contest was equal, and another inning was played in order to decide the game.

—At the regular meeting of the Philo Literary Society last Friday evening, the following officers were elected: Pres., Swan; V. P., Campbell; Rec. Sec., McFarland; assistant Rec. Sec., Houston; Cor. Sec., McNall, Sr.; First Critic, Hay; Second Critic, McFarland; Marshall, Aiken.

—House cleaning seems to be the chief employment of our town people at present. And it is not an unusual sight to see some poor "lord of creation" bending under the weight of a roll of carpet, or flourishing a whitewash brush with an energy which indicates at least a slight show of impatience.

—The following persons were elected as officers of the Leagorean Society for the ensuing few weeks: Pres., Miss Etta Reed; V. P., Miss Carrie Hay; Rec. Sec., Miss Otta Caldwell; Cor. Sec., Miss Nettie Alexander; First Critic, Miss Mattie McElwee; Second Critic, Miss Mary Dawson; Marshall, Miss Jean Robertson.

—The "Dime Sociable" given by the Y. L. M. C. of the 2nd U. P. church, on the evening of April 30th, at the house of the Pastor, Rev. J. A. Kennedy, was a success, socially and financially. The proceeds were for the benefit of the church. The young ladies were requested to have another one soon. A "Mum Sociable" was suggested.

—Quite a number of the ladies of our town attended the Ladies' Missionary meeting at Bedford last week. They came home with glowing accounts of their meeting. One of the most interesting reports read was that of the "Happy Workers," of New Wilmington. This little society was organized the last of January, and up to time of report have raised thirty-two dollars. They have certainly done well.

—One of the recitation rooms was the scene of a striking performance a few days ago. A gentleman student entered the room, and was standing resting on a settee, talking to some ladies, when suddenly his feet failed to be true supporters, and he came down with great weight on the end of the settee, mashing it completely. The Prof. invited him to adjourn to another room, where he would have employment of another kind.

—The members of the 2nd U. P. church met again on May 6th, to consider the matter of erecting a church, and to agree on a lot. The Post Office lot, once the old church property, was decided on. The building committee was instructed to proceed with the building as soon as possible. It is hoped that the committee will not meet with any more opposi-

tion, and that the long talked of "new church" will soon be erected.

—The Missionary meeting of the Y. M. C. A. last Tuesday evening, was one of the most interesting that has ever been held. Miss Bessie Snyder read a paper on "Home Mission Work," Mr. J. A. Shaw of the Senior class gave an interesting account of the "Warm Spring Indian Mission," and Rev. J. A. Kennedy made a stirring address on the subject, "The two calls to Missionary Work." Our Y. M. C. A. is still prospering and makes fair promises of great future usefulness.

†—The most interesting game of base ball here this year was played on Tuesday afternoon last, between the Juniors and Seniors. The Seniors were the challenging party, and with that self-importance which characterizes the average Senior just before he knows the result of his final examinations, they had the announcement made in chapel that they had "condescended" to play the Juniors. Seniors were cheap after the game. Their discomfiture was complete. The Juniors bore their honors with becoming dignity, and the defeated party may thank their "lucky stars" that the victors were as merciful as they were. The following is the result:

SENIORS.					JUNIORS.				
R	B	P	O	TB	R	B	P	O	TB
Golden, p.....	1	1	4	6	Snyder, c.....	3	4	8	6
Davidson, c.....	3	3	8	6	Moore, W. A., l.....	2	2	9	5
Van Orsdel, l.....	0	1	9	6	Webster, l.....	3	4	0	5
Cotton, 2.....	2	0	1	5	Harrab, 3.....	0	2	4	5
Stewart, 3.....	2	1	0	5	Byers, s.....	0	2	0	5
Shaw, s.....	1	1	1	5	Swan, r.....	1	2	0	5
Allen, m.....	1	0	0	5	Moore, W. H. m.....	1	1	0	5
Vance, l.....	1	0	0	5	McNaughton, p.....	3	2	4	5
Moore, H. W., r.....	2	1	0	5	Campbell, 2.....	1	1	1	5
Totals.....	13	8	23	48	Totals.....	14	20	26	46
Innings.....	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
Seniors.....	1	0	2	5	0	0	2	2	1—13
Juniors.....	2	4	4	0	3	0	1	0	—14

Umpire—Lindsey. Time—two hours.

PERSONALS.

—Rev. J. M. Fulton was in town last week.

—T. A. Reed, '82, is now at Lawrence, Kansas.

—J. S. Hill, '87, will return to college about June 1.

—Rev. G. H. Getty, '81, is in town visiting friends.

—Miss Agnes Irons spent her Arbor Day vacation at home.

—Rev. J. H. Breaden, '74, and wife, were in town last week.

—Findley, formerly of the class of '88, was in town for a few days.

—Misses Maggie Campbell and Carrie Hay were in town last week.

—Rev. F. E. Thompson, '70, of Belknap, preached at Neshannock church on Saturday.

—Miss Otta Caldwell, '86, is confined to her room for a few days on account of sickness.

—Miss Emma Alexander, '78, does not expect to teach, but intends remaining at home.

—Miss Fannie Lewis returned last Saturday from a lengthy visit to her brother Leander.

—Berry, '87, and Stewart, '85, went fishing May 6th. They say it was a good day "to fish."

—Dr. Ferguson and Rev. J. H. Breaden visited the Adelpic and Philo Literary Societies last Friday evening.

—Rev. N. Winegart, '74, was in town Monday. He is occupying the pulpit lately vacated by Rev. E. N. McElree.

—Messrs. McBurney and Conner, of the Senior class of Geneva College, were the guests of J. G. Berry last week.

—Miss Anna Rowland, class of '88, is improving her time while out of college this term by teaching. Her term opened May 4th.

—Prof. R. B. Taggart, preached at Greenfield on Sabbath last. He did not return in time for his first three recitations on Monday.

—E. P. Logan, '82, and S. A. Aiken, '83, are in town. We are glad to have them with us again, and to know that they still play base ball.

—Miss Huldah Campbell, '84, has enrolled her name among the list of teachers. She began her first term May 4th, at the Porter school.

—Misses Maggie McLaughry, '74, and Belle Campbell, '80, who have been teaching in Greenville, closed their schools last week and are now resting at home.

—Miss Emma Alexander gave the members of her

Sabbath School class a party on Tuesday evening, April 28th. It is reported to have been a very pleasant affair.

—Dr. Wheeler, of Greenville, preached in the M. E. church Sabbath evening and was in chapel Monday morning and made some very appropriate remarks to the students.

—Misses Brown and Poppino, and Messrs. Allen, Love, Golden, Cotton, Moore, and Moore, of the Senior class, are to start May 22nd for Cleveland. They expect to visit Mr. Ryder, the photographer.

—We hear from good authority that Rev. J. Q. A. McDowell, of Millbrook, will not accept the call tendered him by the 2nd U. P. church, New Castle, his reason being that he wishes to remain at home to gain rest.

—W. B. Breckenridge, a former student of Westminster, and graduate of Wooster, O., was in town last week visiting friends. He was licensed to preach a short time ago and will occupy the pulpit of W. P. Stevenson, '82, until his return from Europe.

—S. S. Beggs, formerly of the class of '88, returned from New Orleans the last of April. He enjoyed his trip very much, and thinks the exhibition excels any other that he ever attended. He advises other teachers to spend some of their winter wages in the same way.

BIDDING FAREWELL TO A PASTOR.

Notwithstanding the stormy weather of last evening, a large number of people assembled at the chapel of the Tompkins Avenue Reformed Presbyterian Church, corner of Willoughby avenue, to bid farewell to their former pastor, Rev. S. J. Crowe, who resigned on account of ill-health, and who goes to take up his abode in Nebraska. Mr. Crowe opened the meeting with prayer. Rev. Mr. Glasgow, who has been preaching for the last month in the church, made a few remarks in which he said: "The day has been a very changeable one; darkness to brightness, from sunshine to rain, also from sadness—for to day two children of one family in the congregation have been laid in the grave—to rejoicing this evening; for we have assembled to give a pleasant evening to our pastor who is going to leave us for the far West." Mr. Glasgow said to Mr. Crowe that he had a large library of books, many dealing with theological subjects which he prized as highly as gold, but now on behalf of his people he presented him

with a book filled with the precious metal itself, which proved to be a Russian pocketbook full of gold pieces.

Mr. Crowe responded in a speech thanking them for their kindly consideration.

Mrs. Pritchard, on behalf of the Ladies' Aid Society, read an address and presented Mrs. Crowe with an elegant silver coffee urn. Mrs. Crowe will be greatly missed by every one who was even slightly acquainted with her. She is a highly-educated lady, and in musical training few can compare with her. After singing by a number of the young people a recess was taken, which was spent in partaking of refreshments and enjoying a social chat with the departing pastor.

A poem written by Mrs. Richard Taylor, President of the Ladies' Aid Society, on "The Synopsis of Church Work for the Last Three Years," was read by Mrs. Pritchard. Singing and music followed, and finally "Auld Lang Syne" was sung and a "God-speed" to the pastor and his family concluded the entertainment at a late hour. Mr. Crowe's successor, Mr. Carson, will be ordained the latter part of May.

REV. W. B. BARR RELEASED.

The U. P. Presbytery, which met at Harmony on Tuesday of last week, released Rev. W. B. Barr from Grove City and Springfield congregations. A call for him to New Brighton was presented and by him accepted. A certificate was granted him to connect with the Beaver Valley Presbytery. He was appointed to preach at Grove City and Springfield and declare the pulpits at these places vacant. Rev. J. J. Imbrie was appointed to moderate a call for a pastor at Grove City, which place was recommended to the Board of Home Missions for aid to the amount of \$300 for the year: condition, settlement of a pastor. Rev. Barr's salary at New Brighton will be \$1,000 a year.—*Telephone*.

EARTHQUAKES.—The recent disastrous earthquakes in Spain have given a new impetus to seismological study. A commission has been appointed by the French Academy of Science under the charge of M. Fouque to go to Andalusia to investigate the subject. The most widely accepted theory of the cause of earthquakes, is that they are the result of the sudden movements due to dislocations of strata caused by the great lateral pressure resulting from the contraction of the earth's surface in cooling.

THE HOLCAD.

VOL. I.

NEW WILMINGTON, PA., JUNE 1, 1885.

No. 19.

TWO CONQUERORS.

'Twas midnight on the tented plain,
The din of strife had died away,
And tangled in the lion's mane
The captive Corsican eagle lay;
No more 'mid shouts of victory won
His pinions climbed the morning light,
The splendor of his noonday sun
Was quenched in swift and awful night;
They bore him in his iron cage
To stern Helena's rock-walled shore,
To beat the bars with baffled rage
In answer to the ocean's roar;
There, haunted by the orphan's shriek,
The widow's curse, the mother's moan,
With battled wings and muzzled beak
The bird of doom was left alone;
And when he died the pent-up wrath
Of Nature burst in flame and flood,
As if to cleanse his blackened path
Whose rule was born of woe and blood;
And Freedom will his name record
With those who bore *her* name in vain—
Who raised on high the victor's sword,
But forged for man a tyrant's chain.

* * * * *

O! silent man, whose mighty deeds
Awoke the land from dumb despair,
Who rose responsive to our needs
In answer to a nation's prayer—
Whose trustful manhood, warm and true,
Through every act and impulse ran,
Till foes whom war could not subdue
Surrender to the kindly Man—
O! Master of each storied field
Where mortal man with thee has striven,
The death itself was forced to yield
And fly before thy faith in heaven—
When every battle-flag is furled,
And love has wiped away our tears,
When songs of peace shall thrill the world,
Thy life will tower above the years
Like some calm mountain—crowned with snows
Which o'er the storms of summer shine—
From whose green heart a river flows,
And o'er whose feet the myrtles twine;
And Freedom's hand shall write thy name
Among the few bright names of time
That glow with all a conqueror's fame,
Unclouded by a conqueror's crime.

—James G. Clark.

ADVANCES IN SOCIETY.

BY H. G. GOLDEN, '85.

The attainment of liberty in action and in thought has been the goal of human progress. In the history of the world's advancement, we see the path, marked by many battle-fields, over which mankind has struggled on from darkness to light, from servitude to freedom. In the onward march the point that yesterday was invisible, has to-day been reached and affords a starting-point for still greater and more rapid progress. Every triumph on the battle-field of unselfish truth has been a prophecy of future conquest, has widened the horizon of man's thought, and caused each succeeding struggle to be for something nobler than the last. If we lift the veil which hides from view the past and look at the history of Europe we can see in the down-fall of feudalism the first great advance of the race toward liberty. Looking at feudal Europe we see a country, owned and governed by tyrannous lords, kings whose sceptres were symbols of weakness, an enslaved people, ignorant of the past, powerless to redress the injuries of the present and apparently hopeless for the future. Guarded by no laws, their rights respected by no government, protected by no royal power, there was for the vassal no alternative but to compromise with oppression and trust for safety to the mercy of a feudal despot. But this grand system which received the vassalage of kings, and which seemingly controlled the destiny of Europe, was doomed to meet the inevitable fate of every system whose controlling spirit is selfishness, whose creed is based on the right of oppression, and whose temples are reared by the hand of tyranny.

The large and growing debts of the barons, the increase of commerce and the wide-spread acquisition of military knowledge, were facts which brought to kings dreams of a regained power, gave to a few serfs a taste of freedom and awakened in the hearts of the people a spirit of resistance to tyranny which was destined to become irresistible. But all revolts were speedily checked, insurgents relentlessly punished, and the people weak and ignorant appeared to wage a hopeless contest; yet the fire then kindled on the altar of freedom threw gleams of promise and inspi-

ration into the future infusing hope and courage in other hearts. The struggle still went on until at Runnymede the crisis came which was to be the first monument of English liberty, to lay the first firm foundation of English constitution, to proclaim equal rights to peer and pauper. And that star which was now rising to pierce the darkness which enveloped England, was the prophecy of a constellation which should illuminate every nation of Europe.

The downfall of feudalism marked an era in man's advancement, for on its ruins rose the fair structure of political freedom. But although mankind had now attained that degree of liberty which had long been to them the object of aspiration, yet the realization of their present freedom was but the promise of grearer conquests, the precursor to the race of a brighter future, a higher destiny. Every new advance of the race as of the individual, presents a wider prospect, reveals new possibilities. The objects of pursuit promising the satisfaction of every want, when attained serve but to increase our capacities, to discover to us greater needs, to beckon us on to loftier aims. And thus when the people of Europe, strengthened by a Divine power had risen from their tomb of bodily slavery, then only could they realize that the crements of intellectual and moral bondage still bound them hand and foot. Political bondage had nourished superstition. Blind faith had become a moral serfdom. But now fearlessness to fight begot the courage to think. Self-reliance in knowledge led to the investigation of creeds. The revival of literature and the reformation in morals went hand in hand. By the example and achievements of a Columbus these dormant principles were vitalized and expanded into a popular movement.

The church had imperiously declared that there were no new worlds. Scholars had expressed their contempt for the natural sciences. The discovery of the new world convinced men that the priestly claim to infallibility was an imperious superstition and summoned science to physical exploration and the interpretation of nature. Misgivings became convictions, and the fetters of authority were broken. In each sphere of knowledge the new truth struggled with old systems.

A Luther championed the protestants of religion; a Bacon, the protestants of science. The futile promises of a useless and inactive philosophy were exchanged for a science of utility, philanthropy and progress; the tyranny of priestcraft for freedom of conscience. With succeeding generations the good predominated over the evil until, with the triumph of charity, the individual was made the arbiter of

his own creed; with the establishment of equity, the promotion of man's welfare became the legitimate end of science. To the reformation in religion was consecrated the life and service of a Latimer who at the martyrs' stake, refused safety through hypocrisy, and in the face of certain death could say to his companion in persecution, "Be of good faith and play the man for we shall this day light a candle in England which shall never be put out;" and his words have echoed through all succeeding times. A Newton answered the summons which science gave, opened the portals which disclosed the wealth of nature, and gave to man a new consciousness of power. On the one hand stands Savonarola the reformer in morals; on the other Giordano Bruno the pathfinder in science. Both proclaimed liberty of thought; both were the enemies of bigotry, and both met the martyr's fate, the victims of intolerance. But as their ashes were wafted by the winds, so the waves of reaction spread their principles. The heretic was canonized; the martyr's faith became his murderers' creed. Liberty and activity, discovery and invention marked a new period of advancement.

Mankind in its foremost race had achieved its liberty from political, intellectual and ecclesiastical despotism. Yet on the threshold of a new world, at the feet of this race three millions of their brethren knelt imploring freedom. The superior attainments of knowledge and power in the hands of a free people became to a weaker race the instrument of oppression. The land whose boast was liberty, was made a refuge for the oppressor, and the declaration which proclaimed equality to all offered no protection to the African from the degradation of slavery. With the growth of the nation the institution of slavery became more firmly fixed; the condition of the slaves more utterly hopeless. The pulpit and the press, the politics and prejudices of the people were all combined to strengthen the cords that made the slave the subject of a brutish master's power. The life of the slave was brightened by no ray of hope; no influence inspired him with higher aspirations; the future destiny of his race was blackened by the darkness of despair. But although the story of the negro slave forms one of the saddest pages of the world's history, and though the history of American slavery is the most disgraceful blot upon the records of the country which permitted it, yet its overthrow was an act of devotion to the cause of right such as the world had never witnessed.

Amidst the strife of parties and the clashing of interests, there were those who could look beyond the narrow limit of present prosperity, who could hear

above the clamor of the rabble the pleadings of future ages, and who saw with prophetic vision the downfall of wrong, the triumph of right. In all ages have poets sung the praise of him who has waged successful warfare against the ravager of his own home and country, the destroyer of his own liberty. But the noble few, who, vilified and contemned, animated by no hope of reward, in the face of sneers and persecutions, not only became the champions of a despised race but dared be martyrs for their sakes, have placed the crown of highest honor upon the present civilization.

The few Grecian heroes, who, on the field of Marathon, kept in check the millions of Persia, have merited the applause of all succeeding centuries. On the plain of Tours, German warriors, in defense of their homes and their faith, beat back the horde of Saracen invaders, and the story of their valor thrills us with wonder and admiration. We point with patriotic pride to Lexington and Saratoga as battles which fixed the fate of a nation and proved the courage and heroism of its people. But the names of Harper's Ferry, Richmond, and Gettysburg, recall the memories of men who fought for a nobler cause, who achieved a grander triumph. For they contended not for their own freedom but fought to rescue the rights of others. The blow they struck was not at slavery alone but at every form of human selfishness; they bound humanity together with cords of sympathy and infused into nations and races the sentiments of a common brotherhood.

Here rose to a climax the principle which has ever urged humanity onward toward a better age, a higher civilization. It led the serfs of Europe to break their fetters and assert their manhood. It caused mankind in later ages to doubt the dogmas of philosophers, to defy the arrogance of priests and substituted for blind devotion the right of independent thought. It has elevated and widened men's thoughts and guided their purposes through all ages; and as this principle has directed the history of the past, so it sways the destiny of the future. As in the past it has inspired men on the battle-field and at the martyr's stake, and incited them to vindicate their rights over every form of external tyranny, so in the future on the arena of the soul it will break down the power of appetite and passion, release man from the bondage of vice and assert his dominion over self. Each changing scene in the world's drama is the record of a new idea which has been crystallized into a purpose, a suggestion that has become conviction, that has been inwrought into the faith of the race and been reorded on the statute books of hu-

manity. With each advance the circle of our view will be widened, the ideal will become the actual and the dreams of each age the reality of the next.

COLLEGE AND CULTURE.

BY REV. E. T. JEFFERS, D. D.

The young people who attend our institutions that profess to give a higher education should be taught by parents, preachers and professors that the worthy end of their study is self-culture. How often are they misled! The specialist finds in this class a rich field. He sows broadcast his pernicious seed. Many a noble youth is lost to the world of letters by turning aside from the king's highway, persuaded that there is a short cut to culture. To these inquiring, earnest, bright, hopeful minds, the grandest views should be spread out, and the fullest life mapped out.

Who will ever tell how much of the usefulness and excellence of Emerson was due to an idea of this kind implanted in his mind in his college days. "Neither years nor books have yet availed," says he in later life, "to extirpate a prejudice then rooted in me that a scholar is the favorite of heaven and earth, the excellency of his country, and the happiest of men." Every opportunity for placing this idea before the student's mind should be eagerly seized.

WHEN.

The occasion for these wise hints and wholesome lessons comes whenever a boy asks, "Will it pay to study algebra?" "Will you assure me I shall need Latin in my vocation?" "When shall I get a return for the time, money and work I am putting on Greek and metaphysics?" "Of what earthly use will calculus ever be to me?" These and such like questions, which are painfully familiar to many of us, are just the opportunities we are seeking to draw, in the impressible mind of the learner, the broad line between education and training, and between their products, culture on the one hand, and mere skill and facility to do some special work on the other. Naturally young people measure every study's importance by the advantage it promises them. If they are assured that by knowledge of this branch, or that or the other, or all three, they can earn a salary of \$5,000 or \$10,000 a year they need no encouragement further than that to quicken their zeal.

But educators use no such argument. They supplant that commercial idea with one infinitely higher. They follow the best of educators, who taught the sordid souls of his day, "The life is more than meat, and the body is more than raiment." The soul is of

more consequence than the objects of its knowledge. The developed faculties are better than the knowledge, study and training that develop them, plus all the added gain their development brings you; so much better that the gain or loss should be left out of the reckoning. Of course the youth should be taught that a trade or profession as a means of honest livelihood is a matter of moral obligation, as well as a social necessity; but he should be taught also, with greater care and with more repetition and emphasis, that "the profession is for the man, and not the man for it. Humanity is broader than vocation." (Dr. Higbee).

OBJECTIONS.

You will be answered when you play the earnest educator, by a youth, "I am going to teach. I don't need any college education. I have been told it would hinder rather than help me, besides wasting five years or more of precious time." Another will say, "I have arranged to read medicine. The most successful doctor in our town never saw college or normal school. I shall follow his example, and dispense with an A. B." A third, who lacks a year's preparation in order to enter the Freshman class, will add, "I have been admitted to the study of law. I fail to see where five years of college work would help me earn a living in my profession." And a fourth will cheerfully say, "I'm elected to be a farmer, and of course science, philosophy and literature would be out of place behind a plow." The bright-eyed girl waits till they have all spoken and gone; then she says, if you have her confidence, "I am to be married as soon as John's through with his professional studies and settled, and I think I should learn house-keeping rather than classics and chemistry."

ANSWER.

Then, in each instance, and in all such circumstances, you will lift up your voice and bear testimony to the truth that all professions and trades and all kinds of work, farming and housekeeping included, and farming and housekeeping especially, need men and women rather than professional tradesmen and housekeepers; that the crying need of the world, and of America in particular, is a rest from the haste and impatience that has flooded the country with specialists and narrow people; that we need a large crop of men and women of culture, regardless of professional lines; that it is absolutely required that much time be devoted by every one to growth, to the maturing and strengthening the powers, before they are concentrated on any special vocation, and before a vocation is chosen.

NOT A SPECIAL PLEA.

Let no one suppose for a moment that I am so short-sighted as not to be able to see beyond my present sphere of labor, and suppose me capable of saying or thinking that there is no education outside of colleges, universities, and normal schools. I merely repeat what I said before, when I insist that there are men of broad, wholesome culture who were never enrolled under a professor, as there are ninnies carrying the diplomas of the largest universities in the world. I speak of these institutions because few do reach culture without them, and because they furnish the best and most thorough course of education.

A COLLEGE THAT IS NOT A COLLEGE.

Whenever any course of study is regarded as a fitting for something special, it is no longer specifically but only incidentally educational. Whenever the college course, which was originally mapped out as a generally educational line of study, descends to the level of a fitting for teaching, preaching, doctoring, or pleading, it begins to change; a study here and another there is dropped and something else substituted because better adapted to prepare one for such and such a profession, or electives are allowed in such a number and with such laxity that the college becomes a minister of narrowness, and differs little from the commonest technical school.

SOME ADMISSIONS.

I do not say there is not much development of powers in all training and in all literary and professional work, but only this—that such development when tried by Pestalozzi's plummet will prove to be lop-sided, and measured by his line will be anything but symmetrical. The product will be too defective to be worthy the name Culture, and the training too specific to be worthy the name Education.

Nor would I altogether dissent from the views of Wendell Phillips, expressed in his Phi Beta Kappa oration of '81, that the scholar holds himself aloof from the practical duties of a citizen more than he should; but that he is a safer statesman when educated before he is trained in the political school.

Nor do I say that education has not a money value; that, other things being equal, the better educated nation is not the richer; but that study with a view to a cash return will be as far from producing culture as the practice of virtue for the sake of the happiness it brings will be from developing true piety.

PRACTICAL.

The plan of having a course of study and discipline in normal schools colleges and universities, that shall be designed primarily and purely for the per-

fection of the whole human being, seems visionary to some. I know; but I am satisfied it will stand the test of sound reason and of history.

It will not appear practical to the young and to many more advanced in life: but it will commend itself to the more thoughtful, whether they have been educated or not. Because the multitude do not see the ultimate and permanent utility of a course of study that seems altogether ideal, gifts and endowments are necessary to sustain the institutions that offer it. Private benefactions have largely endowed and sustained colleges and universities in the United States. Since the culture of the average citizen determines the character of the State, if the State does not educate her youth she should at least encourage them to be fully educated.

ONE IDEA.

These two papers are simply the repetition of one idea in different forms—that nothing is education which does not aim at culture, which does not lead to culture, which does not practically end in culture.

THE COLLEGE WORLD.

—The library at Columbia will be kept open on Sunday hereafter.

—In the United States, 14,000 degrees were conferred last year.

—The Catholic colleges in this country have 500 professors and 10,000 students.

—Columbia is considering the advisability of an annex similar to that of Harvard.

—The class day orator of Williams College will be Harry Garfield son of the late President.

—Yale, Harvard and Dartmouth have all conferred the degree of LL. D. on Secretary Bayard.

—The faculty of Amherst have headed the baseball list with a subscription of two-hundred dollars.

—The copy of Horace used by the poet Longfellow during his college course has been given to the Bowdoin College library.

—The University of Pennsylvania has opened three new departments—Biology, Physical Culture and Veterinary Surgery.

—President Porter, of Yale, believes that failures of college and university life are due in most cases to poor preparatory work.

—It may be of interest to those who make the subject a study to know that there are only five genuine

signatures of Shakespeare known to be in existence. One is in the London Library, one other in the British Museum, one attached to his will at Doctor's Commons, and two in possession of private collectors.—Ex.

—Gen. Jacob D. Cox, ex-Secretary of the Interior, was elected President of the Cincinnati University and it is said will occupy the position.

—Cornell students have organized a mock congress, consisting of an upper and lower house, and following as nearly as possible the methods of the U. S. Congress.

—Young lady [innocently to gentleman]: "I wish I could get one of those Freshmen to plant in my garden! I do so want something green." Blushes from Freshie.

—Ann Arbor students fail to appreciate the benefits of the bill before the Legislature to prohibit the sale of liquor within five miles of the college campus. Walking is not good enough.

—There is a petition now before the lower house of the Michigan legislature, asking that the sale of intoxicating liquors within five miles of the University of Michigan be prohibited by law.

—It is announced that next fall there will appear again a *Princeton Review*, not theological, but to represent the college in philosophy, science, art and literature. Dr. McCosh will contribute regularly and Prof. Sloane will be the editor.

—President White, of Cornell, is quoted as saying, with reference to morning prayers: "The most devoted Christian men in many of our institutions of learning saw reason to believe that the usual forced attendance upon morning college prayers was of very doubtful utility. To huddle into a cheerless room a great mass of students just hurried from their breakfast, with minds intent upon the recitation of the next hour, is certainly a very doubtful way of inducting young men into the beauties of holiness.—Ex.

—The John Hopkins University has been agitated by a controversy concerning vivisection, growing out of an attack on this practice of the leading physiologists, made by Prof. J. R. Harris professor of New Testament Greek and Palaeography, and reflecting on the Biological department. For this the professor was censured by the trustees and he has now resigned. This news furnishes fresh reasons to those who oppose the University on sectarian grounds and discourage the parents of Baltimore from sending their sons to an institution which they claim is not christian.—*University Press*.

THE HOLCAD.

PUBLISHED SEMI-MONTHLY DURING THE COLLEGE YEAR BY THE
STUDENTS OF WESTMINSTER COLLEGE.

NEW WILMINGTON, PA., JUNE 1, 1885

TERMS: \$1.50 PER YEAR. SINGLE COPY, 10 CENTS.

Entered at the postoffice at New Wilmington, Pa., as second-class
mail matter.

EDITORS.

W. HAYES MOORE,	- - -	EDITOR IN-CHIEF.
S. P. BARACKMAN,	- - -	ASSISTANT.
J. L. SNYDER,	} - -	LITERARY DEPARTMENT.
SADIE M. MCELREE,		
H. D. GORDON,		
D. C. MORRISON,	} - -	COLLEGE AND LOCAL DEPARTMENT.
FLORA J. IRONS,		
JNO. H. WEBSTER,	- - -	EXCHANGES.
ROB. L. HAY,	- - -	BUSINESS MANAGER.

Information solicited respecting the Alumni and those
who have been in any way connected with the College.

Address all communications to

THE HOLCAD, New Wilmington, Pa.

WHILE we are busily engaged in our college work there are events occurring in the political world which seem worthy of our notice. Though these things are pretty thoroughly discussed by the political papers, we have a right to look at them and judge of their importance from our own standpoint.

The war-cloud which, for the past few months, has been threatening to burst over England and Russia, has at last cleared away and the differences being peaceably settled.

It is but just to give a large share of this amicable settlement of affairs to Gladstone. From the first, though he seemed sometimes to stand almost alone, he has been for peace. His countrymen were dissatisfied and depreciated his policy as tardy and vacillating, the world pointed at it as weak and cowardly, but he clung to his purpose with the determination of one who knew himself to be in the right and felt perfectly confident of the result; and again, as in the days of Fabius Maximus, the Cunctator, has gained more by his coolness and good judgment than the most audacious warrior could have done

with the best blood of England. The present settlement of affairs is better for England than any war could have been, however advantageous, and she can thank Gladstone that she is not to-day involved in a long and bloody struggle.

The settlement of the trouble between England and Russia has more meaning than we are apt to give it at first sight. Gladstone in his conduct of the affairs of England is a representative of the most advanced thought and sentiment of the age. This is the first realization of the theory that a high degree of civilization will banish the noise of war and lead to the settlement of all difficulties by arbitration; it is the first fulfillment of the vision which inspired the poet to write those lines.

"Down the dark future, through long generations;
The echoing sounds grow fainter and then cease;
And like a bell with solemn, sweet vibrations
I hear once more the voice of Christ say, 'Peace.'

Peace! and no longer from its brazen portals
The blast of war's great organ shakes the sky!
But beautiful as songs of the immortals,
The holy melodies of peace arise."

From viewing the almost constant broils of the European nations we can turn with feelings of satisfaction and security to our own country. We have no foreign enemy to fear; the American flag is sacred wherever it waves and no one dares to offer it an insult.

Our energies are not wasted upon standing armies and expensive navies, because we have no need for these, but they are all devoted to the pursuits of peace.

NOTHING has attracted our attention, of late, so foolhardy, or so utterly wanting in every feature of the useful, or the commendable or the sensible, as the leap of "Professor" Odium, from the Brooklyn Bridge some days since. Nearly all who undertake deeds of daring have, at least, the show of an excuse to offer; but the leap of Odium had nothing to commend it beyond the possibility of showing that the physical system may survive a shock that should prove fatal. Odium pleased Paul Boynton, but

brought distress to an aged mother, and death and notoriety to himself. Doubtless it was his title of "Professor" that induced his madness, and the fact cannot be made too prominent at a time when every fellow who can deliver a donkey blow, indulge a bear hug, bate a bull or gyrate the tiptoe on roller skates is dubbed with, and glories in, the title that belongs alone to learning and worth.

SOME of our college papers have lately expressed themselves in favor of an inter-collegiate state contest in oratory. We think that the cause deserves the support of all the college papers and we hope that something will soon be done toward forming an organization for this purpose.

We would like to see the old Keystone State claim her place in the inter-state contest, and we see no reason why we should be behind any of the other states in this important branch of college work.

One of the principal objects of a college education is to acquire the ability to express our thoughts in a forcible and pleasing manner and the most practical means of acquiring this power of expression is the study and practice of oratory.

A true orator has a peculiar power which is hard to explain but is easily recognized by every one.

Many of our public speakers are sadly lacking in this direction, and we think that at least a large part of this lack can be traced to the indifference of many colleges on the subject.

Oratory is largely a natural gift but like every other gift it can be improved by cultivation. The inter-collegiate and inter-state contests will encourage the colleges to provide greater facilities for elocutionary studies, and the students to make a better use of their opportunities.

In most schools this branch of education is left entirely to the students organized into literary societies or debating clubs. They are all equally ignorant of the art which they wish to acquire, and are generally left without any counsel or instruction from those who have more

knowledge of the subject than themselves. The natural result is rather slow progress. We might as well look to a class, without a teacher, in music, mathematics or the classics for thorough systematic work as to the literary societies as they exist in most of our colleges.

Literary contests are frequently depreciated on account of the bitter feelings which they engender but this is not fair. It is not a necessary result of the contest but can nearly always be traced to some bad management on the part of those having it in charge. A little more care in the selection of judges would generally rectify all the hard feelings and dissatisfaction.

APROPOS of the discussion of co-education, which has been going on for some time in educational journals, is the question as to whether ladies, when admitted to the colleges with the same privileges as gentlemen, are able, mentally and physically, to pursue the same course of study. Complaints have frequently been made by the parents of young ladies to college authorities that too much is required of their daughters, that the course of study compels too close application and gives too little time for healthful exercise and necessary recreation. The opponents of co-education have taken note of this and have been pleased to use it as an argument against the ladies, bringing it forward to prove their inability to cope with the gentlemen when the same requirements are made of each. The argument, if such it can be called, proves nothing. Anyone who carefully looks into the condition of affairs at any college where co-education exists, and finds out just what is expected of the ladies and gentlemen both in the college proper and outside of it will arrive at a far different conclusion. It will be readily admitted, we think, even by those who advance the above views, that although the same requirements are made of the ladies that are made of the gentlemen, much more is expected. Whatever may be going on, they are expected to be present, if it is desired to make the affair pleasant, and if the gentlemen are gallant as, of course, they always are. If there is an entertainment, a picnic, a social gath-

ering of any kind, they must attend, and be the life and soul of it. It is well-known that a young lady enters society much earlier than a young man, and that her social duties are greater. If, when she is at college she is expected to attend evening parties, drives or dual entertainments, if she gives as much time to the pleasures of society as to the studies in the curriculum, and if, as is generally the case the number of gentlemen is greater than the number of ladies, it is unfair to make a comparison without due allowance. It is not only unfair but unjust to attribute to either intellectual or physical weakness the fact of declining health or of failure to secure a high rank in class. It proves nothing at all in reference to the respective abilities of the two sexes—it simply shows that a lady is expected to do more in less time and under greater disadvantages than a gentleman, else she receives no credit at all. These difficulties are not felt so much in the east as they are in the west where social pleasures, in many schools, form a prominent feature of a young lady's education.

Perhaps, the best solution is this, to be as much in school as possible and as little in society as possible, while at school. Of course, what has been said has no reference to Westminster, where the ladies' abilities have long been recognized, and when they have proved themselves worthy competitors, and in some cases left the struggling stronger sex far behind in the race for recognition. The conclusion which every one who reflects upon this question must arrive at is that it is not safe to look upon the fair sex as in any respect his inferior lest too soon he discover, to his sorrow, the truth of the contrary.

EXCHANGES.

—The May number of the *Student* from Cumberland University, Tenn., is particularly interesting. We have seldom seen a more enjoyable column of "Clippings." The following from an article on "Modern Superiority" is decidedly good: "The man who knows but little, and cares to know no more, is the man who thinks he knows the most, and can afford to boast the loudest; but the man who has thought deep and long, who has treasured in his

mind vast stores of information, is the man who has the greatest respect for the opinion of all men and all ages. The higher he climbs, the wider his mind opens to truth, the more does he see himself a creature of ignorance, and the fewer are his words in praise of human knowledge."

—We are glad to see the *Monmouth Courier* once more. It has played truant long enough. We fail to see the poetical part of its diagnosis of the class of '85. It was a good idea to put it in the back part of the paper—would have been better still farther back. However, let the would be poet take fresh courage and try again. "By stepping-stones we all attain that which is worthy of our aim."

—The last number of the *University Press* contains an oration entitled "The Conflict of Labor and Capital." It is from the pen of Mr. A. J. Beveridge, of Du Pauw University, Ind., and gained the first prize at the late inter state oratorical contest held at Columbus, Ohio.

—The *University Courier* contains an article signed "Alumnus," expressing great dissatisfaction at the forced resignation of Miss Kate Stephens, professor of the Greek language and literature in the Kansas State University. If, as Miss Stephens says herself, the only objection urged is that she is a woman, we may justly doubt whether it is sufficient. What kind of Trustees can the University have?

—The *Simpsonian* in its last issue has something more to say about our list of mispronounced words. It defends its use of the word fanatic and says: "We said nothing against the value of the list. A fanatic is one who is affected with excessive enthusiasm. No one else would have thought of such a scheme." We have no desire whatever to enter into any discussion, but if the exchange editor of the *Simpsonian* should ever happen to meet with a volume called, "The Unabridged Dictionary of the English Language" and read carefully all that is said about the word *fanatic* he will have hereafter a better conception of *how* and *when* it should be used and of the way in which it is used by such *fanatics* (?) as take pride both in the correct *pronunciation* and correct *use* of words.

—The shortest letter ever written consisted of a single letter. A French poet wrote to Piron, the dramatist, simply "Eo rus" (Latin for "I am going into the country"). Piron, not to be beaten in brevity, wrote back "I" ("Go").

COLLEGE AND LOCAL.

—Subscribe for the HOLCAD.

—Summer Normal begins June 29th.

—May 15th,—Battle of the Amazons.

—The fish horn is again heard in the land.

—Mrs. Blair started Monday morning to visit her sister in Kansas.

—Deputy Sheriff Perry Douds was in town Tuesday on business.

—Rev. Frank Thompson, of Mo., was home on a visit a few days ago.

—Joseph McNaugher, Esq., of the Board of Trustees, was in town last week.

—All the Seniors have left town except Miss Black who is visiting at Mr. Hay's.

—Hon. A. P. Moore and wife started Monday morning on a trip to the west.

—Dr. W. L. Smith is enlarging his dwelling house and is at present residing with Miss Leach.

—Our mathematical professor is giving the Sophomores a short drill in algebraic logarithms.

—The annual reception was given the Senior class last Thursday evening at the residence of Dr. Ferguson.

—The old post office building has been levelled to the ground and work on the new church will be begun soon.

—Dr. J. A. Van Orsdel was absent for a few days last week visiting his sister, Mrs. W. D. Irons, McDonald, Pa.

—John B. Joseph advises the Seniors to make less noise or they will not all be able to attend commencement exercises.

—Dr. J. G. Carson, of Xenia, O., assisted Rev. J. A. Kennedy, of the Second U. P. church, at communion services on Sabbath, May 31.

—The contract of Mrs. Alexander's houses has been let to Mr. Harry Kline, Sharon, Pa. They are to be completed by Sep. 1st.

—The base ball game last week between the Sophomores and the rest of the college resulted in favor of the Sophs. Score, 9 to 3.

—Mr. John Stewart, of the firm of Stewart & Clark, Sharon, Pa., was in town last week visiting his brother, R. E. Stewart, of the Senior class.

—Rev. Russell H. Conwell, of Philadelphia, will preach the annual sermon before the Y. M. C. A. on the Sabbath preceding commencement.

—The train which arrives here in the evening at 5:30 now leaves Pittsburgh at 2:40. Thus making much better connections at New Castle and the Junction.

—S. M. Buchanan was in East Brook, Tuesday, May 19th, attending the funeral of his aunt, Mrs. Black, who died of diphtheria, after an illness of two weeks.

—Dr. W. E. Van Orsdel, of Sharon, has been elected chairman of the Board of Censors, of the Lake Erie Dental Association. He is also a delegate to the State convention.

—The sociable given on April 17th, by the ladies of the Leagorean Literary Society was a success. Fifty dollars and twenty-five cents was taken in which will remove all the debt.

—Our Base-ball nine visited Beaver Falls on the 23rd, and played a game against a picked nine from the Beaver Falls' club, the Detroit's and several other professional clubs. The combination beat but our boys played well. A number of Geneva students watched the game.

—The following changes have been made in the college curriculum. Physiology has been taken from the second term of the Junior year and placed in the second term of the Freshman year in the place of General History. Biology takes the place of Physiology in the Junior year.

—We stated in our last number that the Leagorean Society had dispensed with performances for two weeks. That was a mistake. Society met the next Friday, and although they had no regular performances the meeting was very interesting. The exercises consisted of Bible reading, impromptu speeches, etc.

—Summer term of Slate Lick academy will close July 12th. Prof. G. E. Carnahan, '81, principal, has been very successful in his work as instructor, having had charge of the academy for three years with an average attendance of forty-seven students. The people of Slate Lick regret that his work as instructor will end so soon. Mr. Carnahan will engage in the work of the ministry in the fall.

—During the meetings recently held in Pittsburgh by Moody and Sankey, a prominent member of the Sophomore class obtained a ticket admitting him to

one of the seats reserved for ministers. He was ushered up to the front and secured a seat near the great evangelist. He chuckled over his good luck and, in his own language, "was getting on swimmingly." But imagine the despair that sprung up in that poor, innocent Soph's. heart, and the agony that plainly depicted itself on his distorted features, when Mr. Moody, tapping him gently on the shoulder, requested him to lead in prayer. The Soph., of course, declined, but what excuse he gave we are unable to tell.

—The Seniors, with that dignity and self-importance which is characteristic of no other body so much as their own, thought to raise "cane" or more properly speaking, canes, when they came marching into chapel the other morning, each carrying for a cane something that resembled a hoe handle painted red, or part of a flail. What these "sticks" were for we can't understand, unless to intimidate the Profs. But fearing an uprising of the other classes against them a council of war was held. Some of the big men of the class preferred war but they were obliged to yield to the eloquent appeals of the smaller members for peace. So the "sticks" were removed at the end of the first hour, much to the disgust of the First Preps.

—During the trip which the Seniors recently took to Cleveland, O., an accident occurred which might have resulted fatally but, fortunately, did not beyond a few slight wounds to one gentleman of the party. As they were nearing a certain locality in Ohio, one member of the party who had had some painful experience in that region sometime before, having been suspected of being a horse thief while he was only engaged in the innocent labor of selling books, rose suddenly to see the place of his former embarrassment and not perceiving that the window was closed he thrust his head through it, utterly demolishing the glass but only slightly injuring himself. Some say he was sleeping and on waking and hearing some one say something about detectives he thought to escape by jumping through the window. But this story, we are glad to say, is not generally believed.

—The following is the report of honors and appointments of the class of '85: First honor Miss Bessie J. Snyder, Slipperyrock; second, Geo. L. Hamm, of New Wilmington, third, R. J. Love, of Culmerville, I. N. Moore Mt. Chestnut, J. P. Vance, of New Wilmington, First class, D. E. Aiker, Bellfontaine, Ohio, J. L. Cotton Pulaski, R. E. Stewart, Des Moines, Iowa Second class. R. P. Allen, West

Middlesex, J. H. Shaw, West Liberty, W. J. Shields, New Willmington. The names in 3d honor and in classes are arranged alphabetically. First honor grade 96.78, second and third honors over 94. Those in first class ranked above 92 and below 94. Class third ranked between 90 and 92. Appointments, Miss. Snyder, Valedictory; Hamm, Greek Salutatory; Love, Classical Oration; Moore, oration on Law; Vance, Metaphysical Oration; Aiken, Chemical Oration; Stewart, Political Oration; Allen, Ethical Oration; Shaw, Astronomical Oration; Colton, Mathematical Oration; Shield, Historical Oration. Commencement, Wednesday, June 24th.

PERSONALS.

- Rev. E. N. McElree is slowly improving.
- J. S. Hill, '87, returned to college last Saturday.
- Berry, '87, was visiting in the country last week.
- Jessie Moore, '82, was in town the first of this week.
- Dr. R. G. Ferguson preached in New Castle last Sabbath.
- Miss Bell Leslie of New Castle, Pa., was in town over Sabbath.
- Rev. R. A. Gilfillan, '74, has accepted a call and moved to Wooster, O.
- Miss Jennie McKee a former student returned from Boston a short time ago.
- Rev. D. W. Irons, '72, has received a call from Barlow, Muskingam presbytery.
- Kistler and Webster, '82, attended Geneva College commencement on the 27th.
- Miss Aggie Irons, finished her term of school a short time ago and is now at home.
- A. R. Miller, '84, is taking a trip through the western states. He is now in Iowa.
- Rev. M. S. Telford was in town last week visiting his daughter of the Freshman class.
- G. K. Smith, of Mercer, Pa., was here last week visiting his father-in-law, Squire Sampson.
- F. B. Davis, a former student, is in the office of Scott and Shaw, 1006 Liberty st., Pittsburgh.
- Rev. H. G. McVey, of the First U. P. church preached in the chapel last Sabbath evening.
- J. D. Rankin, '83, will soon be home from Den-

ver. He has been for some time supplying the U. P. church there. He has accepted a call to West Middletown Washington, Co., and will begin work there on his return.

—A. D. Smith, of the firm of Smith and Walker, Erie, Pa., was in town last week on business.

—Miss Sadie McElree, '86, who is at present out of college, was at the reception Tuesday evening.

—John Swan, '86, returned to college on Tuesday last from a visit to Kane City, Venango Co., Pa.

—J. W. Hutchison, of the Sophomore class, was visiting a friend at Mechanicstown, O., last week.

—S. H. Moore, '75, lately moved into the parsonage of the Presbyterian church, Wilkinsburg, Pa.

—Rev. J. K. McClurkin, '73, Rev. J. C. McFleetters, '70, and are delegates to R. P. Assembly, in Iowa.

W. A. Moore, of the Junior class has been ill for a few days, but we are glad to see him around again.

—Judge John McMichael, '57, of New Castle, Pa., is Vice President of Solid Comfort Club of Mercer.

—Miss Laura Farrar, a former student finished her school term at Sharpsville, and is now at home.

Mrs. Harshaw, wife of A. H. Harshaw of the "Midland" is in town visiting her sister Miss Hezlep.

—Rev. J. A. Duff, '81, was in town over Sabbath. He has been preaching in Neb. and Iowa for some time.

Prof. James Parker, '83, of Knoxville College is with us again. He is pleased with the South and his work.

—Prop. J. B. McClelland, '78, of Grove City College, will deliver an address in Mercer, on Decoration Day.

—Abe Cook, a former student, is now a student at Thiel College, Greenville. He has been in town for a few days.

—Rev. J. T. McCrory of the third U. P. church, Pittsburg, Pa., has been chosen as third judge for society contest.

—Rev. John McNaugher, '80, was ordained and installed as pastor of the U. P. church of Fredericksburg, O., last month.

—Dr. J. M. French, '78, of Cincinnati, O., was married a few weeks ago. He and his wife attended the New Orleans exposition.

—Prof. J. B. Cummings and his niece—Miss Mary

Williams, started on Monday morning for General Assembly, Topeka, Kan.

—Rev. W. D. Irons, '75, of McDonald, Pa., has been chosen by the faculty of Geneva College, as judge on Junior Contest, May 26.

—Samuel Douthett, of the class of '88, has recovered from his illness, but is troubled with weak eyes. He will not be in college this term.

—Dr. McKee and wife of Rock Island, Ill., are spending a few days with Mrs. Alexander. Mrs. McKee was a member of the class of '57.

—Rev. A. I. Young, formerly of this college, has been released from his Turtle Creek charge and his address for the present is Portersville, Butler Co., Pa.

—Mark Wilson, of Princeton Seminary, brother of Chas. Wilson of Sophomore class, has been compelled to give up his studies on account of ill health.

—Miss Emma Alexander, '78, visited her friend Miss Ina Stewart, Mercer, Pa., last week. She attended the High School commencement May 15.

—McNaugher and Miss McKean of the Junior, Warden of the Sophomore, and Miss Neal attended the High School commencement at New Castle, Pa., May 19.

—John McWilliams, '82, was married Thursday evening, May 14, to Miss Eva L. Kirkton, at her home at Savannah. Rev. Josiah Stevenson performed the ceremony.

—Mr. Gilkey formerly a student of Westminster, and for some time editor of the "Greeley News," Greeley, Kan., finished his term of school some time ago and is now at home. He was in town last week.

—Miss Marian Miller, daughter of the Hon. S. H. Miller, '60, graduated at the Mercer High school this summer—She read an essay entitled "In Searce of a Subject," which is very highly spoken of by those who heard it.

—We received a letter from C. N. Winger, '81, a few days ago asking us to send the HOLCAD to Neah Bay, W. T. In his letter he says: "I began work here as superintendent of this school May 1st, '85. We have an assistant teacher and a good school. Our buildings are upon a high and picturesque point which extends some distance into the bay. We are only about six miles from the Pacific coast with a fine and healthy climate."

—Rev. David R. McDonald, formerly professor of Latin at Oakdale Academy and later professor of Rhetoric in Grove City College, is now preaching in

Philadelphia to large and appreciative audiences. Mr. McDonald graduated in March from the Allegheny Theological Seminary, and stood high in his class as an eloquent speaker and brilliant rhetorician. He has received two calls since his graduation, one in Ohio and one from the U. P. congregation at Tarentum.

—Rev. John Junkin Francis '65, of Birmingham, Pa., has received an enthusiastic and unanimous call to the pastorate of the Central Presbyterian church in Cincinnati, O. The daily papers speak in strong terms of the *Franklin News*, of the earnestness of the call and of the universal desire that Mr. Francis will accept. Mr. Francis is a young man of decided ability, intense devotion to his work, and eminently qualified to fill the pulpit which such distinguished pastors have held as Drs. N. L. Rice, N. West, R. C. Grandy, O. A. Hills, Robert Patterson and Wm. M. Blackburn. Rev. Francis accepted the call and left Monday to enter upon his new field of labor.—*Globe*.

ALUMNI ASSOCIATION.

The regular annual business meeting of the Westminster Alumni Association will be held in the Philo Hall at 5 o'clock p. m. Tuesday, June 23rd.

The exercises will consist of vocal and instrumental music; an oration by Rev. J. C. Taggart, of East Liverpool O.; an essay by Mrs. Rev. John McKee, of Butler Pa.; a poem by Rev. J. J. Francis, of Birmingham Pa.; and the history of the class of '70, by Rev. John Morrow, of Taylorstown Pa.

EMMA M. MEHARD, Cor. Sec.

LIBRARY REGULATIONS.

1. The library will be open from 1 o'clock p. m. to 2:30 p. m., on all school days.
2. The library is a place for reading and must not be used for conversation.
3. No person can have more than one book at a time.
4. No book will be given out to anyone on the name of another.
5. Any book may be renewed for one week on being presented to the Librarian, provided it has not been called for.
6. Any book taken out on any day of a certain week shall be presented to the Librarian for shelving or renewal on or before the Friday of the second week following.
7. All books must be returned to the library on the Friday before the close of each college term.
8. A fine of five cents will be imposed for each day a book is kept out over time.

LAWS OF WESTMINSTER FOOT-BALL ASSOCIATION.

I.

The winners of the toss shall have the choice of goals.

The game shall be commenced by a place-kick from the middle of the grounds by the side losing the toss, the other side shall not approach within 10 yards of the ball until it is kicked off.

II.

When the ball is in touch, the first player who touches it shall throw it from the point on the boundary line where it left the grounds, at right angles with the boundary line and it shall not be in play until it has touched the ground, the player throwing it shall not be allowed first place.

III.

When the ball is kicked behind the goal-line, the side first touching the ball shall have a free-kick. If touched by the side behind whose goal it has been kicked, the ball shall be placed on the line where it went out and kicked by one of that side, all members of opposite side must be at least 10 yards from goal line, member of side kicking not more than one yard from goal line. But if touched first by one of the opposite side they shall have the kick 10 yards from the goal line, the others remaining within one yard of goal-line until it has been kicked.

IV.

No player shall touch the ball with his hands when the ball is on the ground, and shall not strike the ball with arm or hand.

V.

No player shall throw the ball towards his goal line.

VI.

A player catching the ball may either have a free kick by immediately raising the ball above his head, or he may carry it or pass it to another player.

VII.

No tripping shall be allowed, neither shall a player use his hands to hold or push his adversary.

VIII.

A foul made intentionally shall be left to the captain of the opposite side to decide whether it be a foul or not.

IX.

Should the ball rebound off any object after passing off the ground it may be kicked immediately on coming in.

X.

If a player be not present at the beginning of a match, or be hurt or otherwise prevented from playing, no substitute shall take his place.

XI.

When the ball has passed the player between the adversary's goal line and the ball he shall walk or run towards the ball until it is again in front of him.

XII.

A goal shall be won when the ball pass between the goal posts and under the tape line, not being thrown, knocked on or carried.

XIII.

The game shall be won by making two goals.

THE HOLCAD.

VOL. I.

NEW WILMINGTON, PA., JUNE 15, 1885.

No. 20.

THE WHITE RIBBON ARMY AT NEW ORLEANS.

CORNIE A. ANDREWS, '77.

"From mountains hoar with winter,
From prairies gray with gloom,
We're coming to the spring tide
Of verdure and perfume—
Where orange trees are blooming,
By sunny fount and stream,
And tropic buds and blossoms
Glow in the warm sunbeam.

"Mid the nation's gathered splendor,
'Mid the banners of the world,
There, hailed by hearts that love it,
Be our white flag unfurled!
O, fragrant winds caress it
Where'er its light is seen!
O'er the South-land's balmy beauty,
Fling out its starry sheen.

"Starred with our snowy emblems:
'Home, God and native land,'
We're coming, Louisiana,
Unto thy balmy strand.
We're coming, Southern sister,
To clasp our hands in thine,
To swear with thee our fealty
'Gainst the Demon of the Wine."

And they did come, quite a host of them, and making the Exposition their head quarters were enrolled among the many other things to be seen and heard there at that time, by the people in New Orleans.

We came up in the rear and had only time, on the morning after our arrival, to look after our boarding place on St. Charles St., "order up our trunk" and repair to the "Scene of battle" which took place at Music Hall, Exposition Building.

We found it very difficult, as we passed along, to keep from lingering too long over some object of particular beauty or interest, but the people of the prohibition faith are called "the people of one idea," and true to our name we kept straight ahead with the one point in view till we found ourselves among a throng of eager faces anxiously waiting for the captain to make an attack upon the enemy. I was surprised to find that New Orleans, that wick-

ed city, noted for its Sabbath desecration and beer saloons, could send out such a large and enthusiastic audience on an occasion of this kind.

A number of the most prominent temperance women of the county were seated on the stage, among them were Miss Francis Willard, of Illinois; Mrs. Mary Lathrop, of Mich.; Mrs. Judge Merrick, of La.; Mrs. M. T. Wells, of Ind.; Mrs. J. C. Debeilling, of Mass., and others.

The gentlemen on the stage were in the minority, Gov. J. P. St. John, of Kansas, and Rev. C. H. Mead, of New York, being prominent, but I noticed they crowded closely around the foot of the stage—probably like some of the rest of us they were willing, for a while yet, to sit at the feet of those advocates of "The Coming Party."

Each member of distinction wore "the white ribbon" which was modest or elaborate according to the taste of the wearer. I thought Miss Willard's was less pretentious than the rest and was tied with a good deal of preciseness.

Prof. Boehert's band gave some very fine music and then a neat little woman, dressed in black, with a face full of expression and kindness, yet not lacking firmness, came to the front and addressed the meeting. There was quite a flutter in the audience when she rose and many enquiries as to who this might be, but before she was seated it was pretty generally agreed that this was Miss Francis Willard, President of the Women's National Christian Union. She said that the Women's Christian Temperance Union had always opened with devotions and would not depart from that custom in this great hall. Rev. C. H. Mead then led in the singing of a religious song in which the audience rose and joined. Mrs. Lathrop, led in prayer after which Miss Willard introduced Gov. St. John.

The audience then becoming enthused, crowded around the platform and I was beginning to wonder how a little body like me was going to see and hear in such a crowd—was deep in these meditations when a porter offered me a seat near the stage. I was thus enabled to jot down the substance of what I heard, and which I will give for the benefit of any of the temperance people North who would like to

know something about the biggest temperance convention that the United States ever had.

Gov. St. John is a man of ordinary dimensions, has a very muscular form and a sound constitution, which last is very necessary to the pioneer in any cause. He is not a great orator but has a voice of considerable power and throws so much earnestness into his words of truth and sound logic that they cannot fail to produce a great effect upon his hearers. One of the leading Southern papers says of him: Thus far "Gov. St. John's trip in the South has been a genuine popular success. The people are everywhere eager to hear him and readily give him their confidence."

He said, this exposition is perhaps the grandest ever made in the world. Not only will it help all lawful industries but will do much toward bringing North and South more closely together, and to a more complete realization that we are one people with one country, one flag and one future.

The laws of our country sustain and perpetuate 200,000 soul-destroying saloons which defy the law and prey upon all that is pure and true and good.

This traffic robs our people of \$1,500,000,000 annually—more than the annual outlay for all the bread, meat, loots and shoes, cotton goods, sugar and molasses consumed in this country, fifteen times as much as we pay for education through the public schools, and two hundred and fifty times as much as we contribute to home and foreign missions.

Our government is a full partner in the liquor traffic, has an interest of 90cts on every gallon of whisky manufactured, and exacts \$25 a year blood money from each of the 200,000 retail dealers in these.

No other business handles so much money, or wields so great an influence in politics. Both parties are afraid of it, and each pats it on the back and vies with each other to secure the controlling vote.

All our great cities are influenced by it, and no man, no matter how capable or trustworthy, can be elected to a place of trust unless he first makes his peace with the saloon. But the people are becoming aroused. One political party has gone down in the futile attempt to carry a saloon on one shoulder and a church on the other.

Congress declined to grant a commission to investigate the liquor traffic. The *people*, the source of all political power, will now declare themselves a committee to investigate the traffic and Congress too. The shaking up has already begun. Kansas, Iowa, Maine, Vermont and the Cherokee nations are under prohibition by their own legislative acts, while the

saloon has been driven from three-fourths of Georgia, half of South Carolina and much of Tennessee, Alabama and Texas. Even Clay Co., Missouri, the home of the James brothers has not had a saloon for seven years.

Louisiana is the worst saloon-cursed State in the South. She has 5380 liquor dealers, while Miss. with 200,000 more population has but 931. All the other States of the South are at work in earnest and Louisiana cannot afford to be a city of refuge for the liquor curse.

After some timely words of good cheer to the temperance workers he closed, and the people very naturally applauded and waved their handkerchiefs to testify to their appreciation.

I will conclude in another chapter, in the meantime, waiting to have the rest of "To Dixie Land and Back," lest I might be tempted to trespass on that writer's domains.

Many at the Exposition asked me when I greeted them with a pencil, and note-book in hand if I were a teacher or a reporter for the Northern papers. I told them I was neither, that it was simply for my own benefit being so unfortunate as to possess a very short memory. As for the Exposition one, W. P. Stevenson had anticipated me in his visit there, and told the Northern people all about it, but I was sorry that he like many others, had not gone at a more favorable time when they would have received a better impression of the World's Fair. I really thought it was very fine and would suggest, that, if the present committee in Washington succeed in having it remain another year, and there are any yet in doubt that it was a success the past year they make arrangements to go down and help make it a success next year by showing the Southern people their good will and appreciation of their efforts.

MARGARET FULLER OSSOLI.

This woman, Holmes says, is likely to live longer by what is written of her than by anything she ever wrote herself. In the first place, her self-consciousness and want of tact caused her to be misunderstood while she lived, and led to unfavorable criticisms of her and her works. These, in turn, brought out her friends in defence. So that, like Poe, she is more widely known in consequence of her faults than she would otherwise have been. Her life was one of continual striving for something better, though she does not always seem to have known what she was striving for. She had marked out for herself, as

coolly as she would cut out a dress, a literary career, and endeavored to make all events and circumstances contribute to that end. And she missed some of the sweetest pleasures of life by looking upon duties that came in her way, in the light of obstacles. Her devotion to her younger brothers and sisters was faithful; her work as teacher brought sweet reward; but there is dissatisfaction with these duties, to be traced in her diary, as though she considered them hindrances to her.

Sarah Margaret Fuller was born May 23, 1810, in that part of Cambridge now called Cambridgeport. Her father directed her early education, and she suffered the common fate of precocious children: a forcing process from which she never recovered. In her case it was worse, as she recited her lessons after her father came back from his law-office in the evening. She wrote long afterwards in her diary, "I can't help mourning, sometimes, that my bodily life should have been so destroyed by the ignorance of both my parents." The explanation of the last words lies in the fact that she suffered from the evils of tight-lacing, which was the fashion of the time.

She began Latin at six, and wrote Latin verses at eight. At fifteen she studied Greek in the grammar school with Dana and Holmes. The latter describes her as having "a long and flexible neck, arching and undulating in strange, sinuous movements, which one who loved her would compare to a swan, and one who loved her not to those of the ophidian who tempted our common mother." Emerson describes her, when he met her some years later, as having "a trick of incessantly opening and shutting her eyelids, and as having a nasal voice. She made at first a disagreeable impression upon those who afterwards became her best friends." She never became an intimate friend of Holmes, but with two other members of the class of '29, she formed lasting friendship—W. H. Channing and Jas. Freeman Clarke.

In 1833, she was compelled to give up the intellectual society of Cambridge, and remove with the family to Groton, but the nearness to nature was more than a compensation. She was an omnivorous reader in German, French, and Italian, as well as in English. But housework, sewing and teaching the younger children occupied the most of her time. Her father died in 1835, after which, giving up a contemplated visit to England, she devoted herself to the family with patience that did not tire. She had a stubborn old uncle to contend with, but finally succeeded in having her plans for the education of the children carried out. Those who accused her of selfishness would do well to study her life at this

period. She gave up so much of the time she wished to devote to study, that she knew it would be impossible to make up for it in the future.

Her teaching in Boston and in Providence was successful. Her attitude to her pupils was that of a friend, and in their letters to her they express their gratitude. But she seems to have chafed under this forced work, still keeping before her the woman of letters.

Her acquaintance with Emerson began while he was still a clergyman, and his influence upon her was great. At the same time she did not become an abject adorer, ready to accept as an oracle anything that came from his lips. In a letter written to him while she was editing the *Dial*, she criticises freely some of his expressions, and suggests improvements. She visited Concord frequently as the guest of the Emersons. If one who has only good people for his friends must himself be good, then Margaret was good. No woman has had more worthy, more intellectual people for intimate friends.

During her residence at Jamaica Plain, the plan of holding literary conversations was first formed. Talking, with her, was easier than writing. She liked to "practice expression," perhaps, before placing in permanent form, and wished also to awaken in others, aspirations which she knew she herself possessed. The conversations began in Miss Elizabeth Peabody's rooms in Boston, in 1839. The subjects chosen would frighten most young ladies in an ordinary gathering. "The re-appearance of religious ideas under varying forms;" "Ethics;" "Proper influence of women in literature, education," etc., were among the topics. Perhaps the habit of monologue which Miss Fuller acquired was due to the backwardness of the other members of the circle, although they were intelligent women.

Miss Fuller was identified with the "transcendental" movement, though what that was nobody seems to know. Emerson, who was the inspiration in the movement, says, "Perhaps they [the Transcendentalists] only agreed in having fallen upon Coleridge and Wordsworth and Goethe, then on Carlyle, with pleasure and sympathy." (The Concord School of Philosophy, the child of this movement, is still upon Goethe, almost the entire programme for 1885, consisting of papers upon that author, and topics connected with him.) The organ of this literary club, the *Dial*, was edited first by Margaret Fuller, and afterwards by Emerson. It proposed to be a medium for the free expression of thought, to aid progress, to be independent of the literature of the old world. Miss Fuller worked hard and patiently, but the great

number of articles from her pen is not an evidence of her desire to become prominent, but of the procrastination of others. She had to fill up gaps left by them. Those who pretend to know assert that the *Dial*, although unsuccessful,—it lived four years—introduced a new literary era in this country, that it declared literary independence of England.

The question of the identity of Margaret Fuller and Zenobia in Hawthorne's "Blithedale Romance," is easily answered, but nobody believes the answer. There was so little in common between the real and the fictitious character that one wonders how they ever came to be thought the same. Margaret was interested in the Brook Farm enterprise, but only because some of her friends had engaged in it. She sometimes visited it; that was all. It had been announced in the *Dial* as "A Glimpse at Christ's Idea of Society." Margaret pronounced it a total failure. Emerson says, "The married women were against the community. The common school was well enough, but to the common nursery they had grave objections."

In 1844 Miss Fuller went to New York and took a place on the *Tribune* as literary critic. Greeley, in his "Recollections of a Busy Life" devotes one chapter to her and testifies to the value of her work, to her generosity, to her sympathy and charity, especially for women. "Chambermaids and seamstresses unburdened their souls to her, seeking and receiving counsel, while children found her a delightful playmate and a capital friend."

Having saved money enough for a trip to Europe, she sailed for England, August 1846. She met De Quincey, Wordsworth and Carlyle. She also met the Italian patriot, Mazzini. Her descriptions of Carlyle read as if written by himself about somebody else. In October 1847, she settled for a time in Rome. Her sympathy was immediately enlisted on the side of the people in their uprising against Austria, and she stood by Mazzini's side after his long exile.

The happiest part of her life, and the most interesting, since it shows the genuine woman's heart, was before her, although it was brief. She met Giovanni Angelo, Marquis Ossoli, and the result on his part was love at first sight. She refused to look on him as a lover at first, on account of the disparity of years, she being eight years older than he. But he convinced her of his devotion and they were married. As the Marquis had pledged himself to the party of the people and entered the Italian army, and as the other members of the family were zealous in the ser-

vice of the Pope, he was regarded as the black sheep of the family. For this reason the marriage was kept secret. Very different estimates have been given of Ossoli. But judging from his and his wife's letters while he was in the army, their domestic happiness must have been complete. Mrs. W. W. Story, who was then in Italy, describes him as having an education equal to that of most Roman gentlemen, and as being devoted and lover-like to a striking degree, while Margaret says, "No companion in nature was ever so much to me as is Ossoli." Hawthorne, in his Roman journal, quotes Mozier, the sculptor, as saying that Ossoli was the handsomest man he had ever seen, but half an idiot, and without any pretension to be a gentleman. Hawthorne says that Margaret had collapsed, morally and intellectually, and "tragic as her catastrophe was, Providence was, after all, kind in putting her and her clownish husband on board that fatal ship"—which comes so near being brutal that it seems impossible that Hawthorne wrote it.

During the siege of Rome by the French, in 1849, Madame Ossoli passed most of her time in a hospital, where she was unwearied in attendance upon the wounded and dying. In order to arrange for the publication of her "History of the Roman Republic" she sailed for home, with her husband and son, May 17, 1850. Her gloomy forebodings were realized. The captain died on the passage, they were detained by winds, and finally the ship was wrecked on Fire Island, almost in sight of home, and the three were lost. The body of the child was washed ashore in the arms of the ship's steward. The History was lost, but a trunk containing letters and papers was washed ashore.

Margaret Fuller's writings have been warmly admired and as keenly ridiculed. They have a tone of authority that repels, but they contain many beautiful thoughts in quotable form. Her "Woman in the Nineteenth Century," "Papers on Literature and Art," and translations of Goethe's "Tasso" and "Eckermann's Conversations," are her principal works. They are certainly honest. Memorials of her were written by Emerson, Channing and Clarke. A volume of the American "Men of Letters" Series is devoted to her, written by Col. T. W. Higginson. From that book the most of this sketch has been taken.

It was a busy, restless, sad life. She had a devout, religious spirit, but she seems to have worshiped at a shrine of her own creating, and of course the result was disappointment.

CLAIMS OF THE CLASSICS.

When at the instigation of the Jewish priesthood Pilate surrendered Christ to be crucified, he caused this inscription to be placed over him, "Jesus of Nazareth the King of the Jews," and the important fact is recorded that this "was written in Hebrew, in Latin and in Greek." This seems to involve the prediction that while this fact of the crucified Christ shall remain in the memory of men these ancient languages will maintain their place of supremacy in all higher education. No student can feel himself intellectually equipped for all the various fields of science without the discipline which they involve and the wealth of information which they bring. To become masters of this trinity of tongues—Hebrew, Greek and Latin—should be the aim and ambition of everyone whose time and circumstances allow him to tread the higher walks of human learning.

The late attack upon Greek in Harvard University where a boasted freedom of thought in philosophy and religion prevails is at once sad and suggestive. It evidently found its inspiration in the decay of mental power induced by the prevalent scepticism in religion and the absorbing interest which centered in the various physical amusements. It will require years of untiring effort for Harvard to regain the position which it is supposed to have held.

In part this charge can also be made against Oxford and Cambridge Universities in England. Before me now lies "The Oxford University Almanac and Register of the year 1884." It consists of 212 pages, of which 102 pages are devoted to the special and proper work of the various associate colleges during the year just ended; and 94 pages are filled with an account of the athletic sports; boating, register, billiards, racquets, tennis, lawn tennis, chess, golf, bicycling, hare and hounds, foot-ball and cricket. How would these appear in the catalogue of one of our America Colleges! And yet the emphatic branches studied in Oxford are Greek, Latin and Mathematics.

By invitation last year I remained in Oxford till after the examination for, and the conferring of, degrees, and I made free to ask the Chancellor, Dr. Benjamin Jowett, the great English Greek scholar and Master of Balliol College whether he thought it well that so many of the students should spend their time so largely in the above sports. He replied affirmatively, adding that they had better be busy than idle. But I could not but feel that he was conscious that this was a huge evil which had outgrown the ability of the University authorities to control it. Still those

students who attend Oxford with the purpose of becoming real scholars will find great advantages in the vast libraries as the Radcliffe and Bodleian and the learned professors and skilful tutors which are gathered there.

And however Harvard may, for a time, have set our colleges a fatal precedent in placing Greek as an elective in its curriculum, she stood alone among our great institutions. English colleges and schools have never taken her position. And even in Germany where two sets of colleges have for more than a quarter of a century been running side by side, one, the *Gymnasien* in which Greek and Latin form the half of the entire instruction, and the other *Realschulen* in which Greek is excluded and Latin reduced one-half, the doctrine is now accepted that without thorough drill in these two languages no first-class foundation can be laid for a thorough course in the University.

This whole question was thoroughly brought to the test and settled five years ago in the University of Berlin, in which the Philosophical Faculty consisting of such representative scholars as Helmholtz, Kiepert, Mommsen, Zeller and a hundred more united in an opinion based on the most thorough observation, and thoroughly adverse to non-classical education. I have before me the report of their decision and other papers connected with it, translated and published in Boston two years ago. After reviewing this book the *Independent* says, "If we were to seek a supreme court of culture to decide the question of classical education broadly and justly we could not reasonably hope for a better tribunal than the central faculty of the most illustrious university of the best educated nation in the world." We cannot do better than quote its abstract of that celebrated opinion: "To the undersigned Faculty these verdicts of so many of their instructors can serve only to strengthen their conviction that the preparatory education which is acquired in the *Realschulen* of the first rank is taken altogether inferior to that guaranteed by the diploma of a Gymnasium; not only because ignorance of Greek and deficient knowledge of Latin oppose great obstacles to the pursuit of many branches of study which are not by law closed to graduates of *Realschulen*, but also and above all because the ideality of the scientific sense, interest in learning not dependent upon or limited by practical aims, but ministering to the liberal education of the mind as such, the many-sided and widely extended exercise of the thinking power, and an acquaintance with the classical bases of our science and civilization can be satisfactorily cultivated only in our institutions of classical learning."

We should like to quote Joseph Cook, Dr. McCosh, President Draper, of Boston University, and others confirming the same opinion.

But the claims of the classic languages to hold the supreme place in college training are at least three-fold:

First, as a mental discipline of the purest and most liberal kind.

Second, as affording the only solid basis for thorough professional culture. Science finds its terminology here.

And lastly and emphatically, their recognition is one with the interest of religion. The great seats of classic learning have ever been the great bulwarks of the Christian faith. An infidel science would thrust Greek out of Harvard. It is the classic conservatism of Germany which has put a check upon the speculative drift which more than once has threatened to sweep away the precious fruits of the Reformation.

A FABLE AND ITS MORAL.

BY "PHILO."

In the depths of an ancient forest, far from the dwellings of men, grew a modest little flower. Separated from the outer world by the dark shades of the mighty pines and cypresses, it grew in comparative isolation, its companions the monarchs of the forest, and its only solace a sunbeam which daily struggled through the dense foliage and imparted its light and heat to the tender stem. No human eye had ever looked upon it, and no hand had as yet longed to pluck it for its fragrance. Not even the honey-laden bee had sipped its nectar, and borne it to its hive. Apparently doomed to disappointment, and deprived of the opportunity of making some heart glad by its beauty and fragrance, it thus began to bewail its condition:

"Why am I, a specimen of God's handiwork, left thus alone to keep company with the beasts of the forest? I who might grace a bridal wreath, or deck the coronal of a king. Why was I suffered thus to grow unheard of, unhonored? Welcome the chilling frost and wintry blast which shall lay me low and extinguish every spark of life, for it is better to die than to live." But hark! a rustling of leaves, the baying of a hound, and the sound of a hunter's horn breaks the deathlike stillness of the dark forest.

A deer with head erect and nostrils dilated rushes by, and his sharp hoof almost causes the destruction of the beautiful flower. The hunter in hot pursuit urges the chase. But suddenly his rapid pace is

slackened, and his attention is directed to the tender little flower. With an exclamation of joy he springs forward, plucks it from the earth and places it in his bosom. "O, nature," he cries, "how beautiful thou art! Long have I wished for some pure gem of strange and untold beauty to deck the bridal wreath of my beloved, and now my desire has been fulfilled." The excitement of the chase is forgotten, and the last faint echoes of the baying hound comes floating through the evening air as our hero retraces his steps with his new found treasure.

Morning dawns, and the merry peal of marriage bells rings out upon its breezes. Conspicuous among the flowers which form the chaplet that adorns the brow of the bride is one so rich in color and so sweet in fragrance that it elicits the admiration of every guest. Rare in appearance and strangely beautiful, it outrivals the costliest production of the parterre, and when, after the ceremony, it helped to form the nosegay of a queen, its highest mission was performed. To this day that flower enclosed in a golden locket remains a thing of beauty and a joy forever, and the bride now grown old and gray still loves to tell its history to wondering children who cluster about her.

The fable is not without significance. The lower walks of life are paved with costly gems; with noble characters who live unheard of, and who never appear upon the stage of action until the occasion demands their services. As hidden among the rocks earth's most precious metals lie, so among the rubbish of humanity are there precious gems covered, it may be, with dross, yet when purified and refined are fit to adorn a kingly palace or to grace a throne.

Like the little flower, perhaps, some impatient spirit pants to be free, and with expanded wings to soar from place to place, a guardian angel of peace, or a harbinger of freedom. The complaining mind, kept down by poverty or misfortune, finds fault with the Great Disposer of events, and charges with folly the most benevolent acts of Providence. But He who notices even the fall of a sparrow cares more especially for His rational creatures, and just at the moment when adversity is about to overwhelm with its billows, the hand of mercy sends rescue, and places the life which might otherwise have ended in obscurity, upon the highest pinnacle of distinction, causing it to shine more brilliantly than ever diamond shone in regal crown.

From the dark and obscure corners of the earth have come forth her bravest heroes and her most gifted scholars. Often has genius arisen from darkness, and oftener still have philanthropy and

christian fortitude been the result of a long struggle with poverty and misfortune. Here and there we see rising as a light above the wave a Howard or a Florence Nightingale—christian philanthropists and angels of mercy. More conspicuous than the flower in the bridal wreath, or the purest gem that adorns the brow of kings, their work calls forth more admiration. Unlike the flower which loses its fragrance when its stem is withered, their influence extends through the ages, and forms the guiding star of future generations. The lesson of contentment with one's lot is one of the most difficult to learn. Each one has his own work to do, and he should endeavor to be satisfied with his present condition until he is called to a higher. Though to himself he seems to live for naught, God is, perhaps, preparing him for a grand and glorious mission. Let us remember that "They serve as well who only stand and wait." When clouds gather over us making our journey dark and cheerless, let us not despair; but, upheld by hope and confidence, we shall soon see the mists cleared away, and be permitted to stand in the full light of Divine favor.

"Better to hope, though the clouds hang low,
And to keep the eyes still lifted,
For the sweet blue sky will still peep through,
When the ominous clouds are rifted.
There never was a night without a day,
Or an evening without a morning,
And the darkest hour—so the proverb goes,—
Is the hour before the dawning."

"Better to weave in the web of life
A bright and golden filling;
And do God's work with a ready heart
And hands that are prompt and willing,
Than to snap the delicate, minute threads
Of our curious lives asunder,
And then blame Heaven for the tangled ends,
And sit, and grieve, and wonder."

PHYSICAL CULTURE.

The first element of success for one who has wisely chosen his calling, is constitutional talent; or, in other words, he must be possessed of superior bodily stamina in order to impart warmth and vigor to his ideas. Till within a recent period, bodiculture, if it may be so called, has been neglected in this country; people everywhere have advocated the midnight oil for the young man, and our oracles of education have urged unsparing study. It has been truly said that the influence under which the young American, and especially the student of the past generation lived, taught him to despise the body while the mind was goaded by preternatural activity.

But now we are beginning to see that the body as well as the mind has rights which must be respected,

and we are learning by bitter experiences, that if the mind, which rules the body, trample on it, the slave will not forgive the offence, but rise up and smite the master. We now begin to see that the pale faced, sickly youth may take the prizes in college, but the broad shoulders to bear the burdens of life take the prizes that that offers.

Henry Ward Beecher, in an address before the students of Yale College, said, "That there is an organization which we call the nervous system in the human body, to which belong all the functions of emotions, intelligence and sensation, and that is intimately connected with the circulation of the blood and aeration of the lungs, that the manufacture of the blood is dependent on the stomach, so a man is what he is, not in one part or another, but all over; and when a man thinks, he thinks his whole trunk through." In order that a man may do his work well, he must have a working constitution, and this can only be acquired by a requisite amount of bodily exercise. It is no exaggeration to say that health is a large ingredient of what the world calls talent. A man without it may indeed be a giant in intellect, but his deeds will be only those of a dwarf: on the other hand, if he has a quick circulation, a good digestion, and sinews in well developed condition, even though he have but a thimbleful of brains, will either stumble on success or set failure at defiance. A pound of energy with an ounce of talent, will achieve far greater works than a pound of talent and an ounce of energy. Intellect in a weak man is like gold in a spent swimmer's pocket.

The effect of the culture of the body is strikingly seen in the nations of antiquity, where gymnastics and calisthenics formed a part of one's regular school education, and with them we have an example of what great works can be executed by man when he has good, oxygenated blood flowing through his brain. It is told of Cicero that at one time in his life he was the victim of a train of diseases summed up in the word "dyspepsia"—maladies which pursue all overworked men as sharks follow the wake of a plague ship. The orator went not to physicians, but to Greece, where he flung himself into the gymnasium and submitted to its regimen for two years, and returned to his duties as vigorous as peasants that till the farm.

The success of those giants of antiquity, Aristotle and Plato, was due in a great measure to the harmonious education of the mind and body; no dyspepsia affected their stomachs, no neuralgia agonized their muscles, no philosopher's sails infected the throat with bad blood or ulcerated mucous membrane. Horace Mann says: "When I was in college I was taught all the motions of the planets, as carefully as though they were in danger of getting off their tracks, if I had not known how to trace their orbits, but of my own organization I was left in entire ignorance," and, as a consequence, he broke down in the second year of his college life, and never after enjoyed good health. Let men who are stripping for the race of life account no money as wasted which contributes in any way to build up our physical constitution.—*Stevens Indicator.*

THE HOLCAD.

PUBLISHED SEMI-MONTHLY DURING THE COLLEGE YEAR BY THE
STUDENTS OF WESTMINSTER COLLEGE.

NEW WILMINGTON, PA., JUNE 15, 1885.

TERMS: \$1.50 PER YEAR. SINGLE COPY, 10 CENTS.

Entered at the postoffice at New Wilmington, Pa., as second-class
mail matter.

EDITORS.

W. HAYES MOORE,	- - -	EDITOR-IN-CHIEF.
S. P. BARACKMAN,	- - -	ASSISTANT.
J. L. SNYDER,	} - -	LITERARY DEPARTMENT.
SADIE M. McELREE,		
H. D. GORDON,		
D. C. MORRISON,	} - -	COLLEGE AND LOCAL DEPARTMENT.
FLORA J. IRONS,		
JNO. H. WEBSTER,	- - -	EXCHANGES.
ROB. L. HAY,	- - -	BUSINESS MANAGER.

Information solicited respecting the Alumni and those
who have been in any way connected with the College.

Address all communications to

THE HOLCAD, New Wilmington, Pa.

THIS issue completes the first volume of the HOLCAD. For one year the enterprise of publishing a paper in the interests of Westminster has been tried and whether successfully or not must be judged from the opinions of our patrons and the reception that has been given the paper by the Alumni and friends of the College. The work was undertaken with no little solicitude. The editors, admonished by the experiences of greater journalists before them and fearful lest their unpretending sheet should meet the fate that has befallen others of loftier pretensions, trod cautiously and hopefully the untried paths, and made them appear as smooth and inviting as circumstances would permit. Feeling the graver responsibilities of their undertaking, hopeful of success, yet doubtful, they have performed their respective duties. We cannot say that everything has been done in a way satisfactory to every one. We have endeavored, in all things, to consult the best interests of the College and to make it known that the primary object of the paper is to bring together into a closer union students, alumni and friends. The

success of any institution depends upon the number of its friends and the sincerity in which they engage in all enterprises to promote its welfare and to secure it an honorable rank among similar institutions. We know that Westminster has friends, but believe she might have more. We know that she now stands high, but believe she could stand higher and that much more to advance her interests could be done by those who have here prepared themselves for their various vocations. We want to see a live alumni and live friends, and earnest workers everywhere throughout the church. Though the influence of the HOLCAD may now be small, it nevertheless aims at nothing less than the advancement of all the interests of the College, in this way: by keeping before her friends what she is doing to deserve their support. It is hoped that the work of the past has not been without good results in this direction. We do not claim to have made no mistakes. Who can make such a claim? But we ask it to be remembered that the work was done by those who were uninitiated in the journalistic art. The experience in the past will be profitable in the future. We trust that our patrons now feel even more interest in our enterprise than when it was undertaken, and will give us in years to come even a heartier support than they have during the year just closed.

IT is hoped that at the Commencement meeting of the Board of Trustees the question of buying a field for athletic sports will receive some attention. It has been necessary heretofore, in order to play a game of base ball, or foot ball, to rent a field for this purpose; but it has now become almost impossible to procure one for any reasonable price at a suitable distance from town. The students would be willing to do something toward raising the necessary funds but cannot undertake this alone and without the aid and approval of the Board. It is really a disadvantage to the College that it is lacking in this respect. Every boy enjoys sport in the open air, with ball and bat, etc., and the future is anything but pleasant to the Westminster student who now

begins to realize that in a few years, at least, there will be no place where he may engage in athletic sports, unless some effort be made to procure one. Plenty of exercise is a necessity, and it seems no more than reasonable that the proper means should be provided for taking it, many of our American colleges have a tendency to go too far in this direction and cultivate the physical powers at the expense of the mental, but the disasters that have befallen our ball-club this term are sufficient evidence that Westminster has more need of encouragement than warning.

We trust also that Prof. Thompson's laboratory will be replenished before another term begins. In order to do good work in this department, sufficient apparatus must be ready for use. It was discouraging last year both to Prof. Thompson and to the class in Physics to lose so much because of the lack of apparatus for experimenting.

Those who have studied this branch know how much depends upon experiment, and those who have taught it know how difficult it is to interest a class or to show the value of the science to every industry and profession with the text book alone. A few hundred dollars would make a great difference here and we do not believe that amount could be invested where it would do more good. We feel safe in saying that if the Board would appropriate three or four hundred dollars for the department of Physics, in less than a year Prof. Thompson would make the apparatus it would buy worth double that amount. These suggestions are made, not in a spirit of fault-finding because much has been done during the last year, but in the hope, at last, that the members of the Board will inquire and learn for themselves when a little money can well be expended. The students feel that this department should not be neglected especially when all that is wanting is apparatus. Prof. Thompson has shown that he is in the proper place—that with a little help of a pecuniary nature he can make his department what it has not been in the history of the college. May we not hope that this matter will receive the consideration it deserves.

THE readers of the HOLCAD will notice that this issue contains four extra pages which we think will be found to be of interest. The paper is necessarily a few days late because several of the articles were not received until after the 11th, at which time all matter for publication in the issue of the 15th should be in, but it is hoped that the additional pages will compensate for the delay. The "White Ribbon Army of New Orleans" will be read with much interest by the friends of temperance in this community. We hope the writer will conclude the article in the next issue, as that will be the last for this school year. We shall, perhaps, be able in that number to give the last of the articles "To Dixie Land and Back," but as Mr. Stevenson is now in Europe, cannot state positively.

The next issue will also contain four extra pages of reading matter, and will give a full account of the exercises of Commencement week, as well as all incidents and items of general or local news. The sermon to the members of the Y. M. C. A. by the Rev. Russell H. Conwell, the Baccalaureate by Pres. Ferguson, the Junior contest, the contest between the societies, the Alumni meetings and the exercises of Commencement day, make us look forward with more than usual interest. Whatever is best in all these performances will appear in the July number, and will make it interesting and, possibly, instructive. Copies of this issue can be had by applying to any one of the editors, or by writing to the HOLCAD, Box 28.

ONE of the most important branches of our college work is that done in the literary societies. They constitute the most direct means of acquiring the power of easy and systematic expression of thought, and when properly conducted are a great source of general information. The investigation required to write or speak intelligently on any subject is always beneficial to the performer, and the result of this investigation should be beneficial to those who hear the performance. Westminster has no reason to be ashamed of her societies, or the

work that they are doing, but there is still room for improvement. The interest in debate seems to be on the decline and as it is the most important and beneficial part of our performance, something ought to be done to excite more enthusiasm in this exercise.

The contest between the Adelphic and Philo Societies on Commencement evening promises to be a good performance. We can promise to all who may wish to attend an interesting entertainment.

IF any of our subscribers have Nos. 3, 7, 12, 14, 15, 17 and 18 of the HOLCAD, and will dispose of them, or any one of them, they will please let us know. The papers have not yet been placed on file in the College library, and as the librarian has requested that they be filed there, and as we desire to grant his request and do not have the above numbers, we ask our friends who have them to send them to us. By so doing they will confer a favor on us and aid in adding one more volume of value to the library.

EXCHANGES.

—The *Beacon* for May, contains two articles on the "Elective System," one defending the position taken by Harvard and one condemning it. We consider the latter by far the better article. Speaking of the object of the college, the writer has the following.

"The office of the college, as the agent in furnishing higher education, is distinctively and always to graduate men; not specialists, deep-versed in a particular branch of knowledge, not linguists, not scientists, not mathematicians, but *men*: men of decided character, of broad views, pure morals, acute observation, delicate taste, sound judgment; men accustomed to habits of industry and concentration of effort; well-balanced, rational men; in short, men trained to make the very best use of all their abilities.

"Of secondary, thought of very great importance, is the acquisition of knowledge. We cannot afford to spend four years in merely disciplining the mind for future use, but must, together with this discipline, obtain some degree of practical, available knowledge.

"Now, does Harvard, under the new system of

education, fulfil these requirements? We think not. Her very first assumption, namely, that the student, upon his first entrance within her doors, is a man in experience, judgment and self-control, is false. Her only required courses for Freshman year are one in English, one in modern languages and one in elementary science, leaving the others to be elected by the student himself, thus assuming that he is fully competent to make the selection. On his entrance into college, the student is decidedly inexperienced and immature. He does not know his own powers; he does not know his own needs; and, even if he knows what profession he is to follow, he has no idea what studies are a suitable groundwork for that profession. It is only after the experience of the first two years, and after he has given to the subject a considerable amount of thought, that he can be trusted to choose his studies with any degree of judgment or intelligence. And even then it is a question whether there should be entire freedom of choice."

—The last number of the *Cabinet* is unusually good. The literary, local and editorial departments are all filled with interesting matter. The editors must have taken special care to make the commencement number of more than ordinary value.

—The *Sibyl* for May is on our table—a welcome visitor. An article entitled "Songs of Childhood," and a strong argument in favor of "Female Suffrage" are quite entertaining. We feel assured, from the ability with which the editors of the *Sibyl* conduct their paper, that they at least, provided they are still in the land of the living, will be prepared to exercise the right of suffrage intelligently, when the good (?) time comes.

COLLEGE NOTES.

—Ohio has more colleges than all Europe.

—A class in Arabic has been formed at Cornell.

—The Chautauqua class of '84 will graduate 10,000.

—The University of Washington Territory begins with 113 students.

—The "correspondence school" system seems to be a success. The Chautauqua schools have 60,000 pupils.

—Leading educators in Japan propose to effect a substitution of the Latin alphabet for the one now in use in Japan.

—Italy has declared its seventeen Universities open to women; add Switzerland, Norway, Sweden and Denmark have taken similar action.

—The King of Belgium, the president of the African International Association, has decided to open an African

Seminary in connection with the University of Leyden, at which young men will be prepared for missionary work in the newly opened districts of the Dark Continent.

—The Princeton students are boycotting a bookseller because he sent to their parents itemized bills for text-books, ponies, translations, etc., etc.

—The Russian Universities are strictly guarded by detachments of troops quartered in them, at the expense of the institutions themselves.

—Dr. Edgren, professor of modern languages in the Royal University of Sweden, has accepted a similar position in the Nebraska State University.

—A good college paper is worth more for the moral and gentlemanly tone of college life than a whole library of by-laws and an army of faculty spies.—*N. Y. Independent.*

—President McCosh and Elloit will soon issue pamphlets concerning elective studies, and the government of students. Doubtless they will be of great interest to the educational world.

—According to Max Muller there will be in the world at the end of the next two centuries 53,570,000 people speaking the Italian language, 75,561,000 the French, 157,480,000 the German, 505,286,000 the Spanish, and 1,837,286,153 the English.—*Ec.*

—It is reported that the managers of Vassar College are really alarmed at the falling off in the number of pupils. One of the professors declares it is because so much fun is poked at Vassar students, whose doings "are ridiculed, exaggerated" and falsified, so that the very name of Vassar is a synonym for feminine foolishness." The professor lays it all to the newspapers.—*Ec.*

—Princeton Theological Seminary graduated this year 35 students, more than a fourth of whom have given themselves to foreign missionary work. In the seventy-five years of its history the institution has sent out 3,600 alumni, of whom 216 came together at the annual dinner. Forty-eight alumni died during the last year. Their average was seventy-one and a half years.—*Ec.*

—Must the Latin go?—When a bill concerning the great seal of the Commonwealth was before the Massachusetts senate a few days since, a member moved to strike out the words *Sigillum Reipublice Massachusattensis* and insert, "The Seal of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts." He said he thought this change would commend itself to the Senate, and he was sure it would to the people of the Commonwealth. The matter was postponed.—*N. Y. Ind.*

—Wycliffe Hall at Oxford, and Ridley Hall at Cambridge, were founded a few years ago by the Evangelical Party in the Church of England, for the training of graduates for the work of the ministry. The buildings have cost \$200,000. The fees charged (twenty guineas) for each term pay all the expenses, except the salaries of the principal and vice-principal, and for these purposes an endowment fund is being raised of \$125,000.

THE FATE OF M. LEGENDRE.

COLUMBIA COLLEGE BOYS CARRY OUT THE DECREE WITH DIFFICULTY.

Five hundred Columbia College students and alumni gathered around the Worth Monument at 9:30 o'clock last night. They were not in evening dress. They wore no coats. Tunics of white, decorated with skulls, crossbones etc., nearly concealed their forms. On their heads were hats, mostly "stove-pipes," enveloped in sheaths of white paper; in their hands were flambeaus. They made a terrific hubbub. Consequently forty policemen kept an eye upon them. at 9:45 seven policemen stretched themselves across Fifth-ave., at Twenty-sixth-st. Behind them three Columbia College sophomores stood. A German brass band came next. Then followed a woe-begone horse whose ribs could be counted. He was attached to a cart which carried one M. Legendre and a goat whose entrails Harnsperx Kerfoot would in time examine. After these there were a row of seniors, then an open carriage with a white horse ahead of it, and Harnsperx Kerfoot and Carnifex Abenheim in it; next, a double carriage containing Emperor Stevens, Legatees Gardiner and the Committee of arrangements. Then there were 100 sophomores marked as to their hats as men of '87; 100 seniors, 100 juniors, 100 alumni and 100 freshmen last and least.

The band began to play, the boys and the woe-begone horse moved on and Harnsperx Kerfoot shot off torpedoes while Carnifex Abenheim filled the air with Roman candles. The five hundred, attended by an immense concourse of pedestrians, moved up Fifth-ave., through Forty-seventh-st., to the college campus. On the campus stood an altar; near the altar a gallows; from the gallows hung a rope. Harnsperx Kerfoot poured alcohol on the altar. Then he lighted the alcohol with a match. There was too much alcohol. So ten '87 men helped Harnsperx Kerfoot put out a bonfire and save the altar. The Harnsperx then dissected the reputations of all the college professors. He made a mess of them. He declared that the only enemy unpunished by '87 was M. Legendre. Carnifex Abenheim thereupon placed the goat on the altar, and stabbed him all to pieces. All the boys bleated. Harnsperx Kerfoot straightway pulled a *Spectator* from the bowels of the goat, and read the decree that M. Legendre must be burned. The gentleman of sines and cosines, having been already high strung was subjected to fire. He would not burn. The boys groaned. Some pulled off M. Legendre's slippers, some his gloves. Then they set him afire. They had to disembowel him before he burned well. As he was burning Emperor Stevens addressed the boys, beginning: "O ye pretending to be dressed in tunics, but in reality in your night shirts—" He was cut short with the wail: "We want beer." "You shall have beer," said he, "but the Freshmen are to drink milk without a stick." All the boys cheered and adjourned for a *convivium* at Sixty-third-st. and Tenth-ave.—*New York Tribune, Thursday, June 4, 1885.*

OUR TRIP TO CLEVELAND.

BY A SENIOR.

On Thursday morning, May 21st, a party of fourteen of us including Dr. Ferguson and wife, left the village of New Wilmington on a short visit to Cleveland. Instead of going to New Castle, the party concluded to travel *via* Sharpsville on the N. Y. P. & O. R. R.

We arrived at the above mentioned place shortly after 1 o'clock, and, after a delay of an hour and a half, boarded the train for Youngstown. On the way several amusing incidents occurred. At Hubbard one of our party attracted by something outside attempted to thrust his head out of what he supposed to be an open window; but the crash which followed clearly revealed the fact that his vision was intercepted by a medium which offered a stronger resistance than the atmosphere. However the fragments of the wreck were gathered up, and we proceeded on our journey. Arriving at Youngstown about 4 o'clock, we were informed that our train would lie over for more than an hour, thus affording us an opportunity of visiting the most important parts of the town. Some of the party took a stroll over Wick Avenue, and expressed themselves as being delighted with the sights they saw.

We left Youngstown a few minutes before 6 o'clock. It was the expectation of the party to arrive in Cleveland about 7 but there had been so much delay on the part of the trains that it was clearly evident that it would be fully 8 o'clock before our destination would be reached. Accordingly to prevent impatience from taking hold on us, we passed the time joking and singing college songs, much to the diversion of the other passengers as well as to our own amusement. It was not until after 8 o'clock that our train pulled into the station at Cleveland. Here we were met by Mr. Ryder, the leading photographer of the city, in whose interest we had undertaken the journey, and were conducted to the Hawley House, corner of St. Clair and Seneca streets. When we arrived at the hotel our party numbered eleven, several having gone to other parts of the city to visit friends.

After a bountiful supper to which we all did ample justice we divided into squads and visited several places of interest. One of these squads was under the personal supervision of Mr. Ryder, who showed himself to be a gentleman of unusual courtesy and politeness. At length exhausted with our travels we returned to the hotel and enjoyed a good night's rest. Friday morning dawned cloudy and wet, but

there was not sufficient moisture in the atmosphere to dampen the enthusiasm of the seniors, who were determined at all hazards to have some fun, (it might be well to remark just here that neither wind nor weather can frighten a class which had just lately passed an examination in *Schwegler's History of Philosophy*.)

About half-past eight we repaired to Mr. Ryder's photograph gallery, and tried our fortunes in the line of cabinets. Fortunately no damage was done to the machine for in the "instantaneous method" which Mr. Ryder employs, there is very little time given for accidents. Several of our party on leaving the gallery went to Lakeview Park and spent about an hour inspecting its beauties. Returning we partook of dinner and after resting awhile returned to the artist's to behold our likenesses. On our arrival several of us were horrified on receiving the intelligence that the first attempt to delineate our features had been a failure, and that we would have to "sit again." The artist declared his second attempt to be successful, and we were once more thrown upon the wide streets of the city to wander whithersoever we would. But we were not long deciding. It was unanimously agreed that Lakeview Cemetery must be visited, and several parties were at once sent out to acquire the necessary information as to the route to be taken. The result of this information was that we boarded the Euclid Avenue street cars, and were rapidly whirled toward our destination.

Arriving at the cemetery the first and most important place visited was Garfield's tomb. This is a beautiful vault situated at the foot of a small acclivity, and surrounded by fine shade trees. Through the grated door can be distinctly seen the coffin which contains the dust of our martyred hero. A guard of U. S. troops is stationed at the tomb day and night. We found these soldiers very polite and ready to answer all our questions. Several other parts of the cemetery were visited, and about 6 p. m. we started back to the city. A number of our party decided to take a stroll on Euclid Avenue, and discourse on its beauty. This street is said to be the finest in the United States, and the traveller who visits Cleveland and fails to take a walk on this street deprives himself of a great deal of pleasure.

On Friday evening the celebrated McGibeny Family gave one of their popular concerts in the Tabernacle, corner of Ontario and St. Clair streets. Several of our party attended and expressed themselves well pleased with the performance.

On Saturday morning we left Cleveland at 6:50 a. m. Arrived in Sharpsville at 11:30, and remained

there until the afternoon train transported us back to New Wilmington, where we arrived at 4:30 p. m. well pleased with our journey. We say to the Juniors, and to all whom it may concern: "If you want to have a good time go to Cleveland for your pictures."

PROGRAM FOR COMMENCEMENT WEEK.

Sabbath, June 21st, at 10:30 a. m., sermon before the Y. M. C. A. by the Rev. Russell H. Conwell, of Philadelphia. At 7:30 p. m., the Baccalaureate sermon by President Ferguson.

Monday at 8 p. m., Junior Contest; contestants, R. L. Hay, J. C. Kistler, Miss Mina McElwee, W. H. Moore, Miss Mattie C. Poppino, and J. L. Snyder.

Tuesday, 2:30 p. m., reunion of class of 1882, in the chapel. 5 p. m., Alumni business meeting in Philo Hall. 7:30, Alumni Reunion in chapel. Oration by Rev. J. C. Taggart, of East Liverpool, Ohio; Essay by Mrs. John McKee, Butler, Pa.; Poem by Rev. J. J. Francis, of Birmingham, Pa.; History of the class of '70 by Rev. John Morrow, of Taylors-town, Pa.

Wednesday, 9 a. m., the exercises of the graduating class. 8 p. m., contest between the Adelpic and Philomath Societies. Essayists, I. N. Moore, D. C. Morrison; Debaters, J. A. Van Orsdel, J. L. Snyder; Orators, H. W. Moore, H. G. Golden; Declaimers, W. R. Irons, J. B. Ricketts.

Thursday, 8:30 a. m., entrance examinations.

CLASS OF '85.

BY A SENIOR.

	Age	Wt.	Height	Size Shoe	Future Vocation.
Aiken.....	26	180	5- 9	8	Law.
Allen.....	26	143	5- 8	8½	Ministry.
Cotton.....	23	161	5-10	8	Ministry.
Davidson.....	23	155	5-11	7½	Undecided.
Golden.....	21	137	5- 8½	7	Ministry.
Ham.....	25	145	5- 6½	6½	Ministry.
Love.....	25	134	5- 7	8	Missionary.
H. W. Moore.....	21	127	5- 6¾	6½	Lecturer.
I. N. Moore.....	28	119	5- 6½	7	Undecided.
Shaw.....	27	146	5-10½	8	Ministry.
Shields.....	21	125½	5- 7	6	Teacher.
Stewart.....	23	140	5- 7	7	M. D.
Vance.....	22	142	5- 7½	5½	Scientist.
Van Orsdel.....	25	147	6	10	Politician.
Miss Black.....	22	112½	5- 7½	4	Ministry.
Miss Brown.....	25	122	5- 5	4½	Missionary.
Miss Poppino.....	22	121	5- 7	4½	Teacher.
Miss Snyder.....	22	115½	5- 4½	3½	Teacher.

—Lord Sherbrook's "Poems of a Life Time," are condemned by the English critics as a mass of senseless rubbish.

COLLEGE AND LOCAL.

—Frost June 8th and 9th.

—The Seniors will be back by the 19th.

—Come, one and all, to Commencement.

—"We expect company commencement week."

—Examinations, Wednesday, Thursday and Friday.

—Mrs. Alexander has returned from W. Va., and Ohio.

—Dr. Carson failed to make a second appearance at chapel.

—Messrs. Campbell, Mehard and Webster are exceedingly fond of "horse-radish."

—The music for the Junior contest will be furnished by the Meadville Orchestra.

—Mr. and Mrs. Richard McClure and three of their children are visiting friends in Pittsburgh.

—A notice about railroad rates, from Pittsburgh to New Wilmington, will be given in time.

—Seniors, be on the lookout for No. 5 shot. Joseph says he can reach you from his window.

—The Sophomores and under classes appear to be getting well acquainted with the "Demerit System."

—To all, who wish to go fishing, we suggest the successful method of putting assafoetida on the bait.

—Philo Hall will be the headquarters of the Alumni on Tuesday afternoon and evening, June 23rd.

—A committee of the Freshman class will act as ushers for the public meeting of the Alumni Association.

—Mr. C. S. Darling was in town canvassing for books, for the firm of T. B. Dickerson & Co., Detroit, Michigan.

—Our college janitor is making some large flower beds in front of the college. We hope none of the old students will transgress.

The foot ball association decided not to permit the base ball clubs to play on their grounds any more, without some recompense.

—When you come to commencement, you are cordially invited to call at the HOLCAD office and leave your subscription for next year.

—The game of base ball between a nine from here and a nine from Grove City, did not result as favor-

ably as was anticipated. But the defeat, doubtless, was owing to the ill health of some of our nine.

—Very few flowers are in bloom. If you wish to present a token of respect to the graduating class, you can procure books here, at low prices.

—Mrs. Farrar, her daughter Laura, and her little grandchild, left last week for Washington county, where they will spend a part of the summer.

—Two sons of J. K. Wallace, Esq., of Bradford, Pa., will attend the Normal class this summer. The elder is a graduate of the Bradford High School.

—The class rolls for '85-6 will be read in the chapel on Tuesday, June 23rd, at 8:30 a. m. Examine the "dockets" to see whether your conditions are all off.

—Sabbath, June 20th, will be observed at the M. E. church as "Children's Day." The exercises will consist of singing, readings, recitations, and addresses. In the evening, the young ladies will deliver a sacred poem.

—Many a weary looking lady is seen in the stores, with market-basket on her arm, in search of provisions. The excuse for wanting things as cheap as possible is that so many of the old students will be back and it will require so much to satisfy them.

—Rev. Lindsay of the M. E. church gave an address on last Tuesday before the Y. M. C. A. His address was truly very interesting. We are only too sorry that it had not been sufficiently announced, so that many more might have heard this excellent discourse.

—The College Cornet Band played for the Soldier's reunion at Mt. Jackson last Saturday. They were highly complimented on their music. And besides their promised fee and expenses, they were treated to ice cream by Dr. Zimmerman, and to cigars by Mr. Aiken.

—The Normal Term opens Monday, June 29th. This term is intended to accommodate those wishing to review, to pass in English, to prepare for teaching, and for those who desire to make up for any class in college. It is especially adapted to those who have failed to pass.

—Mr. J. B. Johnson, '76, and his wife, entertained, on Wednesday evening, in their pleasant and hospitable manner, quite a number of the young people from town and college. Among the number were three members of the HOLCAD staff. A short time after we arrived at Mr. Johnson's, we were invited

into the diningroom, where stood a well filled table. To the contents of this table we all did ample justice. The business manager of the HOLCAD has been troubled with dyspepsia ever since. One thing is certain; he is able to help himself.

The Pittsburgh & Lake Erie R. R. will sell excursion tickets from Pittsburgh to New Wilmington and return from Friday, June 19th, until Wednesday, June 24, good to return till Friday the 26th. The rate is two dollars for the round trip. The Pittsburgh & Western R. R. will sell at the same rate on Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday, good to return on Friday, June 26th.

—Special Notice—We advise all who intend coming to commencement, to have their pocket-books well replenished before leaving home, for the old ladies of the 2nd U. P. church will give a dinner commencement day. Price 25cts. No dinner or lunch need be expected at the houses, and the young ladies will serve refreshments, consisting of ice cream, cake, strawberries and lemonade, in Miss Patterson's recitation room. Price 25cts. Proceeds for the new church.

—The following programme will be adhered to commencement week:

Sermon to Y. M. C. A., by Rev. Russell H. Conwell, Sabbath, June 21st, 1885, at 10:30 a. m.

Baccalaureate by our President, Sabbath, 7:30 p. m.

Junior contest, Monday, 7:30 p. m.

Reunion of class 1882, Tuesday, at 2 p. m.

Alumni reunion, 7:30 p. m., on Tuesday.

Commencement, Wednesday, June 24th, 9 a. m.

Societies' contest, Wednesday, 7:30 p. m.

Entrance examinations, Thursday, 8 a. m.

PERSONALS.

—G. T. Scott M. D. '82, was married on June 10th.

—F. B. Davis of '86, will return for commencement.

—Dr. Ferguson made a short visit in Grove City last week.

—Rev. J. W. Best of '75, is in town visiting at his father.

—Rev. and Mrs. Shaw and the Misses Mateer are visiting Mrs. Poppino.

—Mr. H. R. Reed and Miss Mary Harbaugh were married at Centerville, Butler Co., on June 11, 1885.

Mr. J. L. Snyder attended the wedding and brought the HOLCAD excellent cake therefrom.

—Rev. W. P. Stevenson of '82, arrived in Europe in safety.

—Prof. James Parker '83, is visiting his sister at Mansfield Valley, Pa.

—Miss Otta Caldwell of the Junior class, will not be in college next year.

—Prof. Thompson has excused the Sophomores until examination day.

—Miss Carrie Hay of '86, attended services at Neshannock last Sabbath.

—D. T. McCalmont '87, will spend commencement week at Westminster.

—Dow Aiken of the Senior class will probably not be back for commencement.

—Rev. A. J. Herries '80, and his wife, will visit his sister Mrs. Edgar next week.

—Prof. Taggart assisted in communion services on last Sabbath at the 1st church.

Rev. J. A. Bailey '59, assisted Rev. McVey at communion services on last Sabbath.

—Frank Scott of '84, who has been teaching in Wilkesbarre, returned home last week.

—Luella Hays of '88, was in college two days last week. Her health is greatly improved.

—Miss Jane Enrida Duffield of '86, will return to New Wilmington on Saturday, June 20th.

—Miss Belle Campbell of '80, has been elected to room No. 9, in the Greenville Union School.

—Prof. J. B. Cummings has returned from the West. He looks as if he had had a pleasant time.

—Miss Maggie McLanghry of '74, has been re-elected to room No. 11, in the Greenville High School.

—Miss Jennie McKee of Allegheny, a former student of this college, will visit friends here next week.

—Miss Mary Jeffers formerly of the class of '87, graduated at the Wellesly School, Philadelphia, on June 12th.

—Rev. J. M. Fulton spent last week with his children at the residence of his mother-in-law, Mrs. M. B. Shafer.

—L. W. Bigham of '84, was the guest of D. O. McLanghry last week. He rode down from Mercer on a bicycle.

—Miss Maggie Brown of the Senior class, was much surprised upon entering the reception room on Saturday evening before she left for home, to find two young gentlemen, instead of one, awaiting

her. But she was still more surprised, when one of them arose, and in behalf of the Sabbath School class presented her with a beautiful Photograph Album. No doubt, more of the Seniors wish that they had been Sabbath School teachers.

—Rev. J. L. Grove '69, has accepted the call, presented him by Core congregation, Westmoreland Presbytery.

—Miss Ann McConnell, Moundsville, W. Va., is visiting at Mrs. Alexander's. Will remain until after commencement.

—Miss Bella S. Hood, of Remington Station, Beaver county, Pa., is spending a few weeks with her sister, Mrs. J. B. Johnston.

—J. Q. A. McDowell stopped off to see his sister, last week, when passing through to Allegheny to preach for Rev. J. M. Fulton.

—Rev. H. S. Boyd '75, New Bedford, had a short conflict with fire, a short time ago. But in a few hours, Mr. Royd came off conqueror.

—J. P. Vance of the Senior class, left last week for Wisconsin and from thence to California. He will not deliver a graduating performance.

—Miss McBride, who has been teaching at Knoxville during the past year, is now spending her vacation at home. She will return to Knoxville in the fall.

—Miss Ella N. Reed '77, returned home from Chase City two weeks ago. She has been teaching in the place for four years, and expect to return in September.

—Prof. Wallace took a number of his class in trigonometry out north of town for a drill in surveying. They say the new instrument does very well with such hands.

"THE AGE OF MIND."

A. B. T.

There is a time after ideals are realized and plans perfected, when we turn back to review the past and dwell upon those forces which have swept mighty nations from the earth and aided in the promotion of great revolutions.

Intellectual power has loosed the bonds of superstition and idolatry, pointing distinctly to the causes of decay and the annihilation of nations.

The first ideal of all races is material perfection. The Northmen revealed it in the personification of their gods. To the hardy races of Scandinavia, Odin and Thor were ideals of hero kings, blood-thirsty and cruel.

Egypt in her earliest ages admired bodily development and strength, and in her catacombs remain the ideals of painter and sculptor.

The cultivation of mental powers received no fostering care in those crude ages.

The Spartan mother whose parting admonition to her sons provokes the applause of modern statesmen was stern, cruel and resolute, and gave birth to a race of narrow-minded warriors, "capable of momentary self-sacrifice but destitute of a capacity for a permanently noble and wise policy."

Greece and Rome placed their honors at the feet of their warlike heroes and sinewy athletes. They graced their temples with the statues of dying gladiators and martial heroes. When Greece and Asia Minor and Syria passed under the Roman yoke, they brought with them vices of luxury and ease that aided in the overthrow of Roman institutions. Military power failed to uphold a nation that spent its hours for repose in wild revelries and exhausted its public treasures for extravagant demands for gluttony. Mere physical force was wanting in ability to encourage intellectual attainments.

From the ruins of former greatness there sprang a loftier ambition and more enduring power that aroused them from sluggish carelessness. The grand conceptions of Socrates shed a new light over the mythological beliefs of his countrymen and the hollow speculations of their philosophy. Plato carried out the sublime thoughts of his teacher. Shedd says the "true and proper intellect is truth," and Plato was an enthusiast in the pursuit of truth. His ideal was to implant in human hearts the perfection of God and to convince men of the immortality of the soul. The grand results of the system of mental training begun by these masters have rendered this age one of marked preeminence. Time has wrought rich changes; precept and example have added new impulses for unfolding the graces of an aspiring mind.

To-day is hailed as the age of mind. It is a time peculiarly fitted for perfecting a system of mental and moral culture, for the centuries gone by have bequeathed us all their good and left us to profit by their examples. Mind is the power that rules the world; it is the capacity for producing all that is ennobling and beneficial to the human race. It has penetrated the very heart of nature, discovering to view the laws of science and by the proper applications of these grand truths grievous burdens have been lifted from the pursuits of practical life. It has embodied conceptions in intricate and curious inventions; it has moulded grand ideals into grand

realities; it has destroyed the law of mere animal force and erected upon the sites of ancient athletic schools, institutions of learning. Former ages have paved the way for the resplendent advances and triumphs of the human mind.

The first century of liberty has been wonderfully beneficent and energizing. Under the inspiration of free and liberal institutions it has gained for itself a position never obtained by the ages of the past. Never before did mankind illustrate their powers of self-government, with unrestrained activity and enthusiasm they have accomplished achievements both profitable and enduring.

The records of this age are embellished by brilliant oratory and successful results of genius. Daring adventures and useful explorations have lent their power, while naval engagements and heroic exploits have wrought out for it enduring fame. The reign of intellect can boast of a career diversified in character and boundless in happy results, its social and moral advancement, its political achievements and scientific discoveries are time-marks in the progress of the ages.

A host of pens are ever ready to supply the demands for literature; public and private libraries are teeming with volumes for the earnest inquirer.

Fostered by advantages like these and aided by Christianity, the age of intellect has won the crown of all the ages, illumining where physical power and false ideals cast only the densest gloom.

A CARD.

How dearly we love to take into our hands and retain in memory tokens of respect from those with whom we have spent sweet hours together. The tender memories which cluster around a token coming from such dear hands are always golden, sheathing a halo of brightness over the pathway of life, whether it leads over the heights of prosperity or down amid the gloom of adversity. For such a token it is difficult to find words to express the feeling. "Thank you" did not express the happiness which filled my heart to overflowing when two of "my boys" gave me that beautiful album which the class had delegated them to present to their teacher. But, although these two little words do not express my feelings of gratitude, yet they are all I can say. And that God's richest blessing may follow you wherever you are called upon to work for the Master, will ever be the prayer of your friend and teacher,

MAGGIE BROWN.

THE HOLCAD.

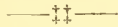
VOL.

NEW WILMINGTON, PA., JULY 1, 1885.

No. 1.

WESTMINSTER COLLEGE.

FACULTY:



The Rev. R. G. Ferguson, D. D.,

PRESIDENT, AND PROFESSOR OF MENTAL AND MORAL SCIENCE.

J. B. Cummings, Ph. D.,

Emeritus Professor of Natural Sciences.

The Rev. W. A. Mehard, D. D.,

Professor of Hebrew, Political Economy,
and Logic.

Oella J. Patterson, A. M.,

Professor of English Language and Literature.

R. O. Graham, A. M.,

Professor of Chemistry.

John Mitchell, A. M.,

Professor of Latin Language and Literature.

W. W. Wallace, A. M.,

Professor of Mathematics.

S. R. Thompson, A. M.,

Professor of Physics.

The Rev. R. B. Taggart,

Professor of Greek Language and Literature.

T. M. AUSTIN, A. B., Professor of Music.

THREE COURSES OF STUDY:

Classical, Scientific and Preparatory.

For Information address the President.

THE HOLCAD.

BOVARD, ROSE & CO.

CARPETS,

LIGNUMS, LINGLEUMS, ETC.,

39 Fifth Avenue, - Pittsburgh.

AUFRECHT,

Artist & Photographer

68 Federal Street, - ALLEGHENY, PA.

BEST CABINET PHOTOS

During the months of April and May

Only \$2.50 per dozen.

Good and Classical Work only, allowed to leave the gallery

R. W. Clendennin & Sons,
DRY GOODS AND CARPETS,

NOVELTIES AND STAPLES.

Bargains in Every Department.

Main and Mercer Streets. - - NEW CASTLE, PA.

COHEN BROS.,

THE MAMMOTH

❖ ONE-PRICE ❖ CLOTHIERS, ❖

80 Washington Street,

NEW CASTLE, PA.

The largest stock of Clothing, Hats, Caps and Gents' Furnishing Goods, at prices that will astonish you. A cordial invitation extended to everybody. One price to all. ♥ Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded.

H. W. BOYLES,
MERCHANT TAILOR,

Cunningham's New Block,

Pittsburgh Street, NEW CASTLE, PA.

Cloths and cassimeres furnished. Clothing cut and made to order
A full line of samples kept on hand.

J. SPERBER,

PHOTOGRAPHER,

90 & 92 Federal St., Cor. Stockton Ave.,

ALLEGHENY, PA.

JOS. W. STRITMATER,
MANAGER

TAILORING DEPARTMENT.

PERFECT SATISFACTION GUARANTEED.

Stritmater Bros.' Store, - - - New Castle, Pa.

GO TO **J. E. DUFF,**
THE PRESCRIPTION DRUGGIST,
—FOR—

Patent Medicines, Fine Soaps, Perfumes, Face Powders
and all toilet articles,

No. 1 Washington St., Opp. Post Office, - New Castle, Pa.

W. R. MEHARD,

POST OFFICE BUILDING,
NEW WILMINGTON, - PA.,

DEALER IN

Books, Stationery

—AND—

School Supplies.

The Best Goods Always on Hand.

W. T. McCONNELL,

(FRESHMAN.)

Watchmaker and Jeweler,

High Street, - NEW WILMINGTON, PA.

KAUFMAN'S

The Largest and Leading One Price Millinery,
Notions, and Trimmings House.

56 WASHINGTON STREET. - NEW CASTLE, PA.
AND BEAVER FALLS, PA.

THE HOLCAD.

VOL. II.

NEW WILMINGTON, PA., JULY 1, 1885.

No. 1.

ALUMNI POEM.

BY THE REV. JOHN J. FRANCIS OF CINCINNATI, O. CLASS OF 1865.

[Read at the Alumni Re-union, Westminster College, New Wilmington, Pa., Tuesday Evening, June 23d, 1885.]

Listen to me class-mates, school-mates, fellow-soldiers in the strife,
Comrades in the same great conflict on the battle-field of life;

Let us heed the welcome bugle-note that sounds the halt to-day;
Let us pitch our tents a little while and rest beside the way!

We have traveled many a weary path since last we gathered here;
One by one we've watched the scenes of youth glide by and disappear;

But at length the summons comes to us to stay our way-worn feet,
And assemble once again in this familiar old retreat.

Let us tarry then a moment,—cease the toil and dry the tears,
While we listen to the voices that are wafted down the years.

As I muse the misty past comes flitting 'round me like a dream,—
Drifting clouds through which the sunlight bursts in many a golden gleam;

And I catch in broken glimpses, as with tear-dimmed eyes I gaze,
Many a faint and curious vision of the scenes of other days:

Youthful fancies long-forgotten, cherished once with hopes and fears,
Fragrant dust of withered roses strewn along the track of years!

Even the classic groves around us have a message for our hearts;
With each rustle of their leaves a train of dreamy memories starts;
For they seem somehow akin to us, these children of the wood,
Like as if we bore to them a kind of distant father-hood.

Trees our youthful hands once planted have grown rugged now
and old,
In the fight with time and tempest, Summer's heat and Winter's cold.

Bare and lifeless things they seemed to us that far-off arbor-day,
When from forest and from nursery we brought them here-away.

Small the promise of the future which they gave us for our toil,
As we left them to the mercy of God's sun and rain and soil.

But upon them time has written change, o'er trunk and bough,
Ev'n as over us on form and face, on heart, and brain, and brow:

And we walk beneath the shadows of their spreading wings of green,
Thinking of thee then and now, and all the vanished years between.

Should we ask them very softly, would they whisper to our ears
The strange secret tale, I wonder, of these dead and buried years?

Well for us, if 'mid the changes as the years have glided by,
We have, like these trees, been daily growing upward toward the sky.

Well for us, if we like them, are stronger for the tempest's shock,
With our arms up-stretched to heaven and our feet upon the rock.

There are voices, too, that greet us but in memory to-day,
From the lips that 'neath our kisses long ago have changed to clay:

Voices of those long grown weary of the earthly toil and strife,
Who have gone to solve beyond the stars the mystery of life.

One among them name we—noblest, loved, revered by every one,
Ready when the summons came to hear the Master say "well done."

Wearing here his hoary hair, a crown of glory in our sight,
Wearing there a fadeless crown of life among the saints in light.

With him many, teachers, schoolmates, true and faithful to the end,
Are now singing the glad songs with which the harps of Heaven blend.

They are walking grander heights to-day than mortals ever trod,
With the angels looking into all the hidden things of God.

Other thousand forms now seen no more within these college halls,
Are still standing nobly at their posts where sterner duty calls:

For the boys and girls who filled these seats some twenty years to-night,
Are now leading on the vanguard in the thickest of life's fight.

Men and women who in every sphere are acting well their parts,
Serving God in great or little things, with hands, and brains, and hearts.

Lawyers, Judges, Doctors, Statesmen, grave Professors in the chair,
Ministers of God's salvation through the wide world everywhere:

Literary Dames: or Matrons in the quiet walks of life,
Wearing with a royal grace a woman's proudest title—"Wife."—

Feeding well with loving care the kids beside the shepherds' tents,
Rearing in their homes a whole grand race of future Presidents!

Over mountain, stream, and prairie, to Pacific's peaceful shore,
Hail we these, our loved companions in the cherished days of yore!

Amid Egypt's ancient wonders, in far Siam and Japan,
Where the dusky millions throng the burning plains of Hindustan—

To the ends of earth we send them our glad greetings and our love,
Till we biveonae together on the camping ground above!

'Mid the myriad recollections thronging through our minds to-night,
There are some which fill our bosoms with a singular delight.

Let me name but one, and every heart will throb its quick reply,
As the thoughts of each speed backward to the scenes of years gone by.

PHILOS and ADELPHICS,—Brethern often matched in bloodless strife,
Waging fierce relentless warfare to the (literary) knife:

Thrilling tales of many a contest could their record-books reveal,
When each hero found in each a foeman worthy of his steel;

Orators, with voices trained to rise and fall in cadence clear :
 Essayists, with flowing phrases framed to charm the dullest ear.

Bold Declaimers, with such skill to make the eloquence of yore,
 That we fancied Pitt and Webster had come back to earth once
 more ;

Picked Debaters from the ranks of argumentative athletes,
 Awaiting the admiring populace that thronged the crowded seats :

With the thunderbolts of logic in forensic fury hurled,
 Settling once for all the great disputed questions of the world !

Nor were these but bootless battles, only fought for vain display :
 Both the victor and the victim came forth stronger from the fray.

Many a youthful champion felt a new ambition in him rise,—
 In the struggle caught his first grand inspiration from the skies.

Many an impulse then was given which has nevermore been lost :
 Ev'n defeat oft bought a lesson which was worth the bitter cost.

With each effort we discovered we had gained new vantage
 ground ;

Each exertion left us higher up the ladder by a round.

Sweeter were the siren voices of the Nymphs across the way,
 In the halls where our SISTERS held their mild and gentle sway.

Beautiful ALETHEAN angels ! lovely LEAGOREAN sprites !
 Hovering around the summit of Parnassus' dewy heights !

Plucking with their fairy fingers choicest literary fruits,
 Always pressing to the van in intellectual pursuits :

Leading from Aurora's stables Pegasus with fearless hands,
 Or around Minerva's alters gathering in white-robed bands :

Never shunning toil nor danger, heeding duty's clarion call,
 Not a whit behind their brothers, in the classroom or the hall :

Standing firm, these fair Hesperids, against all mortal odds,
 Guarding Juno's golden apples in the garden of the gods !

Listened not the love-sick youths of Greece when burning Sappho
 sung,

Nor upon Hypatia's wisdom Alexandrian students hung,

With such pure delight as thrilled us in these rare and golden
 hours,

When the maidens of Westminster wooed us to their pleasant
 bowers,

There around our 'wildered spirits their bewitching spell to fling
 Feasting us with sparkling waters fresh from the Pierian spring !

Nor was cunning little Eros idle 'mid these youthful hearts ;
 Straight to many a throbbing bosom flew his jewel-pointed darts.

And full many a daring Argonaut sailed from this port of old,
 With a rarer trophy in his arms than Jason's fleece of gold !

There are scenes which neither time nor change from memory
 can blot,

Which amid the rush and whirl of after-life are ne'er forget ;

Coming only once, but blazing evermore on history's page ;
 Stamping at a single stroke their mighty impress on the age.

There are moments of existence fraught with destinies sublime,
 Waking echoes which will ring down all the sounding aisles of
 time ;

Moments which will tell on ages with the might of sword or pen,
 Marking grander epochs in the lives of nations and of men.

Such a time there came to us, some four and twenty years ago ;
 Like an earthquake shock the startled nation felt the deadly blow ;

Faces paled and pulses quickened, and the hot blood leaped like
 fire,

Through the throbbing veins of many a patriot son of patriot
 sire :—

And when 'neath the starry banner marched the ranks of brave
 and true,

There were fellow students with them proudly clad in Union-blue ;

And to-day where their still dust is sleeping where the old flag
 waves,

Let us lay with loving hands our laurel wreaths upon their graves

Little did we fathom then the mighty meaning of it all,—

Little did we grasp the import of that thrilling trumpet call ;

But the world will see it more and more as the ages roll away,—

It will tell on human destiny till time's remotest day ;

For the hand of the Almighty held the sword and aimed the stroke ;
 The Eternal God was walking 'midst the battle's blood and smoke.

It was not to save a nation ;—What are nation's unto him ?

Not alone to strike the fetters from the bondman's shackled limb !

Farther yet than this the hidden purpose of high Heaven ran,
 Reaching outward to the Universal Brotherhood of Man.

It was Freedom's own great battle, and its fruits will yet abound
 To the HUMAN RACE in blessing evermore the world around

And yet this, which over all the glorious quarter-century flings
 Its bright radiance, is but one among a thousand wondrous things,

For the chariot-wheels of progress have not halted by the way,
 And God's purposes have ripened to fulfillment every day.

Science, in its onward strides, has startled nations in its course,
 Drowsy millions have been awakened by the magic of its force.

Things undreamed of by the sages, things untold in ancient song,
 Have unfolded to our vision as the years have sped along.

Better live a year in times like these in which our lives are cast,
 Than a hundred years of dreary sloth that marked the sluggish
 past.

Let the few who mourn "the good old times," lament them as
 they may,

Men in modern times are living ancient ages in a day.

But the vision does not tarry 'mid the things that have been done ;
 These are to man's coming triumphs but as glow-worms to the sun.

For the world is sweeping onward to an age of grander things ;
 Ever from the glorious present a more glorious future springs.

Over continents and oceans friends shall talk with distant
 friends.

Every faintly whispered accent heard to earth's remotest ends.

From afar the roving lover shall his distant maid beguile,
 She shall call him from the Hudson—he will answer from the
 Nile.

Men upon the rugged Andes, listening in the early morn,
 Then shall catch the far-off music of the Alpine huntsman's horn.

In the Congress of the nations, kings and statesmen shall debate
 O'er ten thousand miles of land and sea, the grave affairs of state ;

Not of conquest, for the noise of war from off the earth shall cease
 With the dawning of a better day of universal peace,—

But each one with all the others working toward one glorious plan,

For the welfare of the race—the highest happiness of man.

Time and distance will be nothing; all the earth shall be man's home;

O'er the world, as though a garden, at his pleasure he shall roam.

Through the viewless air his noiseless chariot-wheels shall swiftly roll,

Forces now unknown shall bear him like a flash from pole to pole.

He shall swing at night his hammock 'neath the tropic's spreading trees,

Walk at noon upon the icebergs of the frozen arctic seas;

He shall pluck at noon the fruits from California's purple vine,

He shall dine upon the Congo, and shall sup upon the Rhine.

He shall walk the deep abysses of the ocean's trackless bed,

Heedless of the raging storms a thousand fathoms overhead.

Night shall turn to day before him at the flash of hidden wires,

'Neath the million blazing glories of its grand electric fires.

Then the ancient curse of Babel shall forever pass away,

And a universal language shall be spoken in that day.

With the key to all of nature's hidden wonders in his hand,

In the glory of his triumph, 'mid his trophies he shall stand,

Earth and air and restless sea alike obedient to his call,

He, alone, of Heaven appointed lord and master of them all.

Nor yet will his vast ambition rest content when this is done;

There are other worlds to conquer, grander conquests to be won.

And when every mystery of EARTH before man's vision lies,

He will turn his thoughts to solve the mighty problems of the SKIES;

As the nations to each other bound by common ties in one,
So shall be the blazing planets as they circle 'round the sun.

As the islands of the ocean own a kinship each with each,
So the myriad stars of heaven yet shall find a common speech:

For in ways we cannot fathom man shall bid the sunbeams fly
With his greeting to the farthest constellations of the sky;

And shall form a higher fellowship with many a heavenly race,
And hold converse with the sons of God in distant worlds of space,

When both forth and back shall flash the wondrous messages afar,
All along the mystic lines of light that stretch from star to star.

Such the vision of the future bursting on our dazzled eyes,
All the soul within us gazes in a silent, rapt surprise!

Nor must earth wait on through ages of a dreary, lingering gloom
Ere these swelling buds of promise shall unfold in glorious bloom.

Even now the morn approaches, herald of the wondrous time
When the prophecy shall be fulfilled in majesty sublime.

Toward the day-dawn we are hast'ning through the fast receding night,

With increasing speed the world is flying toward the coming light.

Hail, thou age of mighty wonders! Haste, thou glorious day of God!

Let the trumpet peal thy dawning through the whole glad world abroad;

'Till the angels over earth their ancient song of peace shall sing,
And a ransomed race shall hail with joy the coming of THE KING!

BRAIN PRODUCTS.

BY MATTIE CLYDE POPPINO.

"Two worlds are ours—one creative of the other." There is the inner realm of thought, emotion and imagination and the outer realm of visible creation. Things are but the embodiment of thoughts. Things have not always been; this earth has not always existed; man has not always lived. There was a time when this earth and man—yea, the universe itself was but an idea dwelling in the Almighty mind. We do not know when the creation began. We only know that in the beginning God made the universe. He spake and worlds sprung into being. Vast orbs rolled through space and took their places in the mechanism of the universe. Some one has called these the thoughts of God solidified and hung out in the universe that all might see and understand him. But slowly-told centuries rolled by, witnessing the death and burial of many a race, before God had completed his work and prepared the earth for the habitation of man. The history of these early races, penciled upon the rocks, has been preserved through thousands of ages and we are permitted to read. Thus the visible creation is a record of the thoughts of God. Each structure is a complete chapter in the ponderous volume and every atom is a finished sentence. This mighty volume of things constitutes the only revelation of the thoughts of God common to all mankind. What a store-house of suggestions is here! Who can contemplate the unity and persistence of plan that runs throughout the whole without being impressed with the fact that one eternal and infinite Intelligence has planned and executed every part of creation? Yes, "written on thy works, we read the lesson of thy own eternity." But why are these saurian footsteps so carefully preserved? Why is all this history written upon the rocks? Are they not the materials which a kind Providence has stored up for a thinking race? Interpreting it thus, we find that nature has not only anticipated the coming of man, but has contemplated the exercise of reasoning faculties. How few of nature's benefits have been reached without the exercise of reason! Who can doubt that it was the purpose of the Creator, that man should by the exercise of that intelligence with which he alone is endowed, be led to investigate the realms of nature, and that through these investigations he should become wiser and happier? And by man this purpose of the Creator is being fulfilled. Everywhere, above, beneath, around, lie countless fields of thought, and many are the reapers who have thrust in their sickles

and gathered rich stores. All that is useful in mechanics, grand in architecture, noble in science, beautiful in art or refined in philosophy is the result of patient thought and industry. All nations have been made what they are by the thinking and working of many generations of men. In peace and in war the minds of men are constantly at work. The greatest battles recorded on the pages of the world's history were planned in the minds of the leaders before the soldiers saw the battle-field; and the greatest victories have been won, not so much on the field of carnage as in the field of thought. Let us glance at the history of science and invention. What wonderful things have been recorded here! Steamships numbering the tens of thousands sail on every known sea. The railroad touches almost every hamlet of the civilized world. Telegraph wires cross the continent and ocean, encircling the globe. And as if all this were not enough, the tones of the human voice are transmitted through hundreds of miles of wire, or, stranger still, shut up in a metal plate and reproduced at will. We stand in awe before these mighty engines which human power and human ingenuity have produced, and forget that all this is ours to enjoy, because some one has thought on these things. Great has been the development in the science of Astronomy. By aid of the spectroscope we have been enabled to analyze the most distant worlds as the chemist would a new mineral or ore. Shooting stars have been examined while flying through space. Meteoric stones have been analyzed in the chemist's laboratory. We have learned that the rocks, minerals and elements of the earth are common in all worlds and that there is indeed "a oneness of law throughout space." As the power of the telescope has increased, new worlds have opened to our vision until the number has become as the sands of the sea. All this is the result of labor. Newton, when asked by what means he had worked out his discoveries, said, "By always thinking unto them." At another time he said, "If I have done the public any service, it is due to nothing but industry and patient thought." Kepler said in speaking of his studies and progress, "Diligent thought on these things was the occasion of still further thinking; until at last I brooded with the whole energy of my mind upon the subject." As a result of this diligent thought we have the discoveries made and the laws established by this famous philosopher.

Along with the science of astronomy and keeping pace with it is that of Geology. Explorers in this department have been enabled to read the testimony of the rocks and have thus come to know, in part,

the succession of life. The coal, locked up in the deep mines of the earth, has been brought to light and use and many valuable minerals have been discovered. This, too, is the result of labor. Nor are these heights, isolated peaks, rising, volcano like, out of an unyielding plain. The whole circle of the sciences has been swept up by the swelling tide of thought and these are only a few billows upon its surface.

As in science, so it is in art. Go stand in the art-galleries at Rome and look upon the masterpieces of the world's greatest artists. Can you fail to see the traces of keen thought displayed there? A celebrated artist was asked by what wonderful process he mixed his colors. "I mix them with brains" was his reply. So must every artist do who would excel. Every stroke of the artist's brush or chisel, though guided by genius, is the result of study; and every finished picture or statue is a product of the brain. Not only is this true of all material things, but whatever man has conscientiously made has first existed in the realm of thought. "The grand symphonies of Beethoven first resounded in all their complete harmony in the brain of that master before they were made audible in full chorus by a skillful orchestra." The thinker has passed into the realm of the invisible, but his thought still lives and stirs the hearts of men as music only can do. But leaving Science and Art, let us enter the field of literature. Here it is that we find the best embodiment of great men's thoughts. Books contain the best that humanity has thought and said. In the words of another, "Literature is the best expression of human life. No other art can compare with it. Music, painting, sculpture, architecture, all have striven to symbolize and show forth the manifold feelings of the human heart, but literature has touched every chord of being and has voiced universal experience." Every language has its literature, and here are preserved the treasures of wisdom and knowledge which the world has accumulated. Boundless stores of moral and historic truth, as well as of passion and imagination are laid up here, and from this source lessons of infinite worth may be derived. This field is ever widening and being enriched by new products. The best that has been thought on every subject has been deposited in books, and "of making many books there is no end." As we wander through the field of literature, feasting our minds upon the treasures of science or listening to the poet's song, how often do we remember that "we are treading the pathway because another has gone before and pointed the way with the wand of thought?"

Thus we find that everything man has made is the embodiment of a thought. The greatest thinkers have been the greatest benefactors of the race; for their thoughts have been a free gift to the world and remain forever in undiminished richness as a perpetual inheritance for each succeeding generation.

OBEDIENCE TO LAW.

BY W. H. MOORE.

In the history of men and nations, nothing has been more clearly demonstrated than the necessity of law, of a system of government. Wherever man has reached a high degree of culture, or has shown high attainment in a civil capacity, the true aim of civilization, he has only followed the way of right living, in conformity with those principles which inculcate obedience and by which all society is regulated.

The origin of law and the necessity of government are to be found in the nature of man himself, and in the relation which he as an individual sustains to every other member of the human family. He naturally seeks companionship. His happiness and success are dependent upon associations with his fellows. Apart from them in solitary confinement, forced or self-imposed, he is a hardened, semi-human recluse, wearing away a miserable existence. In this disposition to come together in communities, to join hands for mutual good in this irresistible tendency toward unity, originated society, and in all well-regulated society there is to be seen a power at work, which no individual man can claim, a power which we may believe was given by God and revealed to man by the stern and painful necessities which compelled its exercise, which reaches out to every individual member of the organization, touches his life and controls his actions—and that power is the power of law. At what time law began its reign, it is not to our purpose to inquire, but certainly it was when human passions were high, when the weak and defenceless were the prey of personal greed and hate and revenge, when the bitterest animosities of the human heart "ranged like beasts of the forest among the flock," that law "unbared her beautiful bold brow and made them cower beneath the eyes of justice and of reason."

Law and obedience, and that obedience rendered in the time and place of its requirement, are the foundation and cement of all society. The harmonious adjustment and operation of the various organs make the human body perform its proper functions,

and as surely as the irregular action of one organ of the body begets disease or death, so is it in the body politic; as the irregular or unmeasured sounding of one string or instrument produces discord, so is it in the play of the human wills in the great concert of society. Our civil government, our entire social system, is but a chain of obligations and each link must support and strengthen the others.

As members of society, as citizens of a great commonwealth, let us ask how far we conform to its requirements and obey its laws. Let us look over this land and note with what harmony all the parts are working, or if there be any discordant noises, let us inquire the cause. All men in society have or should have the same rights and privileges. That a certain line of conduct should be observed by each toward all the rest; that, in laboring to supply our wants and gratify our desires, nothing should be done inconsistent with the rights of others, is rendered indispensable by the very fact of living in society and receiving the benefits of its protection. But in our review of the elements that compose our social system, in reflecting upon our political and domestic relations do we find these principles observed? Do our citizens have a proper consideration for the rights of others and a proper view of law and government and civil subordination? Do we find in every part of this great union of states the peace and quiet that should exist, the public and private virtue that should prevail? There are answers all about us, in every state and county, in every city and hamlet that make up the union. Can you read the papers and fail to note with astonishment the rapid increase of crime—of crime of every kind, from the paltriest theft to the most atrocious and blood-curdling murder? From every corner of this land which Providence has made so fair and fertile with all that man requires, come every day stories of the darkest deeds of lawlessness and vice. Burglaries, robberies, open and daring dishonesty have become so common as to cause but little comment, unless those who suffer be persons of high social or political standing. The foulest murder does not now have half the horror it once had, The boldest acts of villany and violence are either connived at or looked upon with too great indifference, and the wretched and depraved perpetrators receive too seldom their just deserts. Read the statistics of any state or of the United States for a few successive years and see if there is not just cause for alarm. In thirty years, from 1850 to 1880, the number of prisoners in the jails and penitentiaries of this country increased from 6,000 to 60,000, from one out of every 3,000 to one out of every 800 of the popula-

tion, and since that time statistics gathered by a Chicago paper for the years '81, '82 and '83 show an increase in murder alone of more than 200 a year, from 1,200 in 1881 to 1,700 in 1883. Of this number only 480 suffered the extreme penalty of the law—228 by legal execution and 252 by lynch-law. Do not these figures startle even the most unconcerned? Should it not arouse the Christian and the loyal citizen to think that a government like this permits such outrages and, indeed, seems powerless to prevent them?

But this by no means completes the catalogue of crime. What is the meaning of those strikes which so often, of late, unsettle society? What was the lesson taught by the riots of Pittsburgh a few years ago, of Cincinnati more recently, and of Hocking Valley and South Bend within a year? What mean those other uprisings just as insulting to a free government, just as unlawful, the rule of the mob and the prevalence of lynch law which dares assert its authority in the very centers of our highest civilization? These signs are indicative of no good. They show a spirit of insubordination, an underlying sentiment of opposition to all true progress, to the enforcement of law and the punishment of crime. Do they tell that the government is weak and tottering, or that the executors of the law are derelict to duty?

The picture, dark as it may appear, grows darker when a closer study reveals the fact that there is an increase of crime in excess of the increase of population, and darker still when we realize, as we must, that the age of criminals is constantly growing less. What shall be the destiny of this land when her youth become corrupt, when vice and crime invade the home, and disturb the peace and quiet, the love and joy that should reign supreme by every hearthstone? Oh, the manifold temptations to lure the youth in these latter days. Every city is crowded with dens to sear the conscience and blight the soul—pit-falls into which the young man full of the hope and confidence of youth, forgetful of the counsels and cautions of a father and the prayers and love of a mother, may stumble unawares and go down to ruin. Is there no power in this land to break this master stroke of Satan's policy? Is there no power to hide, to bury, to destroy forever these city sloughs, to banish from our land, from the face of the earth such vice and immortality, to dash the cup of Circe from the lips and make every man a freeman? In the words of the eminent eastern lecturer, "Let us awake and under the murky threat of years ahead of us, let us see that it is the duty of the parlor, the pulpit, the press, politics and the police—the five great powers of these

modern ages—to join arms and go forward in one phalanx for the execution of those public enactments which shut up places of temptation, and give a man a good chance of being born right the second time by being born right the first time."

But cannot crime be punished? Who is responsible for these outrages upon society? Society itself for much of it. Our social and political organizations should be reconstructed, and reconstructed on sound Christian principles. There is plainly too much sympathy for the criminal and too little respect for law. There is a sickening sentimentalism abroad that encourages a thirst for notoriety, a morbid desire to become prominent. The glaring headlines of our daily papers, the long columns of detail, are a satisfaction to many a criminal. The flowers presented by silly women, the tokens of admiration that every day find their way to his cell, the numerous requests for his autograph, make him seem to himself a very hero. Too often does misdirected sympathy blind men to the foulness of crime. They forget that the truest mercy is in accordance with the strictest justice. In our own State, but little more than a year ago, a deliberate, premeditated murder was justified, applauded, and the murderer not only liberated, but given almost an ovation. Men refused to think; feeling ran high; the press defended the act; public sentiment arrayed itself against the law, and what was law? But was it right? Should any man be exalted by his fellow-men because the blood of his brother has stained his hands, how great soever the provocation? Would not his heroism have been magnified a thousand times had he but had the moral courage to endure the trial and leave the rest to God, who alone taketh vengeance? There is a dignity in submission to rightful authority, I care not where it is exercised, in the home, in the school, or in the state, and he who has the strength of will, the moral courage, in the face of difficulties, in the face of the jeers and taunts of angry opposition, to take and maintain his stand on the side of right, for the loss of right, displays himself a man worthy of the name—a hero more deserving of honor and esteem than he that taketh a city. Sympathy or feeling should control no man when the interests of society, of the state are at stake. It is a maudlin sympathy—a false and fatal kindness. Contrast the rigid justice of Brutus the elder who, in spite of all the love of a father, passed the sentence of death upon his own sons, for conspiracy against the liberty of their country. The youths stood trembling and weeping before him; the senate whispered for moderation; his fellow-consul was silent; the multitude trembled

and awaited the decision in an agony of suspense. But the inexorable Brutus arose, and turning to the executioners, said to them, "To you, O Lictors, I deliver them!" and the lictors did their work of torture and of death. Thus the father was lost in the judge; the love of justice overcame the fondness of the parent; private interest was swallowed up in regard for public good and the security of government; the majesty of the law was vindicated and obedience to law shown to be the first duty of the public servant and the private citizen. It is time that men should know their duty, should see that law and government are not mere human institutions but ordinances of God and that it is his command that every soul be subject to the higher powers.

But besides all this, into the elements of our own strife are thrown the habits, the morals, the political principles of the refugees of every land. The German socialist is here advocating the entire overthrow of our present social system; the Nihilist, too, driven from the wilds of Russia, here boldly obtrudes his radical political and religious views upon the public mind, saying, "Take earth and heaven, take church and state, take kings and deity and spit upon them—that's our doctrine." The Sabbath is desecrated and the restraining laws of virtue and morality trampled upon. Hegel and Paine are their gods. Their watchword is Liberty, Fraternity and Equality, unrestrained and unlicensed. Their infamous doctrines their infidel sentiments are strenuously advocated and rapidly mingle with the elements that are to constitute our future national character and control our destiny. The signs of the times indicate mischief and the whole tendency seems to be in maddened determination to have a new Bible, a new constitution and a new God to push the country forward to a most tremendous crisis.

Manifestly something should be done. Shall we educate? Education alone will not make a people virtuous—it may on the other hand undo their virtue. Freedom can be enjoyed and its institutions respected only when their foundations are laid deep in the religious and moral character of a people as well as in their intelligence. There may be intelligence, diffusive as light itself, without a single religious principle at work or virtuous sentiment predominant. Such nations have existed in both ancient and modern times, but they never enjoyed enlightened freedom. To sever religion from literature and education is to take the life from the body, which must end in decay and corruption, while its exhalations are poisonous and death-like. He was a true philosopher and moralist and had a Christian

ken of observation who said: "It is not knowledge, but knowledge detached from religion that produces the fatal result." The hope of this land is an enlightened Christianity, and with this there will be the best training of the intellect. We cannot have Christianity without education, the Gospel without intelligence. But we may have education without Christianity, intelligence without the Gospel. There is no problem as to how the land shall be saved, whatever there may be problematic concerning its destiny. The Gospel discovers the grand moral cure. If it is saved, the church of the land must save it, and she will evince herself recreant to the principles of Christianity—destitute of patriotism and love for humanity, if she does not arise in her might and do it. If she would send forth her light to gladden distant lands she must make this land luminous with Gospel truth. The heralds of salvation must run to and fro, stand in the top of the high places, by the way in the places of the paths, at the gates, at the entry of the city, at the coming in at the doors, and cry, "Unto you, O men, I call, and my voice is unto the sons of men." And when this cry shall have resounded from end to end of this vast continent, when men everywhere shall have been convinced that law is honorable and government divinely instituted, when children at home and at school, and young men, in whatever vocation engaged, shall be taught that obedience is a virtue and a duty, when all classes and conditions shall submit cheerfully to lawful authority, then, and not till then, will begin the dawn of the halcyon days of our civilization and the reign of peace on earth and good will to all mankind.

SERMON BEFORE Y. M. C. A.

The exercises of commencement week began with a sermon before the Y. M. C. A., by Rev. Russell H. Conwell, the well-known lecturer and pulpit orator. He chose as his text the latter clause of the first verse of 1 Thess., 3rd chapter. We present a very meagre synopsis of the discourse which was full of striking thoughts and new suggestions. He began his discourse by saying, "That the world is full of theological mistakes, or why is it that I am a Baptist and you a Presbyterian? And one of those mistakes is that of Canon Farrar when he said that nothing in Athens which interested the Athenians had any interest for Paul, Paul the man of learning and culture, Paul who had sat at the feet of Gamaliel,—was there nothing in Athens to interest such a man? Had he not read in the school of his master the wonderful story of Marathon and Thermopylae? Was

there nothing in all that land to interest a man of his surpassing knowledge? The speaker then enumerated the spots of historical interest which the great apostle would pass on his way to Athens, and the beautiful temples, altars and statues which would meet his eye on every side after he entered the city gates, among them the altar to the "unknown God," whose holy name the Jew never uttered. Paul could not help but be interested by what he saw at Athens. Any man of culture would. There was nothing in art at Athens to conflict with Christianity. There was nothing in the Greek science to conflict with Christianity because it was the science of Aristotle and Plato,—the science of observation. There was nothing in the philosophy of Athens to conflict with Christianity. Socrates had reasoned out by the force of his grand intellect what Moses taught by direct revelation of God. The speaker next showed the remarkable similarity between the teaching of the Bible and that of Socrates, and said Paul's "spirit was stirred within him," when he saw Athens, because of the use to which all this beauty was put. The Greeks had come so near the truth, so near to God, one step only and they might have gained everlasting life, but that one step they never took. Their learning sanctified by the word of God, would have made their nation the power of the whole earth. It is sad to think they should come so near to God and yet perish through lack of knowledge. There could be no abiding evidence among the ancient knowledge of Greece without the patient persevering industry of learning and there can be no real abiding knowledge without the knowledge of God.

ABSTRACT OF THE BACCALAUREATE.

Exodus 212.—"And he looked this way and that way and when he saw there was no man he slew the Egyptian and hid him in the sand."

Into no more unlikely place could we have looked in the age of the Pharaohs for the beginning of a grand history than into the rude ark of bulrushes floating on the Nile. A child of a slave coming into the world at a time when his people were in the extremity of their oppressions, cast out by his parents in the anguish of despair or in the sublime recklessness of faith; under sentence of immediate destruction, with no shelter but the sky, no support but the uncertain waters, no eloquence but a cry, no appeal but that of utter helplessness—surely this is not one whom the world will greatly note or long remember.

But what did the future reveal? What is the rec-

ord of him, now that forty centuries have passed? In that ark of bulrushes lay the emancipator of his race, the military leader, the statesman, the immortal lawgiver, the first of authors, the prophet of God. There has been no grander career in all the world's history.

Where was this grand man trained for his important work? In the schools. He was given the best educational advantages which an Egyptian court could afford—taught in all the wisdom of the Egyptians and, as Philo asserts, "in all the learning of the Greeks, Chaldeans and Assyrians." Humanly speaking we may say that Moses could not have done what he did without the intellectual development and furniture he received in the court of the Pharaohs. Peter could not have done the work of Paul, the scholar, among the Apostles.

And yet there was another preparation that the schools could not give Moses that is even more essential to the highest success. Moses went out when forty years of age—a man in the prime of life—well-rounded by culture and experience thinking himself well-fitted to be the deliverer of Israel, wondering that they did not discover his mission, but by a single act he revealed his weakness and made it impossible to gain the good end he had in view. "He spied an Egyptian smiting a Hebrew, one of his brethren," His blood boiled at the outrage and his loyal, brave heart prompted him to avenge it. We cannot but admire his ardor and devotion to his own people. And yet we cannot approve his impetuous act as either just or wise. "He looked this way and that and when he saw that there was no man he slew the Egyptian and hid him in the sand."

Would that we could so far forget that this is a special service on a special occasion that we might bring our souls into the attitude of worshipers and students of the Word? Let us in this spirit consider two or three points suggested by this passage in Moses' life.

The following points were discussed: 1.—Moses at this period of his life lacked self control. 2.—He depended too much on his own wisdom. 3.—He did not depend enough on God.

To the members of the class of '85 he spoke as follows:

Young ladies and gentlemen of the graduating class, you have now reached the end of your college course and are trying to peer into the future. All of you, I trust, are bent on doing good in the world in one way or another. You agree with Cuyler in the thought—"It is infamy to leave the world without being missed," and your purpose is to live that there will

be a vacant place when you are gone. You have, like Moses, been favored with opportunities of culture. If not learned in all the wisdom of the Egyptian, you have received what is recognized in our time as a liberal education. Like Moses, you are radiant with expectation, and you mean to make the world better by your life. In all this we bid you God-speed. But God's speed, be it remembered, is not undue haste. Let us caution you against the mistake of Moses. "He that believe shall not make haste." Whatever be your gifts, attainments and graces, go forth with humble faith in God.

"A rain-drop fell into the sea. 'I am lost,' it cried. 'What am I in such a sea?' Into the shell of a gaping oyster it fell and there was formed into the orient pearl which now shines fairest in Britain's diadem. Humility creates the worth it underrates." So says the Persian oracle. He who goes out with sober views of self and of life, impressed with the fact that scarcely a ripple will be made upon the great sea of life by his entrance upon it is more likely to bless the world than he who imagines it is stirred to its very depths by his advent.

Be self-reliant enough to use the powers God gives you, but be not self-confident enough to leave behind you God who gives them. Enter into His favor through faith in His son. Consciously abide in His presence wherever you go. Let Him be your shield, your strength, your battle-cry and your reward. "Trust in the Lord with all thine heart and lean not unto thine own understanding. In all thy ways acknowledge Him and He will direct thy paths."

ΒΙΟΣ ΕΙΣ ἈΠΟΘΥΓΓΙΑΙΣ ΔΕΔΟΤΑΙ.

BY BESSIE SNYDER, '85.

Life! What varied emotions has the theme awakened in every breast? Life! What beautiful songs have been sung in portraying its delightful prospects and gilded hopes? What plaintive melodies have been chanted in memory of its bitter trials and disappointments? What grand pæns have been poured forth to herald its coming? With what wails of bitter anguish have its retreating footsteps been attended?

Life in the roseate hues of its morning, or in the sombre shade of its twilight; life in its beautiful spring-time garlanded with dewy flowers, or in the cold splendor of its winter snows, has tuned the harp of poetry to its sweetest strains, has guided the hand of art in its highest production, and has been the key-note to all thought and philosophy.

Whence? and why am I? are questions which have enlisted the deepest inquiry of the ages. The efforts of the human soul to fathom its own depths; to unravel the web of its mission and its destiny are as old as time itself. The varied results are stamped on the social and political life of every age and people.

How grand, how gloomy and how awful stand the pyramid on Egypt's plains. The spirit of their age crystallized into lasting monuments of stone. The Sphinx with its placid face gazing heavenward seems to whisper with voiceless lips the story of a people's wrongs, the old tale of human suffering and woe, of life's choicest days poisoned by bitter oppression to sate a monarch's vanity.

Among the magnificent ruins of the Orient, have been found many rich trophies of conquest which bear mute witness to the predominant principle of life in their age. Broken sceptres and battered crowns speak of kingdoms and nations vanquished, but they cannot tell the story of the ruined lives, of the broken hearts and wrecked hopes of their subject; nor can they sound the requirement of the millions whose lives paid the ransom.

Wealth and luxury were the supreme end to be attained, the goal for which everything that elevates and ennobles the race was to be sacrificed. While the nations of the east by their brilliant military achievement had been adding empire to empire, the little company of Greeks had been developing the highest type of life that the ancient world affords. Shut in from the great barbarian world without, unweakened the thirst for power and conquest, Greece was a world to herself. Her muses sang the strains which stirred her martial heroes to their immortal deeds, from her acropolis sounded those lofty tones of eloquence which entranced a world and to her highly-cultured philosophers did she owe that sublime principle of life which gave acknowledged supremacy over all her cotemporaries and made her the masterpiece of antiquity.

Here the mind, freed from its debasing thralldom, gained the first glimpses of its immortal mission and destiny and the glance, though fleeting and visionary, gave to life a nobler impulse and infused into it a higher culture and development.

Enbathed in masterpieces of art and literature it has come down to us as the embodiment of the highest ideal of life that human wisdom and culture have even been able to devise.

But how low does this ideal seem when compared with the high standard which permeates the Christian civilization of the present?

Mighty conquerors whose pathway to glory is marked by desolate fields and smouldering villages no longer receive the plaudits of admiring multitudes. The hero whose praises are chanted by the bards of our time and who receives the laurel crown of the victor, must display his heroism in a nobler strife than that for power and renown. Our ideal happiness is not to be attained by blind submission to fate, by a cold superiority to pain and pleasure, by extinguishing the holiest and best affections of the heart.

The Greeks spent their richest resources in up-rearing the Parthenon and sneered at the rest of the world as Barbarian; the 19th century is striving to build up humanity into a glorious temple to its God—his only fitting temple.

The world could not return to its pagan principles if it would, for it has witnessed one scene grander than the genius of a Plato ever conceived or the fancy of a Homer ever fabled. God himself appeared on the earth to give the solution to the problem of life for which the world had been groping in darkness and despair for so many centuries.

The humble life in Palestine presented a new lesson to the world. It taught how grand a thing life is when actuated by noble unselfish ends, how sublime when spent in noble service for others, how divine when sacrificed for bitter opponents and persecutions.

It once and forever changed the hero-worship of the world. Genius and military prowess can no longer give the stamp of nobility.

Life received as a sacred trust, whose thread of influence runs not only through the tangled web of time but through the endless warp of eternity, cannot but be a rich heritage to its possessor. He will find hidden in the byways of everyday life grand possibilities and will see every hour freighted with great destinies.

The grandeur of his mission will elevate his simplest deeds into a royal service and will convert his humble, shaded walk into a kingly highway. The benediction of care-burdened souls whose crosses of suffering he has lightened will make sweeter music to him than the approving strains of an earthly chorus.

The Tempter will once more present his gorgeous picture of wordly pomp and splendor, as he does in the life of every pilgrim. Alone he must decide his destiny. He sees vast empires pass before him with all their glittering pageantry. A flowery path leads with gentle ascent to the heights of wordly bliss whose peaks are tipped in fascinating hues. But on

the other hand he sees a narrow way edged with thorns and brambles. It winds through many dark and shadowed scenes but every step is sacred with the master's footprint; and as he turns in disdain from the gilded allurements of the world, the white-winged messengers once more wend their way earthward and prepare for him a banquet of celestial fruits from the tree of life.

Kind friends; Almost seven years ago a little fleet of a score of vessels was launched on the Bay of Westminster. The scene was a merry one for the bay was calm and beautiful and the skillful pilot had successfully conducted many a vessel to the great ocean of life.

The fleet sailed from the harbor with flying banners on which were inscribed "*Βίος εις αγαθουργίας δίδοται.*" Anxious friends wafted after it their blessings and good wishes. Its course was watched with eager interest from the shores as one after another of the little barques left to join other fleets or put in at ports by the way; but one by one their places were filled by others eager to join the voyage. Through cloud and sunshine, through storm and calm it has at last reached the ocean, not one vessel sunk, not one banner sullied.

To-day its friends from the shore and the many fleets it has met on the way have come to say farewell and bid it God-speed as it separates, each frail barque to thread its own way toward the distant harbor. Its course through the bay has been carefully marked out and in every difficult passage the light of the pilots boat has shone bright and clear on the tracks and when storms arose or our enemy loomed up in the way the little fleet would crowd closer together and as one vessel brave the tempest or strike down the enemy. But now the pilot has left it and no broad track of light appears to guide it through calm seas to the Golden city. But instead there is a winding pathway for each vessel.

We can see them as they wind their way through the small segment of the ocean visible and they are beautiful and shining, but beyond they are lost in lowering clouds. Oh that they would lift for one moment and show us the future of the little barques in whose destiny we have so much interest.

Will each one follow its track of light although it may lead through perilous deeps and beneath clouded skies, or will it blindly risk its fate on calm seas beneath whose smooth waters lie hidden rocks? Will it bravely steer through the tempests which will arise on the way or will it lower its mast and drift hopelessly on the rocky coast?

Who can measure the possibilities for weal or for

woe that each one bears in its cargo? Will the ports it touches by the way be enriched or unpoorished by its coming? Will the lives whose paths it crosses be brightened or shadowed?

May each of the little vessels whose voyage begins to day so joyously and yet so sadly, thread its way courageously trustingly through the mazes of time and at last reach the harbor laden with the fruits of a "life spent in noble deeds."

JUNIOR CONTEST.

The audience which assembled in the First U. P. church Monday evening to hear the performance was large and unusually attentive. The contest of the class was specially interesting, as this was the first time in the history of Westminster that ladies contested with gentlemen for the same prizes.

The music was given by the Meadville Orchestra, one of the finest bands in western Pennsylvania. Its reputation was well sustained by the performances of the evening.

While the "Bohemian Girl," by Balfe, was being played, the six contestants filed in and took their places before the rostrum. Prayer was offered by the Rev. H. H. Hervey. The "Chimes of Normandy" was then given by the players, and although beautifully rendered, must have seemed to the coming speakers "sweetness long drawn out." The first performer of the evening, R. L. Hay, of New Wilmington, arose and in a manner natural both in delivery and gesticulation, delivered an oration on the subject, "Just Beyond." He said: "Man lives not alone in the present, but in the past and the future. His body may be confined within the narrow limits of to-day, but his mind is free to leap into the past or into the unknown future. Man is ever leaving the present to grasp the future, is ever wondering what lies before in that unknown country. This is true at every stage of man's existence. The boy pauses in his play to picture what he will do when he becomes a man. He dreams not of misfortune, poverty or disgrace; but of success, wealth and renown. When a youth, he sees the time approaching for the realization of his dream. Already he imagines himself a hero, however unfortunate at times. Often he selects a man possessed of traits which he most admires and makes him his ideal. How often does he see the image to which he has paid his best homage fall or crumble before his eyes!

Manhood comes. No time for dreaming now. But is it true? Ah, no! often even now he turns aside to let his mind wander into the future to a

time when he shall have ceased from active life and have time for culture and refinement; and to this end he bends his every energy.

All classes alike think not of what is, but what is to be. The restless wanderer seeks some undiscovered country for which he has sought so long in vain. The unfortunate places his hope in the future. The slave to habit looks forward to the time when he can break his chains. All, all are living for something beyond. But old age steals on, bidding man dream no longer of the world. His race is run, he stands on the verge of the grave, which is soon to swallow up all his aspirations, plans and dreams. All ends here and there is no beyond. But can it be? Does the gaze of that old man rest in the grave? No! across the river, far on the other shore, there his eyes are fixed. There is a future toward which even the ancient look, and more eagerly than do those of younger years. The disposition to look across ceases only when the spirit is wafted to the other shore. The incentive to every noble undertaking, to many a great discovery, to many a grand invention have been in the words "Just Beyond." They inspired the despairing crew of Columbus until they had reached the rich green shore. Science owes its progress to the stimulus of these words. The scientist is ever trying to get nearer nature's heart, to go beyond, and to bring to light nature's laws and nature's plans.

This thought is not only closely interwoven with the advancement of science; it lies at the very foundation of all religious belief. The vital principle of every religion is a belief in a beyond. The Hindoo mother casts her infant into the Ganges, thinking of the future. The untutored Indian looks for a life beyond—to a happy hunting ground, to the forest abounding in deer, to the placid lake, where he may live in unalloyed pleasure.

The Christian, too, looks forward, and with what joy, to a retreat where all is peace. It was this hope that sustained Luther and stayed his feet upon the rock while the waves of hatred and the billows of malice broke at his feet. With him and with all, the world with its strife, its wretchedness and contention is forgotten in the hope of a blessed beyond, in the Christian's home, in the Christian's heaven."

The next performer was J. C. Kistler, of New Texas, Pa. His subject was "The Trail of the Serpent." This speaker gave his performance in a style deliberate, but in a manner suited to his thought. He began his performance with a description of a serpent's trail beginning on a broad highway, broadening where the dust is thickest, but growing fainter as it

approaches the shrubbery on the other side of the trace until it is lost in the cluster of plant life beyond. In the great highway of time, along one side of which stretches the garden of Eden, and along the other the Millenium with its ransomed hosts of God's sons, can ever be seen the serpent's trail of selfishness. It first appeared in Eden when Satan came first to man. It became plainer when Cain slew his brother. It widened when man bound the first chains of servitude on his fellow-man. The prerogative to traffic in the freedom of man was not claimed alone by the Scythian, but by the warlike Roman, the cultured Greek, the proud Englishman, the stolid Russian and the rich planters of our own fair South. Gratification of selfish appetites made the path of evil wider still. Intemperance has caused the fall of great and humble in all times. Belshazzar was its victim, Alexander fell its prey. Our own America sees sixty thousand of her sons go down yearly to drunkards' graves. The trail became widest when men forgot their God and turned to worship their own devices. Idolatry and paganism have ever built barriers between nations, between husband and wife, between man and God. To-day the spirit of infidelity is rife; not the skepticism of Hume and Voltaire which reflected only the lurid flames of the bottomless pit, but a tendency to a more deadly unbelief. Down through the ages, where the moving millions have been least bound together by the uniting principle of God's love, there the trail of the serpent was over all. But it is growing less clear. Human slavery in civilized countries is a thing of the past. Intemperance, too, is losing its power. Mighty movements are seen in every land. God's people are fully aroused to the coming conflict and have girt on their armor. Infidelity, too, is passing away. As in great things, so in small. Evil in all its varied forms must hide its face as the kingdom of Christ draws on. The love of God will banish selfishness from every human heart. As we look down through the opening portals of "the thousand years," we see that selfishness finds no place in the purified hearts of God's anointed. The trail of the serpent is lost forever.

After music by the orchestra, Miss Mina McElwee, of New Wilmington, Pa., read the first essay of the evening, subject, "The Holy Grail." She read in a manner calm and free from apparent embarrassment. She introduced her subject with the legend of the Grail, presented in a few clear and well-ordered sentences. She told of the search for the sacred cup by the knights of Arthur's court, of its recovery by Sir Galahad and of the protection and strength it brought to him. She said: The search for the Holy

Grail has not been confined to Arthur's time. The voice of duty has called in vain to others than these. The desire to do great deeds is uppermost in men's minds. But it is not necessary to lead a host to battle or command a man-of-war to be heroic. That dreary word "unknown" marks the resting-place of earth's greatest, fallen comradeless on a field of battle. Difficulty and sacrifice often give strength for the performance of great deeds, while the constant effort required to perform humble, oft-recurring duties cause many to grow faint-hearted. Men dream of building alms-houses and turn the hungry from their doors. Many a girl longs to be a Joan of Arc, but has not courage to fight the battles in her own life. Many a woman would be a Florence Nightingale, and neglects the sick at her own door. The life of Florence Nightingale was indeed beautiful, but who could not draw from present surroundings a picture of a life as beautiful as hers, and yet unknown except to a little circle of friends—a picture of a self-sacrificing, patient, tender woman, who lives only to bless and comfort. She may never have heard of Sir Launfal, but says in her heart with him to the poorest beggar, "I behold in thee an image of Him who died on the tree." All honor to those who have pointed out the grand possibilities in humble lives and have filled the hearts of the common people with a sweet content in making their "service seem divine."

The next speaker, W. H. Moore, Colona, Md., gave the oration which won him the first medal. Its subject was "Obedience to Law." His delivery was free and most animated. He speaks rapidly but clearly. His performance is given in full elsewhere in our columns.

After this oration the orchestra played "Southern Pastimes." This piece, besides being beautifully given was singularly appropriate after Mr. Moore's performance, his home from early youth having been in the "sunny South."

"Brain Products" was the subject of the essay which took the second medal. It was read by Miss Martha C. Poppino. Her voice was clear and distinct and her essay was well delivered. This performance will also be found given in full.

"A Struggle for Freedom," was the subject of J. L. Snyder's oration. His theme was the Revolution in Hayti. He gave a graphic description of the repeated and desperate efforts the little island made to free itself from the tyranny of French rule. He skilfully portrayed the feeling aroused in liberty loving people for the courage and patriotism of Hayti—the only domain on the broad earth which has freed itself

from oppression, unassisted by other individuals and powers. His delivery was forcible, but at times unnatural. Some sentiments both in material and delivery were almost thrilling.

While the judges, Wm. Erskine, Wheeling, Va.; S. W. Dana, New Castle, Pa.; and Rev. J. S. McKee, Butler, Pa., retired to make a decision, the orchestra played "Hungarian Dances," and received a hearty encore. Mr. Erskine announced the result, and stated that all the judges were unacquainted with each other and with the contestants. The points considered in marking were thought, manner of expression and delivery. The decision was unanimous, all the judges having awarded the first and second medals to the same performers.

SOCIETY CONTEST.

No open conflict having been engaged in by the champions of the Philo and Adelpic Literary Societies for some years, a large and interested audience assembled in the First church, commencement evening to witness the struggle for renown. Music was well furnished by Stormfel's Orchestra, of New Castle. Rev. J. L. Robertson opened the exercises with prayer.

I. N. Moore, Mt. Chestnut, Pa., the first performer, represented the Adelpic Society in an essay entitled, "Socrates and St. Paul."

The theme of this essay was the conformity between true science and revealed religion. In his introduction the essayist showed that the hope and search of man has always been for truth. In the life and doctrines of the philosopher we see the wonderful possibilities of unaided reason in this search, and yet that the boundary is distinctly and certainly set. St. Paul, not contradicting true science, taught in the same place to the same curious people under the white light of perfect truth. Mr. Moore closed with the thought that as science advances it more nearly corresponds with the Bible. Truth, therefore, is a unit, and when science is perfect it will bow at religion's shrine.

Mr. D. C. Morrison followed for the Philo, with an essay on "The Sovereignty of the Masses."

This essay taught that great movements are always produced by sentiments born in the people. The introduction described the burning of Rome by the plebeians as a protest against tyranny. The same feeling was shown in the French Revolution. The people's dissatisfaction with their oppressors had ripened into madness. The best example of this doctrine is our own country. The desire for

freedom and development had stopped at no difficulty, had burst all bounds, and we are free. Through many fields of bloody strife the sentiment of the people had prevailed. Upon this truth the essayist based his argument for Christian education. Such power is dangerous unless it be inspired by enlightened sentiment.

The second performance of the evening was the debate. The question: Resolved, that under the present circumstances, a protective tariff is sound national policy for the United States, was affirmed by J. A. Van Orsdel, New Wilmington, Pa., Philo, and denied by J. L. Snyder, Slippery Rock, Pa., Adelpic. We here give a summary of the arguments advanced by both gentlemen. Mr. Van Orsdel showed by way of introduction that this was not a discussion of tariff systems, past or present, of their perfections or imperfections, but the defining of an ideal tariff, suited to our present circumstances; that it was a protective tariff, not the protective tariff; that the United States has natural wealth and resources sufficient, if properly developed, to render her commercially independent; and that it is the duty of every government to protect its citizens, which can be accomplished best by developing the greatest number of industries. He defined the kind of protective tariff needed by a tax so high that employes and employed can live and make fair profits, and yet so low that foreign competition will prevent our own manufacturers from creating a monopoly. He argued FIRST that any nation by reason of its existence has the right to demand for its support the services and contributions of its citizens, from the fact that the nation is the common bond of protection by which the masses are governed and society advanced. Hence, if it should appear that a tariff tax is paid by citizens, it is a necessity in the United States at the present time, since it produces good government. Good government may demand the life of the citizen for its maintenance, but protective tariff never cost the life of an American citizen.

He argued SECOND that the interests of a developing nation demand a greater and rapider diversification and development of industries than the natural laws of life and free trade would bring about. This principle has special force in this discussion for the reason that the United States is a developing nation. He argued that manufacture must have capital and skill, and he argued from history that these requisites necessary for the propagation of manufacture can only be secured by a developing nation when special inducements are offered.

In the *third* place he argued that a protective tar-

iff is a wise, efficient and sound policy to secure diversity of industries and to retain them in a nation. He argued from history; not only our own past history as a developing nation, but from the experience of England during the long years of her struggles for industrial supremacy; that it is to-day the policy to a greater or less extent of every civilized government, and that public sentiment is advancing toward national protection throughout the civilized world. He stated that it produces competition, diversity of industries, and supply and demand, thus fulfilling every demand of modern political economy.

He argued *fourth* that every nation has its own system of political economy, from the fact that political economy is the science of wealth, that the conditions of wealth differ as nations, governments, and peoples differ, hence political economy differs as the conditions of wealth. Our wealth, he proved, depended upon protective tariff; therefore protective tariff establishes our system of political economy which logically must be our national policy.

In conclusion he argued that this is a question of economics, and that nations are not cosmopolitan in policy; that free trade means international equality, and protective tariff means national wealth and supremacy. He showed the folly of international equality by influence to the rapid and cheap transportation of to-day which renders the competition most direct. He showed the results of a direct competition of Europe, and the hostile disposition of England to the prosperity of America and American interests.

He closed by showing that protective tariff, founded in the constitution and history of our country, has become a fundamental principle in our political institutions; that it has been advocated by men of every political faith; and that every American policy should be purely American.

Mr. Snyder argued for the negative that a protective tariff could not stand the test of modern civilization. He reviewed the history of tariff in the United States and argued that it had failed to accomplish the object for which it was designed. Free trade has benefitted England and could not but produce the same results in the United States if the same judgment and foresight is used in taking the tariff off that was used in putting it on. Cut off the gross abuses first; give to our people the right to fly the American flag once more on the open seas; remove the burdens on raw materials; free the way for the export of our manufactures to Mexico and South America. These things first and then by a gradual,

considerate and consistent measures, we may, without catastrophe to any, put our industries on a solid footing, widen our commerce, restore our carrying trade, give our working people the full wages to which the richness of our resources and their own diligence and skill entitle them. And thus we would have, indeed, an industrial revolution, but a revolution without convulsion and disaster. The following is a summary of his argument:

1. That in theory protection is wrong, and therefore must be wrong in its application; that it impedes progress and invention.

2. That Free Trade is not only true in theory, but true in its every application, and is the only sound national policy.

3. That our country is in great distress; that our home consumption is not sufficient for our industries and that relief can only be found in establishing a foreign market.

4. That protection injures the laboring class; it unsettles our industries, and deprives the laborer of steady employment; it lowers his wages and taxes him from 40 to 60 per cent. on his living.

5. That it is injurious to the agriculturist; that he is taxed to support other industries while he receives none; that he is compelled to sell in an open market and buy in a protected market.

6. That it cannot benefit the monopolist; that the greater the inducement offered, the more there are to take advantage of it.

7. That it does not develop our country or increase our national wealth. Labor, only, can produce capital. Protection does not produce labor, but only induces it into certain channels.

8. That if tariff were abolished, every thing would assume its natural value, and just as we excel all other countries in extent of fertile lands, navigable rivers, and mountains of coal and iron, so could we pay our laborers wages in the same proportion, and still lead the world.

9. That our commerce would revive, if protection were abolished; that we could open up an immense trade with the Indies and South America trade off our surplus goods and start our mills and factories running once more, and thus give business an impetus that it has never had under protection.

10. That this question does not insist on abolishing protection at once. Common sense must be used as in all other legislative acts. The great wall of protection must be removed by taking down the top stones first, and in this way the great barrier to prosperity and national wealth can be removed without injury to any.

H. W. Moore, Coloma, Md., was the orator of the Adelphics. His subject was "The Victory and Its Results." He said: "The most decisive event recorded on the pages of history was the battle of Marathon and it was brought about by a single vote. On that vote nations hung trembling in the balance. The battle was fought. The victory was won. On it depended the whole future of man's advancement. The world was saved from the false religion, society, and philosophy of the Orient. Western Europe was saved from the despotie dynasties of the East. Her infant energies were prevented from being crushed beneath the monarch's foot, and as a result Greek culture became the inheritance of the world. When the Persians were driven back, Greece stood majestically above the surrounding nations. Rome was silently struggling into strength, while Gaul and Germany were being redeemed from their barbarism. Greece and Rome were necessary for the world's advancement. They both had missions to fulfill, and without either the world would not have been prepared for the coming of Christ or for true science.

Now came the Golden Age of the world's history. Galileo and Copernicus were turning their telescopes; to the heavens; Luther had just nailed his theses to the church door at Wittenberg; Guttenberg had just issued the first printed page; foundation principles for science, religion, etc., were then laid. The clock of the ages had struck. The world was lifted to a higher plane to battle for civilization. 'Twas then that Columbus seized the banner of civilization, bore it across the Atlantic, and now, we, taking as our corner stone, the equality of man, are building civilization's temple. To the past we owe it all—to the battle of Marathon. Independence bell pealed forth her joyful notes and told to the world that the war of the revolution was fought for principle. At that sound kings shook on their thrones, while it spoke to the slave and told him all men are created free and equal. That principle, the equality of man, was the outgrowth of the ages.

We, as a nation, stand pre-eminent, away from the strifes and despotie blasts of the old world. We cannot too highly eulogize those martyred heroes at Marathon. 'Tis due to them that we have reached so high a degree of civilization, and had not victory perched upon their banner the star of liberty never risen this side the waters. For without the republics of the past the Europe of to-day could not have been and without the Europe of to-day we would have the lessons of a thousand years to learn. On that field was born civilization, yea, and the American Republic. But an unseen hand guided the Athenians at

Marathon and still sways with a sovereign will the empires of to-day. We owe the victory and its results to God.

"England's Hero" was the subject chosen by H. G. Golden, Scroggsfield, Ohio, the representative of the Philomath Society.

He spoke first of the influences that mould the character of an age as being her men of genius, and of the spirit of the age to-day. In a time of selfishness and all pervading unbelief the character of Chinese Gordon stands, an example of philanthropy, of the most disinterested beneficence united with the strength of genius. He stands the truest type of heroism in an age the most prosaic. Whether in peace or in war, whether leading a victorious army in his triumphal march through China or leading a life of self-denial at his quiet home surrounded by the poor, the sick and the unfortunate, the lesson of his life was always the same, consecration to duty and humanity. His heroism cost him his life but it gained him an immortality of renown. It cost England the life of her bravest soldier, and her purest statesman but it gave to England and the world an example of a life which will continue to be an inspiration to every loyal soldier, to every true patriot.

W. R. Irons, New Wilmington, Pa., Philomath, gave a select oration entitled, "Horatius at the Bridge." "The Black Horse and his Rider" was given by J. B. Ricketts, of Harlansburg, Pa., the declaimer chosen from the Adelphic Society.

The judges of these performances were Rev. Wm. Wallace, Savanah, O.; O. E. Shannon, Esq., Phila., and Rev. J. L. McCrory, Pittsburgh, Pa. Their decision resulted as follows:

Oration was won by H. W. Moore, Adelphic; Debate by J. L. Snyder, Adelphic; Essay to I. N. Moore, Adelphic and the select orations equalized. The debate gives four points; oration, three; essay two and select oration one, making nine and a half points for the Adelphics, and one-half for Philos.

The applause evoked by the announcement of this decision was long and loud—by the Adelphic boys and sympathizers.

COMMENCEMENT DAY.

Commencement day was pleasanter than for many years. The heat was not oppressive and the roads not as dusty as they sometimes are. The attendance was unusually large and the exercises interesting from first to last, and creditable not only to the class but to the College as well. Good music was furnished by the New Wilmington Cornet Band under the

leadership of Prof. T. M. Austin. The graduating class numbered eighteen, fourteen gentlemen and four ladies. The exercises were opened with prayer, by the Rev. J. M. Adair. The following was the programme for the day:

PROGRAMME.

9 o'clock, a. m.

Music—Hip Hurrah Quickstep.....T. H. Rollinson.
Prayer.

Music—Sacred Overture.

Greek Salutatory.....Geo. L. Hamm, New Wilmington.

Music—Adelia Waltzes.....Prendiville.

Purpose and Principle.....Hattie F. Black, West Hebron, N. Y.

Literary Essay.....Maggie J. Brown, Savannah, O.

Music—Laughing Beauty Galop.....Keller.

Chemical Oration.....Dow Aikin, Bellefontaine, O.

Ethical Oration.....Ralph P. Allen, West Middlesex.

Music—Lizzette.....T. Prosho.

Mathematical Oration.....J. L. Cotton, Pulaski.

The Sovereign Ego.....A. L. Davidson, Wampum.

Music—Gem Quickstep.

* Waterloo and Sedan.....H. G. Golden, Mechanicstown, O.

Classical Oration.....R. J. Love, Culmerville.

* The Emancipation of Thought, H. W. Moore, Coloma, Md.

Music—Red Ribbon Quickstep.....J. H. Fehrer.

2 o'clock p. m.

Music—Promenade Call Mareh

English Salutatory.....Hattie M. Poppino, New Wilmington.

* Oration on Law.....I. Newton Moore, Mt. Chestnut.

Music—Bella Waltzes.....H. Prendiville.

Astronomical Oration.....John A. Shaw, West Liberty.

Philological Oration.....Win. J. Shields, New Wilmington.

Music—Remembrance of Frankfort, Quickstep.

Political Oration.....R. E. Stewart, Des Moines, Io.

* Metaphysical Oration.....J. P. Vance, New Castle.

* England's Future.....J. A. Van Orsdel, New Wilmington.

Music—Approach of Spring Waltzes.....Fr. Zikoff.

Valedictory.....Bessie J. Snyder, Slippery Rock.

Music—Montrose Quickstep.....Cogswell.

Conferring of Degrees.

Benediction.

* Excused from speaking.

We are sorry that, of all the above performances, the valedictory is the only one we have space for. Every one was worthy of special mention and space. There was a special interest in the essays of the ladies, as a medal was to be given to that lady who should read the one best in thought and style. A committee of Rev. Messrs. Bailey, Morrow and McCampbell awarded the medal to Miss Bessie J. Snyder, whose essay appears elsewhere in this number.

The diplomas were presented by President Ferguson, and the following happy remarks were addressed by him to the class by way of farewell:

"Ladies and gentlemen of the graduating class, this may well be a proud day to you. For years, some more, some less, you have been looking toward the

goal you have now reached. As one who climbs the rugged mountain side finds reward for his toil in the aspiring outlook from the summit, so are you rewarded for all your diligence and faithful efforts when at the end of your course you are able to take some just, though general view of the outspreading fields of a liberal culture. It is but right that we should say concerning you that as a class you have done your work well. I believe that I express the opinion of the Faculty when I assert this. Some of them have had longer time to observe you than I have had. For myself, I may be permitted to say that the year I have spent with you has not been marred by a single unkindness or discourtesy. I shall always feel grateful to you for your friendly greeting at the outset and your considerate treatment throughout the year.

But now the pleasant intercourse we have had with you closes and your words of farewell have been spoken. From this high ground you look down on the valleys where life's work must be done. You look out over the future with its possibilities, its opportunities and dangers, its labors and triumphs. It will not do to stay here. The past may hold you for a moment in contemplation of it. Its hallowed memories, its treasures of which the heart can never be dispossessed, will come to you unbidden in many a quiet hour. Possibly some things you would wish to erase from memory's tablet—mistakes and follies, injuries and enmities, but you find they will not down at your bidding. The record may grow dim, but will never wholly disappear. In one sense we cannot forget the things that are behind. They linger with us whether we will or not. But in a lower sense we must forget them if we would fulfil the hopes we cherish and excite concerning ourselves. Let the past pursue us if it will, but let us not turn back to dwell with it. In every class there may be recognized two kinds, the good and the less good. Let not the former rest upon their laurels; let not the latter accept contentedly and finally their present position. Let go the past, both the worthiest and the worst and press forward to higher and better things. Keep the eye ever looking forward to higher attainments. Let us commend to you as a motto for your lives these words of Paul: 'Reach forth to those things that are before.' Reach forth after a wider knowledge and the largest measure of intellectual power you may achieve. Reach forth after more of Christ—more fullness of the divine life—more fitness for service and for glory.

May the lives of you all be increasingly healthful and useful and honorable. And when you come to

graduate again at the end of life—when death comes to confer the degree won by your more advanced course—when you say again with a more profound meaning than you do to-day, 'I have finished my course,' may you each be able to anticipate for yourselves a crown—an unfading crown—the reward of life's righteous endeavor and holy service. Till that time comes keep on growing in knowledge, in noble character, in serviceableness. Let progress be your watchword, and your motto these words of lofty aspiration, 'Reaching forth to those things that are before.' We commend you to God and to the word of his grace which is able to build you up and give you an inheritance among all them that are sanctified."

The benediction was pronounced by the Rev. J. J. Francis, of Cincinnati, and the Commencement of '85 was a thing of the past.

ALUMNI REUNION.

The Alumni Reunion was held in the First church on Tuesday evening. Prayer was offered by Rev. Luther McCampbell. The orator of the evening was Rev. J. C. Taggart, East Liverpool, Ohio. His subject was, "The Men Our Country Needs." He said: "Our minds go back not only to graduation, but to earlier scenes of college life. I remember some of the lofty subjects chosen by the Preps. for speeches. One of these was "Our Country"—a vast subject, but not so great then as now. Progress marks the years. With the growth of our country have sprung up dangers. The wellbeing of our country depends upon the characters of her citizens. We need manly men. Such have ever enlisted the applause of the people. Such do subjects want their kings to be. David's injunction to Solomon was to live a manly life. In this our own land manly strength is most admired. But in what does this strength consist? It is not physical strength. Athletics, boatmanship, ball playing do not produce this manly strength. Vigorous bodies are necessary, but these alone are insufficient.

This strength consists not in mental culture alone; but it does lie in the moral part, in the conscience. We need men possessed of all the virtues that enter into moral character. Obedience to law and harmony with surroundings are the outgrowth of a good moral character. Freedom can only be enjoyed when controlled by law.

Men must have their own convictions, and stand by them. A nation's strength lies in the deep-rooted convictions of her men and their courage to fight

for them. The character of the State is the character of her citizens. We need the foresight and sobriety of our forefathers. Our "ship of state" will only sail safely on when she is guided by the same principles as those by which she was launched. It is every man's duty to take an active part in politics however corrupted they may have become. Not to rings but to the mass of the people are to be laid a nation's wrongs. Parties are necessary. How shall they be controlled? Every honest, christian man must use his influence. The world needs men of strength, stability and courage—men like their Master men, who know the call of duty.

The State is willing to establish colleges, because it does not consider the numbers of educated men sent out, but the influence they must exert for right. For this reason a college needs men more than teachers.

At this place Mr. Taggart played a fitting tribute to the memory of Dr. Patterson, a former President of Westminster. He showed that the coöperation of students is needed to help the cause of education. He closed with an exhortation to students to use to advantage all the opportunities that are within their grasp to secure an education of body, mind and soul.

The poem was read by Rev. J. J. Francis, of Cincinnati, Ohio, and is given in full elsewhere in our columns. The poet read his production well, thus adding to his fine composition an attractiveness and charm which its readers will be denied.

A history of the class of '70, was read by Rev. John Morrow, Pittsburgh. His class was a large one, thus making of a necessity a long history of its members. The history showed great care and faithfulness in preparation. Its writer evidently spared no pains in his endeavor to collect details for his work, and they were doubtless highly prized by those personally acquainted with the members of the class. It is, of course, impossible to give any sketch of this performance here.

At the Business meeting of the Alumni Association the following officers were elected for the ensuing year: President, Prof. S. R. Thompson; Vice President, Rev. J. M. Fulton, D. D.; Corresponding Secretary, Miss Mary Elliott; Recording Secretary, Rev. J. H. Breden; Treasurer, Dr. Alex. Allen. The program for next June was arranged as follows: Essayist, Miss A. M. Moore, New Wilmington; Alternate, Mrs. David Kennedy, *nee* Nancy W. Kelly, '58, Samsom, Ill.; Poet, Rev. W. J. Golden, '80, Service, Pa.; Alternate, Prof. Thos. Ewing; Historian of class of '71, W. J. W. Cowden, Wheeling, W. Va.; Alternate, Rev. J. C. Roe, Ontario, O.; Orator, Rev. J. K. McClurkin, Philadelphia; Alternate, James Kennedy, Youngstown, Ohio.

Prof. John Mitchell was instructed to send out information, in shape of circulars, to all graduates as to purposes of the Association.

THE HOLCAD.

PUBLISHED SEMI-MONTHLY DURING THE COLLEGE YEAR BY THE
STUDENTS OF WESTMINSTER COLLEGE.

NEW WILMINGTON, PA., JULY 1, 1885.

TERMS: \$1.50 PER YEAR. SINGLE COPY, 10 CENTS.

Entered at the postoffice at New Wilmington, Pa., as second-class
mail matter.

EDITORS.

W. HAYES MOORE,	- - -	EDITOR-IN-CHIEF.
S. P. BARACKMAN,	- - -	ASSISTANT.
J. L. SNYDER,	} - -	LITERARY DEPARTMENT.
SADIE M. MCELREE,		
H. D. GORDON,		
D. C. MORRISON,	} - -	COLLEGE AND LOCAL DEPARTMENT.
FLORA J. IRON'S,		
JNO. H. WEBSTER,	- - -	EXCHANGES.
ROB. L. HAY,	- - -	BUSINESS MANAGER.

EVERY student will be glad to know that the Board of Trustees have appropriated five hundred dollars to Prof. Thompson's department. This amount of money could not be more judiciously expended. We may expect to see good results. Better work will be done next year in Physics, doubtless, by both the Professor and his students, because better means are now furnished for doing it. This is surely complimentary to Prof. Thompson and a just recognition of his efficient work.

OWING to the number and interesting character of the Commencement performances this year, we yield a part of the editorial space to the literary department. It is certain that these articles will be sufficiently instructive and entertaining to justify the change. We regret that we are able to give only meager abstracts of many of the best performances, but, perhaps, may be able sometime during the year to publish them. This number can be had for ten cents by applying to any one of the editors, or by addressing the HOLCAD, Box 28, New Wilmington, Pa.

VOLUME II begins with this number. We are encouraged by the success of the year just closed to hope for a bright future in the editorial work of our paper. It seems only just to expect every Alumnus to feel an interest in the affairs of his Alma Mater. He surely desires to know what she is doing and how rapidly she is advancing in her work toward a

higher plane. The HOLCAD makes it its chief aim to keep alive a feeling of interest and to circulate among Westminster's friends news which they otherwise would not know. Many, to be sure, have responded, willingly and immediately, to our call for subscriptions, but there are yet many who have not. We want to improve the paper in many respects this coming year, but cannot do so without the necessary funds. To all who have not yet subscribed, students, alumni, friends, we would say that we think they will find the HOLCAD in a year more than worth the price of subscription. We earnestly desire all who feel kindly toward this institution to consider it a duty or rather a privilege to support what cannot but do the College good.

ANOTHER college year is at an end. The excitement of one of the most interesting Commencements that Westminster has ever seen is past. We have said good-by to our college friends and turned our backs upon college work. With a sigh of relief we realize that there are no lessons for tomorrow and look forward to ten weeks of perfect freedom from the mental strain to which we have been subjected during the school year. To be sure, it is to some only a temporary rest, while to others it has all the sadness of a final parting from old associations, which they have learned to love. Suddenly deprived of the strong influences which have directed their college life and done much to shape their future, they go now into the world to try its fortunes and misfortunes, to fight its battles as best they can. They have here developed strength which, if properly used, will bring success. The influence which has here been exerted will still accompany them. It should be the desire of every institution to keep constantly before the student the lofty aim and noble aspirations which constitute the essential elements of true manly character. By no other means can she become the inspiration of her students and in no other way will she obtain the respect of her Alumni.

COLLEGE AND LOCAL.

—Pleasant weather for commencement.

—The stage this year was decorated by the janitor.

—The hotels did a good business on Commencement day.

—The class of '84, with two or three exceptions, were back for commencement. They went to the

ice-cream rooms as a class, and were waited on in a separate room. While eating they talked over the tricks they had played, many and many a time, in the same room.

—Miss Rose Hogue, of Grove City, will attend the Normal class here.

—Rev. H. C. Marshall, of Allegheny City, visited friends here last week.

—The Board of Trustees have appropriated \$500 to the Department of Physics.

—The campus is in better condition this year than it has been for many years.

—The Board of Trustees were at the dormitory for supper Tuesday evening, June 23rd.

—Miss Laura Farrar has been re-elected by the school board of Sharpsville. Salary \$45 per month.

—Misses Ada and Aggie McVey, of Allegheny City, were the guest of their cousin, Rev. H. G. McVey, last week.

—Prof. Thompson gave the Junior class a party last Tuesday evening. They claim to have had a very pleasant time.

—Mrs. Poppino, Mrs. Smith and Mrs. Miller were the delegates from this place to the Lawrence county W. C. T. U. convention.

—Misses Nettie Shafer, Emma Melhard, Letitia Elliott and Anna Shafer, attended the picnic at Rock Point on the 27th.

—We have just heard that a call has been given to Rev. J. C. McElree '65, by the Pine Grove congregation of U. P. church.

—Miss Mattie Clyde Poppino '86, will spend her vacation in Iowa and Kansas. Her sister, Miss Anna Poppino, accompanies her.

—The manuscript of "Brain Products" is said by the editor of the *Mercer Republican* to be the best that ever came to that office.

—Rev. A. Lindsay, of this place, attended the Synod of the Associate Presbyterians, held at Richmond, Kansas, the first of this month.

—The Juniors turned over a new leaf, and thought it would not be much fun to work two days for nothing. This is a departure from the old custom, but other classes may not carry it out.

—Several of the students left for their homes on last Friday morning. When they got to the Junction they heard of a wreck near New Castle, and

that it would be several hours before they could pass on through. They were not long in deciding that Wilmington was a more pleasant place than the station, and in a short time were seen once more on our streets.

—The dinner given on commencement day by the ladies of the 2nd U. P. church was a success. They cleared about seventy-five dollars. The young ladies realized seventy-six dollars and fifty cents from their refreshments.

—The Junior contest of last Monday evening was very interesting. The contestants all did nobly. Mr. W. H. Moore, was awarded the first prize. The second was given to Miss Mattie Poppino. Other members of the contest graded high.

—Prof. S. R. Thompson delivers an address before the American Institute of Instruction which meets in Newport, Rhode Island, some time this week. His subject is, "Too Much of the Good Thing." He will also attend the National Teachers' Association which holds its session this year in Saratoga. Prof. Thompson is Secretary of the Industrial Department and will submit to the association a report showing the progress of Industrial education in the United States in the last year. The success of this department of education has been due, in no small part, to Prof. Thompson's efforts in its behalf.

PERSONALS.

—Mr. T. B. Gormley, of '87, spent June 25th, in Grove City.

—Mr. M. B. Snyder, of '84, was married at 8 o'clock on Thursday.

—Miss Sadie McElree, '86, attended the examinations last week.

—Miss Maggie McLaughry, '74, is visiting friends in Wooster, Ohio.

—Rev. O. V. Stewart, '74, preached at Greenville, Sabbath, June 14th.

—R. E. Stewart, '85, will spend a short time visiting friends at McDonald, Pa.

—Rev. M. S. Telford, '61, visited his daughter, of the Freshman class, last week.

—J. W. Dorrence, '76, is engaged in establishing a high school at Nortonville, Kansas.

—Greenville Advance's report of McElwaine commencement: "Prof. Sheakley then took occasion to call out Dr. R. G. Ferguson, President of West-

minster College. The Dr. responded in a brief but vigorous, pointed and very acceptable speech. The Doctor made an excellent impression upon his audience, as to his abilities as an educator.—*Globe*.

—Prof. J. B. McClelland, of '78, will conduct the Normal class at Grove City this summer.

—Dr. Ferguson preached at Beaver Falls in the pulpit of Rev. E. N. McElree, June 14th.

—Prof. J. R. Millin, of '84, is in town. Messrs Millin and Moore, are conducting the Normal class.

—Miss Mina McElwee, of '86, and Miss Lucy Wilson, of '88, attended Commencement at Grove City.

—Rev. W. J. Golden, '80, received and accepted a call from Service congregation, Frankfort Presbytery.

—Rev. J. P. Gibson, '71, of Bad Axe, Michigan, has received a call to the congregation of DeWitt, Iowa.

—Rev. D. E. Shaw, a former student of Westminster, has been elected Professor of Hebrew in Lincoln University.

—Dr. Elliott, of Greenfield, a former student of this college, was in town last week, and performed a surgical operation.

—Mr. Love, '85, will commence teaching about the 1st of Aug. He will spend a few weeks visiting friends and relatives.

—Rev. A. H. Harshaw will be installed pastor of Jane street congregation, New York, the second Monday evening of July.

—J. A. McLaughry, '84, has finished his year's work in the Emlenton Academy and is now at home. He expects to read law.

—Rev. J. W. Witherspoon received the title of Doctor of Divinity from Monmouth College—the only honorary title conferred.

—S. G. Huey, '88, will spend most of his summer vacation in Mich., selling maps. We wish him a pleasant and profitable time.

—Miss Janetta Shafer, of '78, has finished her second year's work in the Curry Institute. She came home for Commencement.

—James Whitla, '83, who has been Professor in the Emlington Academy for the past year is now at home. He expects to read law.

Rev. S. R. Gordon's, '74, congregation at Parnassus is just finishing an excellent church, 90x72, with 5

rooms—auditorium, lecture room, infant class room, parlor and Prophet's room. The edifices is of the Queen Anne style. The congregation enjoys a membership of 250. The young people of the congregation are at work, with a Young Man's Prayer Meeting with 60 members and a Young Ladies' Band numbering 60. Rev. Mr. Gordon has been located in Parnassus for three years and in that time has received 110 into the church. He recently bought property there and is now living in his own house, happily situated.—*Globe*.

—Miss Ella D. Brittain, eldest daughter of Rev. J. R. Brittain, '63, Greenville, has been elected a teacher in the Union Schools of that place.

—Rev. Mr. Barr occupied the pulpit of Rev. J. A. Kennedy in the forenoon, Sabbath, June 14th, and lectured to the students in the evening.

—Rev. E. N. McElree, '58, was assisted at his first communion services in his new pastorate at Beaver Falls, by President Ferguson, a few Sabbaths ago.

—Mr. H. D. Gordon, class of '87, and Mr. Thos. Golden, '88, started for Genesee Co., N. Y. on the 26th, where they expect to spend a few weeks tormenting the people selling books.

—Prof. W. W. Wallace, started Friday morning for Woster, Ohio, where he intends remaining a few days. From thence he will go to Michigan, where he will spend a few weeks hunting and fishing.

—Among the Alumni present we noticed the following: '57, John McMichael; '58, Luke I. Crawford; '59, James W. Witherspoon; '62, Mrs. J. F. Caldwell; '63, Jeremiah Reed Brittain; '65, John J. Francis, Anna M. Hope and Mrs. J. C. Taggart; '66, James Clark Taggart; '68, David Reed Imbrie; '69, John Smith Dice; '72, James McFarland Fulton and Sarah A. Kerr; '74, Heber B. Bowser and Nathan Winegart; '75, William John Best and Hugh Stewart Boyd; '76, John Bruce Johnston and Lydia Mary Elliott; '77, Francis Mary Katz, Mary Emma Mehard and Ella N. Reed; '78, Houston Walker Lowry, J. Q. A. McDowell, J. Mitchell, Emma Eugenie Alexander and A. P. Hutchison; '79, C. E. Cummings, S. L. Johnston and Martha Ann Prather; '80, W. R. Mehard and R. McW. Russell; '81, F. A. Blackstone, J. A. Duff, J. W. Elliott, Mary Susan Elliot, F. H. Laird, O. G. McDowell, J. N. Martin and W. D. Wallace; '82, J. S. Allen, Mary Eliza Campbell, W. H. Dodds, J. D. Moore and E. P. Logan; '83, S. A. Aiken, N. McC. Crowe, J. Parker, J. W. Price and J. P. Whitla; '84, W. Sangree, M. B. Snyder, Deborah Alzina Snyder, M. A. Sutton, T. W. Swan, J. Sword, S. N. Warden, W. B. Williamson, J. R. Millin, F. Scott, A. R. Miller, J. A. McLaughry, Decima Amanda McKee, W. G. Hope, T. F. Cummings, Huldah Easton Campbell and Artalisa Ida Bently.

THE HOLCAD.

REMEMBER **M. LOUER'S**

Banner Clothing Hall

IS THE BEST PLACE

→*IN NEW CASTLE*←

TO BUY YOUR CLOTHING.

JAMES T. McINTOSH,

MAKER AND DEALER IN

Ladies' and Gents' Fine Shoes

Full lines of Burt's, Hanan & Son's, and Parsons for Gents, and Wright's, Gray's, and Curtis & Wheeler's fine hand and machine made shoes for Ladies, all widths.

SPECIAL ATTENTION GIVEN TO ORDERS BY MAIL.

139 Federal Street, - ALLEGHENY CITY, PA.

J. R. REED & CO.,

JEWELERS,

93 Market Street, - Pittsburgh, Pa.

AMERICAN WATCHES OF EVERY DESCRIPTION,

In Gold and Silver Cases, for Ladies and Gentlemen.

GOOD WATCHES AT LOW PRICES.

Fine Diamonds, Jewelry of all kinds, Silver and Plated Ware, Knives, Forks, Spoons and Fancy Goods.

Special attention paid to repairing of Watches and Cloeks.

Orders by mail promptly attended to and goods guaranteed as represented.

GO TO

Linninger Bros. & Co.

Newilmington, Pa.

For Dry Goods,

For Groceries,

For Boots & Shoes,

For Notions,

For Clothing,

For Hats & Caps.

Bring your cash,

Bring your produce,

Bring your grain,

And exchange them

For Goods at the Lowest Market Price and best Quality

The Ladies' Emporium

—OF—

Millinery, Notions, Hosiery & Gloves.

Ladies' and Children's Underwear. Lace Goods of all kinds.

MRS. J. C. McCOMB,

No. 62 Washington Street, under St Cloud Hotel. - New Castle, Pa.

H. WATTS & CO.,

Booksellers, Stationers & Engravers,

410 Wood Street, Pittsburgh.

A complete stock of School Books, Miscellaneous Books and School Stationery. Will take pleasure in sending samples and quoting prices. Orders by mail will receive prompt attention.

THOS. McCANCE & SON,

Merchant Tailors,

LIBERTY STREET, COR. SIXTH AVE., - PITTSBURGH.

Fall and Winter Goods received.

SPECIAL GOOD VALUES IN JERSEYS, IN PLAIN, BEADED AND BRAIDED STYLES. NEW FRENCH DRESS GOODS, IN PLAIDS, MIXTURES AND CLOTHS. GLOVES, HOSIERY, TRIMMINGS, MILLINERY. SILKS AND VELVETS. SAMPLES SENT PROMPTLY TO ANY ADDRESS. JOS. HORNE, & CO., RETAIL STORES, PENN. AVE., PITTSBURGH.

FRANKEL & WRIGHT,

→*MERCHANT TAILORS*←

MERCER, PA.

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN,

YOU ARE REQUESTED TO CALL

AND EXAMINE

FINE SHOES AND SLIPPERS

AT

W. S. BELL & CO'S.

Handsome Styles and Perfect Fitting.

NEW CASTLE - - PA.

THE HOLCAD.

McKinley & Haley,

New Wilmington, Pa.,

DRUGGISTS & STATIONERS,

DEALERS IN

FINE PERFUMES, STATIONERY, BLANK

BOOKS, BIBLES, ETC.

W. H. LOCKE,

MANUFACTURER OF

Tin, Copper and Sheet Iron Ware.

DEALER IN

Stoves and House Furnishing Goods.

Tin Roofing, Spouting and all kinds of Job Work
promptly and neatly done.

NEW WILMINGTON, PA.

J. H. SMITH.

DEALER IN CHOICE FAMILY GROCERIES.

FINE TOBACCO AND CIGARS A SPECIALTY.

NEW WILMINGTON, PA.

St. Charles Hotel.

C. P. STEWART - PROP'R.

NEW WILMINGTON, PENN'A.

Everything New and first class. Good stabling in
connection.

H. W. BROOKS,

Tonsorial Artist,

NEW WILMINGTON, PA.

Shaving and hair cutting in the latest styles.

J. B. CALDWELL,

COAL DEALER,

NEW WILMINGTON, PA.

Coal for sale or delivered. Prices as low as
the lowest.

W. B. MARSHALL,

DEALER IN

Dry Goods, Groceries, Queensware,

BOOTS, SHOES, NOTIONS, ETC.

—ALSO—

Lumber, Lath, Shingles, Lime and Cement.

NEW WILMINGTON, PA.

**JOSEPH GILLOTT'S
STEEL PENS**

RECEIVED THE GOLD MEDAL,
Paris Exposition, 1873.

*Its Celebrated Numbers,
203-401-170-331-332,
and his other styles may be had of all
dealers throughout the world.*

JOSEPH GILLOTT & SONS,

New York.

THOS. ASHMORE, JR.,

BOOT AND SHOE MAKER

New Wilmington, Pa.

Custom Work a Specialty.

Central Hotel.

Chas. P. Shoaff, Propr.

NEW WILMINGTON, PA.

GOOD LIVERY ATTACHED.

JAMES POMEROY,

NEW WILMINGTON, PA.,

IS PREPARED TO DELIVER NO. 1 COAL

AT THE LOWEST PRICE.

JAS. A. VAN ORSDOLL, D. D.S.

ANDERSON'S BLOCK,

NEW WILMINGTON, PA.

FILLING TEETH A SPECIALTY.





